HAVE YOU RENEWED?
NOW IS THE TIME.
RENEW NOW
AND GET YOUR FRIENDS TO SUBSCRIBE.

The Boston Weekly Globe.

Renew Now,
BEFORE THE RUSH.
GET SOME ONE
TO SUBSCRIBE WITH YOU.

VOL. XVI.—NO. 44. BOSTON, WEDNESDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 31, 1888. PRICE FIVE CENTS.

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

Monster Demonstration at New York Last Saturday.

How Affairs Look in the Different So-Called Doubtful States.

Notes and Incidents of the Presidential Campaign.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—

Tramp, tramp, tramp, the boys are marching;
Here's old '84 again,
And beneath the dripping skies
Hear the Democratic cries—
We can vote without protection from the rain.

A great grand stand erected on the west side of Madison square was filled to its utmost capacity, except where a small canopy of red, white and blue extended over a projecting portion of the edifice reserved for distinguished spectators who have not yet arrived.

A window in the third story of the Fifth Avenue Hotel, framing the pretty face of the foremost lady in the land. Gathered about Mrs. Cleveland as she stands at the window are Mrs. Whitney, Mrs. Folsom, Mrs. Brice, Mrs. Smalley and Miss Griswold.

Clatter of horses' feet coming down the avenue; six mounted officers preceding an open carriage, in which are seated the President of the United States and the committee of escort.

The grand demonstration of the Democratic business men of New York is about to begin, and another demonstration precedes it. There is business in the demonstration, too.

The roofs of the Fifth Avenue, the Albemarle and the Hoffman are crowded with spectators.

It lacks a few minutes of 2 o'clock when the music of the Seventh Regiment band is heard from the avenue, announcing the approach of the procession.

The President promptly removes his overcoat and steps to the front of the stand. A noisy roar of applause greets this movement, and, in defiance of the police, two ladies rushed across the street and presented him with an enormous bouquet.

The fun has only begun. The Young Men's Independent Club is followed by the Coal Trade, and this in turn by the Wine and Spirit Traders. The New York Stock Exchange Cleveland and Thurman Club followed the Cotton Dealers', keeping step to the rhythmic cry of "Vote, vote for —— four years more."

And now white banners, bearing significant legends across their face, begin to illuminate the procession. The Insurance Brigade comes swinging up the avenue with an enormous sign, reading, "We don't insure free whiskey."

The procession is every moment becoming more picturesque and interesting. Here is a gigantic gilded padlock carried on the shoulders of four men. Across the front of the lock is printed, "Protection against monopoly, 1884 to 1888." It is the insignia of the hardware trade, the representatives of which are followed by the supply dealers of the iron and metal trade. They are keeping step to some musical refrain, which, as they reach the stand, is made out to be:

"Don't, don't, don't be afraid,
Tariff reform is not free trade."

An army of Bank Clerks is succeeded as the procession continues by a regiment of Gas Fixture Makers, and then color is given to the line by a troop of Jeffersonian pioneers in bearskin hats, blue jackets and white trousers.

The Wholesale Dry Goods Trade come into sight amid extraordinary enthusiasm. It is a case obviously of dry goods warranted not to shrink by wetting. The rain is now pouring down, but the ranks are full and unbroken. Pertinent and timely mottoes and transparencies blossom in such profusion over the heads of this enormous army that one can scarcely read half of them. They are all to the point. Here are a few of them:

"Bear in mind the consumer pays the tax."
"Unnecessary taxation is unjust taxation."

"You may shout, you may bluster,
In vain you may storm,
But you can't make free trade
Out of tariff reform."

"Support of the classes is destruction of the masses."
"War taxes do not protect American labor."

Following the Dry Goods Brigade is Buffalo Bill, seated on a platform drawn by two ponies, and shortly behind him, in the ranks of

The Commercial Club,

another picturesque object in the form of a big banner, bearing the inscription:

"REPUBLICAN UNCOMMON SENSE."
"Take one from two;
That must leave three.
So the more you tax us
The richer we'll be."

A regiment of railroad employes marches next in line, followed by the photographers, and they in turn by the publishers, booksellers and printers. Far down the line, as this division approaches, is discovered an enormous painting which as it draws near is discovered to be the familiar figure of Puck.

Just how many men there were in line, and as far as possible the number in each part of the line, was an interesting point in connection with the gigantic display.

To secure the utmost accuracy in count the World sent to the Mutual District Messenger Company, asking that a sufficient number of its clerks be detailed to make accurate tally of the men in line, the enumeration to be made at some point on Fifth avenue, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third streets, so as to include all the procession as it passed before the reviewing stand.

As a check count a corps of reporters were detailed to do the same work. Here are the two reports:

Mutual District report, 17,132.
World reporters' count, 15,129.

BOLD MANIFESTO.

Empire State Sure for Cleveland—His Quay-ship Doesn't Feel Well.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—A feeling of cheerfulness pervaded the up-town trysting places of the Democracy tonight. In fact, President Cleveland's visit seems to have infused new vigor into the campaign. So pronounced is this feeling that the Democratic State committee comes boldly forward with a manifesto to the voters of New York announcing:

"That the electoral votes of the State of New York will be cast for Cleveland and Thurman and that Hill and Jones will receive a plurality of the suffrages of their fellow-citizens."

The proclamation contains an exhortation to the voters to resist the unprincipled efforts of the Republican leaders, who seek to change the vote of the State through colonization, and says the citizens will be protected in their dearest rights; that this fight is one for Cleveland, Thurman, Hill and Jones.

Boss Quay's coup d'etat has fallen flat. His idea was to use the 200 Pinkerton detectives which he brought from Philadelphia in connection with John I. Davenport and the United States commissioner and begin wholesale arrests tomorrow on charges of illegal registration. The scheme was worthy of the fertile brain of the eminent Pennsylvanian, champion of "a fair vote and honest count," but unfortunately for him the Democrats have discovered the plan and have taken measures to prevent its consummation. No wonder his Quayship is not feeling well.

Mr. Blaine arrived from Newark this afternoon, and has been entertaining the Coppingers at his apartments in the Fifth Avenue Hotel. He is far from being a well man, and presumably the domestic troubles, which were beyond doubt discussed, have not tended to brace him up. Even Tom Platt was unable to see him tonight.

Governor Hill arrived in town today, and will remain until next Thursday, and perhaps until the day of election. He is expected to remain at the helm during the last few days of the State campaign. This afternoon he had a long conference with Secretary Whitney.

The conference held by John Boyle O'Reilly and General Patrick A. Collins with the President at Secretary Whitney's residence yesterday, during which Lord Sackville-West's case was discussed, was an engaging topic of talk at the Hoffman. The general impression seems to be that as the Boston gentlemen returned home well satisfied with their visit some decisive action must have been decided upon by the President.

The first mud of the local campaign has been thrown by General Newton. He goes for Hugh J. Grant, the Tammany candidate, in round numbers, and says when Grant was an alderman he swore to vote as that organization dictated. The letter will probably have little effect on the result. Fortunately none of the local acrimony enters into the State or national campaign.

and the belief grows that the trading will be light when the battle comes.

Mayor Hewitt has changed his mind and will speak Thursday night at Chickering Hall.

Chairman Brice says: "On carefully made reports received from every part of the State, I predict that Cleveland will carry New York by 20,000 majority."

Several local stump speakers will start out tomorrow evening and inaugurate a "cart-tail" canvass.

FRAUDS IN INDIANA.

Alleged Labor Leaders Sent Out by Republican Managers.

FORT WAYNE, Ind., Oct. 28.—Charges and counter charges of attempted election frauds are flying thick and fast.

There are a number of alleged labor leaders in the State, and it is rumored that wholesale frauds will be attempted by them under the guise of speechmaking. Most prominent among them is John Jarrett, who did the fine work in southern Illinois which led to the defeat of Morrison.

Yesterday the editor of the Journal received the following letter dated Pittsburg:

"John Jarrett will probably reach your city this evening. He is employed by Dudley to look after the workingmen and will employ the same means in behalf of Harrison that he used to defeat Morrison two years ago. His speeches on the tariff are simply to cover up the desperate tactics which he and a trained gang of villains resort to for votes with the assistance of local Republicans. He finds out every man who owes a bill or who has a secret which would ruin his reputation if divulged. He then sends his blackmailers after the intended victim, and he is hounded until he promises to vote the Republican ticket. People who have any family trouble are treated in the same way. Jarrett is the most dangerous man the Democrats have to contend with. With his gang of professional blackmailers he will resort to unmentionable means to procure votes for his employers. Democrats, keep your eye on him and his pals."

The letter is from a former prominent Wayne citizen who is close to the Republicans' works.

NEUTRAL IN THIS CAMPAIGN.

Powderly is a Protectionist, but Differs from Some of its Preachers.

PITTSBURG, Penn., Oct. 26.—Secretary Cake of the Window Glass Workers' Association today gave out a portion of a private letter he received from Terence V. Powderly, in which the latter declared himself a protectionist.

Mr. Cake says that the letter was written in answer to one which the National District Assembly, No. 300, had sent to the general master workman, asking for an opinion as to the legality of their course in placing speakers in the field to advocate the cause of protection during the present campaign. The following are the excerpts from the letter which Mr. Cake gave out today:

No explanation is necessary as to the course taken by L. A. 300. If the members think they are right, that is sufficient for me, so long as the action taken does not interfere with the working of the assembly. I have not questioned the course taken by your members, and I regret that they should deem an explanation necessary after all I have written on this question. Let me say an assuring word as to my course in this campaign. I am not free to advocate either party and have not done so by word, act or intimation. You are at perfect liberty to denounce me through the press of the country the moment you catch any trace of my fingers in this campaign, except it be for some well known friend of labor. I believe in protection, and have never bought a single article made across the ocean. It is my invariable practice to ask where the article was manufactured before I purchase it. If I cannot get the home-made article I will wait until I can. If protection is what is aimed at, why are steps being taken to lower the tariff by both parties? Why is the difference between the two bills now before the National Legislature but a little over $5,000,000 or $6,000,000. I may be wrong as to the figures, as I have to depend upon reports, not having seen the Senate bill. I would not allow a single article to land that we can manufacture ourselves. I would not allow any workmen to come over and take the place of our workmen. I am a protectionist, and in many respects differ from those who are preaching protection in this campaign. Were it not for the labor organizations there would be no protection for the man who works. Were it not for the grand and well-disciplined L. A. 300, the wages that the glassworkers so proudly and justly boast of would not be known. These things are facts, and yet I am accused of partiality for the Democratic party. I am neutral in this campaign, and intend to remain so until election day.

Yours fraternally,
T. V. POWDERLY, G. M. W.

INDIANA SAFE FOR CLEVELAND.

Prohibition Canvass Vigorous and Gains Drawn from Republicans.

LOUISVILLE, Oct. 26.—M. E. Shiel, secretary and district committeeman of the Prohibition party, said today to THE GLOBE correspondent: "We polled 9000 votes in Indiana two years ago. This year we will make it 25,000. Our gains are from the Republicans and will certainly make the State go Democratic by a big majority. Rev. J. S. Hughes, our candidate for governor, has made an active canvass over the State and has been enthusiastically received everywhere he has spoken. I met him some time since in New Albany and he stated that he was very much encouraged. Our main hold is in the North.

"The Quaker counties have always been Republican, but this year we have succeeded in convincing our followers there of the necessity of bringing out the full vote in order to establish a foothold for the party. Wayne county gives 3000 Republican majority, and our strength there comes from that party, consequently the majority will be reduced to about 1500. Then there are Randolph, Grant, Henry and many others which show large gains for us."

TIDAL WAVE IN ILLINOIS.

General Palmer Declares He Will Be Elected Governor.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Oct. 24.—The biggest kind of a political tidal wave appears to be rising in Illinois, on which General John M. Palmer is almost certain to ride into the next governorship.

He is making the grandest canvass that has ever been witnessed in the State, and the great body of voters among the labor organizations and large numbers of the Republican farmers are coming over to him on the issue of the State protecting her own citizens.

This is a declaration of war against the Pinkerton and other private police and detective systems that have almost usurped the functions and superseded the State police officers in the discharge of their duties.

Palmer has made a thorough canvass of the State, has delivered over 100 speeches, and crowds ranging from 10,000 to 30,000 have greeted him everywhere.

There is nothing of the enthusiast about him, and during the campaign he has not shown a sanguine spirit until last night at Alton; he declared himself on the outlook, announcing for the first time that he feels confident of being elected. He said:

"If your chairman had predicted 60 days ago that I would be the next governor of Illinois I would almost have thought him crazy. But 60 days brings many changes, and in view of my experience for the last two months, and reliable information I have received, I believe the prophecy and think I will be the next governor. I have travelled all over Illinois, visited all parts of the State, know how the crops are, where corn yields most to the acre, where wheat threshed out most, and where the chinch bugs did the most damage. I have been listened to everywhere kindly, respectfully, and with more than the usual degree of impartiality. I know where the heaviest changes among voters are occurring, and I have no doubt but I will be elected."

General Palmer speaks at East St. Louis tomorrow night, and will devote the entire closing weeks of the canvass to Chicago and Cook county among the great mass of laborers.

HEWITT FOR CLEVELAND.

He Dispels All Doubt in a Very Plain Letter.

NEW YORK, Oct. 25.—In a letter to the chairman of a ratification meeting tonight, Mr. Hewitt defended his position regarding the national Democratic ticket by referring to his speech in the House, March 30, 1882, in favor of free raw materials and a revised tariff. He adds:

"Grover Cleveland possesses the confidence of the masses, because he has earned it by his unswerving honesty, his courage and his independence. The name of Allen

Continued on the Eighth Page.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Parnell Investigation in Full Blast in London.

Identity of the Times' Chief Witness Discovered.

Noses and Incidents Gathered from European Centres.

The leading topic of discussion in the papers is the sitting of the Parnell commission, which, after a formal opening some two weeks ago, has begun business in earnest. Sir Richard Webster, the attorney general, occupied all the week by his opening speech. The Times has been ordered to produce the forged letters and the league to produce its books. The first has been complied with, the books have not yet been placed before the court.

When the Parnell commission resumed its sitting, Wednesday, Sir Charles Russell, counsel for Mr. Parnell, demanded the production of certain letters which the Times possessed, and which were alleged to have been written by Mr. Dillon, Mr. Biggar and other members of Parliament. He said that Mr. Soames, the Times' solicitor, has filed an affidavit affirming that the Times had received the documents from an American named Roberts; that some of them proved to be bogus, and that on this account they had not been used in the O'Donnell case. This admission that somebody was supplying the Times with forged letters, said Sir Charles, had a direct bearing upon the Parnell-Egan forgeries. The documents must therefore be produced.

Attorney General Webster held that the documents demanded were not material to the issue. The affidavit of Mr. Soames showed clearly that somebody had been trying to trick the Times, and knowledge of the trick had been communicated to Mr. Parnell's solicitor. The court ordered that the documents be produced.

Sir Charles Russell then asked for particulars of the charges against Mr. Parnell and those involved with him. Michael Davitt claimed the right to speak for himself. The court assented.

Justice Hannen, the president of the commission, said the court was of the opinion that all the particulars were being given which were required.

The attorney general informed the court that the other side still continued to disobey the order for the production of the league's bank books.

Justice Hannen intimated that if the refusal to produce the books was final, the court would have recourse to its powers to compel their production.

Attorney General Webster then continued the presentation of the Times' case, making a further review of the articles on "Parnellism and Crime." He declared that evidence would be adduced proving that Mr. Parnell knew that Patrick Egan had supplied Sheridan and Boyton with funds to

Enable Them to Promote Outrages.

Sir Richard Webster quoted from a letter of Patrick Egan, in which the writer sent $250 for the payment of men who had committed outrages, and said that evidence would be adduced to prove that Mr. Parnell knew that Egan had supplied Sheridan and Boyton with funds to enable them to promote outrages. He would not suggest that Mr. Parnell knew the particular individuals who were to be attacked, but he did know that outrages were a part of the league's system. Prior to the Phœnix Park murders, Mr. Parnell neither did nor said anything in condemnation of the crimes permitted by members of the league. When Mr. Parnell appeared in the witness box he would ask him what he had ever done to put down acts of violence before May, 1882, the month in which the Phœnix Park murders occurred. The issue, after the murders, of the manifesto reprobating them, signed by Parnell, Dillon and Davitt, was only done under necessity.

When the question arose regarding Mr. Parnell's control of his comrades, Mr. Parnell declared that there were some men who must be let out of prison, and he named Brennan, the late secretary of the league, as one of those who must either be kept out of Ireland or in prison. All this showed that Mr. Parnell had a thorough knowledge of the sources of violence.

The attorney general further accused Mr. Parnell of possessing criminal knowledge regarding the use of vast funds by the league for criminal purposes. Accounts published by the Dublin Freeman's Journal give the receipts of the Land League from October, 1879, to October, 1881, as $724,450. Only 224,385 of this sum was accounted for. How was the remaining $500,000 applied? Did Mr. Parnell know the uses to which this large sum was devoted? Was it so expended that its distributors did not dare to give an open statement?

If the league was a constitutional association, why should its books be removed to London, there to disappear? Some items of account could be traced which disclosed Mr. Parnell's relations with murderous associations—for instance, a check for $500 sent to Mr. Byrne and one for $175 sent to Quinn.

THE "INFORMER" FOUND.

Identity of the Times' Chief Witness.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—The Irish party have learned that the land league clerk who became chief informer to the Times is a man named Phillips. He was engaged in the office of the land league before its suppression. He came to London yesterday and will be one of the first witnesses called for the Times. By reading between the lines of Sir Richard Webster's address, the Irish leaders are able to tell pretty closely who the traitors to the cause are, but nobody knows yet who is coming from America to bolster up the Times case. Mr. Campbell, Mr. Parnell's private secretary, said yesterday he understood the Times had five American witnesses, and gave emphatic denial to the reports circulated here that Patrick Egan and Devoy would be among them, as did also other Irish members interested in the case.

Still, from the stress laid by Webster on the American connections of the league, it is evident that he intends to produce what he believes to be important testimony from that side of the water.

Timothy Healey is about the only Irish member who has been in London and has not come near the court. He and his friends feel sore that his name has been dropped from the list of counsel. The reason given is that it will not do for a man accused of complicity in a crimes organization to appear for its defence; but this will hardly do when Arthur O'Connor and Mr. Harrington still remain on Mr. Parnell's lawyers' benches. Mr. Healey's slight grows out of the old Galway row and it is unfortunate it should have come to the surface just at this time.

The court swarms with land agents, constables and renegade clerks over here to give evidence. When Sir Charles Russell comes to open Mr. Parnell's case, he, too, I understand, will have important documents to produce. They are like the Times documents, and are letters from Mr. Parnell. They will purport to show that Parnell did his very best to deprecate and prevent outrages.

The letters from America to A. M. P., about which a good deal of mystery has been made, are letters from Patrick Egan to Henry Labouchere, in the handwriting of Dick Pickett, who has been suspected by Irish members of writing the alleged Parnell letters.

Notes.

A man named Bruen, formerly a policeman, has been murdered near Collooney, County Sligo, Ire.

The French Chamber of Deputies has confirmed the election of General Boulanger in the department of Somme.

The Moscow Club house collapsed Thursday. Sixteen corpses have been taken from the ruins. Twenty-four persons were injured.

The colliery owners in Lancashire are yielding to the demands of the miners, and it is expected the Yorkshire owners will follow suit.

Counsel for the London Times had a subpœna served upon Mr. Thomas Power O'Connor today, summoning him to appear before the Parnell commission.

The Berlin correspondent of the London News learns on good authority that the governments of Germany and England are negotiating for joint action in east Africa.

The election for the Roumania Chamber of Deputies in the first electoral college, which returns 75 of the Chambers 178 members, took place Wednesday. The Ministerialists secured 65 seats, the Liberals 4 seats, while 6 seats will have to be reballoted for. The chamber dissolved on Sept. 20.

Father Kennedy, who was arrested at Dunhallow, county Cork, Ire., for an offence under the crimes act, has been unexpectedly released.

The Inman Line steamer City of Paris, a sister ship to the city of New York, built by the Messrs. Thompson of Clyde Bank, has been launched.

Dr. Elizabeth Garrett Anderson is said to be the only woman physician in England who can exact as large fees as the highest-priced practitioners.

The fund to defray the expenses of the defence of Mr. Parnell and his associates in meeting the charges brought by the London Times amounts to $55,000.

Two beautiful daughters of a gamekeeper have been found murdered in a forest near Leskau, Moravia. The motive for the crime is supposed to have been jealousy.

Bishops Demetrius of Nisch and Nicanor of Cacak have been dismissed because they opposed the metropolitan's action in dissolving the marriage of King Milan and Queen Natalie.

King Milan is enraged because the Servian bishops did not meet him at the station on his return from Austria. It is inferred that the bishops side with Queen Natalie.

Despatches from Wady Halfa state that the white pasha, with a large force, is still in the Bahrel-Gazelle district, and that troops from Omdurman are marching to oppose him.

A meeting of advocates of imperial federation was held in Glasgow, Wednesday. Lord Roseberry delivered an address, and said the scheme for imperial federation was no dream.

At a meeting, Wednesday, at Leeds, Eng., the coal owners resolved to make no concessions to the strikers. The strike is spreading. In Yorkshire 15,000 workers went out Wednesday.

A riot broke out at Moy, Ireland, Oct. 23, between Orangemen and Nationalists. The police were re-enforced and charged the mob with bayonets. Several policemen were injured with stones thrown by the rioters.

It is stated that the three Americans by whom the King of Wurtemburg has recently been greatly influenced are Jesuits, and that the King has become a Catholic, the ceremony of baptism having been performed secretly.

The Dunsburg Court has declared the stoppage of the publication of Sir Morell Mackenzie's work on the case of the late Emperor Frederick to be illegal. The decree forbidding the sale of the book in Germany was therefore rescinded.

Succi, the Italian faster, who claims to possess an elixir which renders food unnecessary, has just finished a fast of 30 days at Barcelona, Spain. He walked, fenced and slept during his foodless month, and retained his health and strength.

The North German Gazette says that Emperor William telegraphed to M. de Giers, the Russian foreign minister, felicitating him upon his jubilee, and stating that all Europe recognizes in him a statesman who, in his long career, has won general esteem.

The Vienna Fremdenblatt states that it has been reliably informed that Russia has completed preparations for the transfer of a large number of troops from the interior of Russia toward the Austrian and German frontiers, and that the transfer will shortly be made.

The Berlin Post charges that M. Urusoff, the Russian minister at Brussels, forged the letter alleged to have been written by Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria to the Czar, and which caused the Czar's suspicion that Prince Bismarck had unfriendly designs upon Russia.

A South German paper publishes a letter from a correspondent aboard the gunboat Adler, holding the Americans entirely responsible for the bloodshed in Samoa in August. The correspondent declares that an American man-of-war allocated firearms to the Samoans who attacked Apia.

The London Standard's correspondent at Berlin says that the German government has declined to take any official part in the Emin Bey relief expedition. Emin having ceased to be a German subject. The government, the correspondent says, has also declined to help Neufled at Khartoum for the same reason.

The Berlin Post says there is no reason for alarm over the reported preparations for the transfer of Russian troops toward the Austrian and German frontiers. It also says the probability of Russian warlike action toward the west is entirely out of the question in view of the present general European situation.

At a meeting of league delegates at Ballyhaunis, Ireland, it was decided that Lord Dillon's tenantry should offer to pay their rents, less 30 per cent. If the offer is refused, they are advised to demand a reduction of 40 per cent. under the plan of campaign, and to pay nothing until evicted tenants have been reinstated.

The National of Paris is authority for the startling statement that M. de Freycinet, the minister of war, has been making a tour of the southeast of France, has informed the budget committee that it will be necessary to spend $300,000,000 for the purpose of defending the eastern frontier against a possible German invasion.

A Paris despatch says General Boulanger is in favor of the dissolution of the Chamber of Deputies and the convoking of a constituent assembly which should be independent of the executive power and responsible to the country. It should be the duty of the assembly to prevent abuses which might lead to the establishment of a dictatorship.

The St. Petersburg papers express indignation at the manner in which King Milan of Servia secured a divorce from Queen Natalie, and denounce the divorce as illegal. The Svet urges Queen Natalie to appeal to the patriarch of Constantinople and other chiefs of the Orthodox church to annual the action of the metropolitan Theodosius.

The French cabinet has approved the scheme of M. Pritral, minister of finance, to impose a tax of 1 per cent. upon incomes, and a tax of one half of 1 per cent. on labor returns. Incomes of less than $400 are to be exempt from taxation. Resident foreigners are to be liable for the whole of their incomes, and temporary residents for the portion of their incomes spent or collected in France.

John Dillon, addressing the National League convention at Thurles said he was opposed to land purchase while coercion existed. Lord Hartington now advocated an extension of the Ashbourne act, but when land purchase was advocated by Mr. Bright, Lord Hartington opposed it. Mr. Dillon said he objected to tenants purchasing under compulsion, and might take the opportunity soon of advising them to repudiate such debts.

The Neuste Nachrichten of Munich publishes a sensational article in relation to Wurtemberg court scandals. It denounces the favoritism shown by the King of Wurtemberg to three Americans, who, it says, by means of Spiritualism, have gained an enormous influence over the invalid monarch, which they are using for blackmailing purposes. It says that one of them, who was formerly a secretary in the American legation at Stuttgart, has recently been ennobled.

The Austrian Reichrath was reopened Wednesday. In the lower House the minister of finance presented the budget for 1888-89. The revenues are estimated at 538,515,244 florins, and the expenditures at 538,345,786 florins, showing an increase in expenditures over 1888 of 21,544,819 florins. The German opposition in the Reichrath, which has hitherto been divided into three parties, has decided to sink all differences in order to show strong opposition to Count von Taafe.

The Pope, in an address to Neapolitan pilgrims, Wednesday, after condemning the Italian government and stating that the hatred of all foes of the papal see was concentrated in Rome, said: "In this city they do not hesitate to confirm by new insults, even on solemn occasions, the usurpation and violence which are within the remembrance of the whole world, degrading Rome to the simple position of the capital of the kingdom, while God predestined it to be the see of the vicar of Christ; and it shall ever remain the capital of the Catholic world." In concluding the Pope expressed perfect faith in the triumph of his cause.

The testimonial by the British authors to Mrs. Hodgson Burnett was quietly presented to her shortly before she sailed for America, though Seebohm's tragic death at New York modified the precise form and publicity of the presentation originally intended. The ornament selected was a half-hoop diamond bracelet, inscribed on one side of the band, "To Frances Hodgson Burnett, from the British authors, 1888," and on the other was the word "Fauntleroy." An address on vellum, beautifully engrossed, expressed the thanks of the literary profession to Mrs. Burnett for the great service she had rendered to British authors by so strongly attracting the public attention to the unsatisfactory condition of the copyright law.

The railroad accident near Potenza, Italy, a few days ago, an excursion train being crushed by a landslide, was one of the worst catastrophes ever recorded. There were 400 passengers on the train. One hundred and fifty dead and wounded have been identified. Many of the victims are unknown. Scores continue to be unearthed. Soldiers are working hard at the wreck. The work is impeded by cold and snow. An entire theatrical company was killed. Several headless and armless corpses have been found in the neighboring river. A mother, who had been driven mad by the catastrophe, refused to release from her embrace her two dead children. A young priest was buried for two hours, and when extricated it was found that his hair had turned white. An entire family, consisting of six persons, was killed.

FIRST BLOW AT THE TRUSTS.

Grand Jury Sits Down Upon the Bagging Pool—Justice Will be Dealt Out in the Courts of Tennessee—Five Men to be Brought from St. Louis for Trial.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., Oct. 26.—The grand jury of the Criminal Court of Shelby county today returned indictments against Benjamin Gratz, Anderson Gratz, L. W. Jones, Joel Wood and Mr. Warren, the members of the firm of Warren, Jones & Gratz of St. Louis, the manipulators of the bagging trust pool or combination.

The indictment charges them with unlawfully agreeing and conspiring to buy up all the bagging in the market and the outputs of mills for several months and advance the prices to double what they were before.

Requisition papers will be applied for at once and the indicted individuals will be brought here for trial.

Attorney General George B. Peters will prosecute with vigor, and thinks the indicted parties have clearly violated the law.

WHILE GATHERING CHESTNUTS

Young Crowley is Crushed to Death by the Limb of a Tree.

ANSONIA, Conn., Oct. 24.—Patrick Crowley, aged 15, with his brother and another boy were chestnuting near this place in the woods this afternoon, when the wind snapped off a limb of a large tree overhanging the trio and young Crowley was crushed to the earth, his skull being broken and his body crushed. He died while being conveyed home in a carriage. The other boys escaped uninjured.

SAVED HER BABY'S LIFE.

Then with Her Two Other Children an Iowa Woman Meets an Awful Death.

DUBUQUE, Ia., Oct. 29.—Hermann Baade, section man on the Burlington road, started for this city yesterday afternoon on a handcar, having with him his wife, three children and a friend. When rounding a sharp curve they were run down by a special making a quick run between St. Paul and Chicago. The handcar was thrown from the track, and Mrs. Baade and her two sons, aged 7 and 13 years, instantly killed.

Mr. Baade and the friend escaped.

When the train struck the car Mrs. Baade threw her baby down a bank 20 feet high and saved its life.

IN SQUALOR AND POVERTY.

Mary Ann Irvine of Sioux Falls Dies, Leaving $85,000.

SIOUX FALLS, Dak., Oct. 29.—Mary Ann Irvine, one of the most noted characters of this section, died on Friday night of heart trouble. During her residence of 13 years here she has lived in the utmost squalor. She was vindictive to an extraordinary degree, and has figured at nearly every term of court as defendant on various charges, such as applying the torch to the property of neighbors, threatening their lives, and so on. A loaded revolver was her constant companion. No one ever darkened her door, and it was only a very short time before she died that even her own children dared to enter her house.

When it was discovered that she was dying, and she was asked if a physician should not be sent for, she objected to incurring so great an expense, and not until she had struck a bargain with the doctor for his fee would she allow any medicines to be administered. After her death a search among her effects revealed deeds, mortgages, notes, bonds and cash to the amount of $85,000. The woman was 63 years old and had three children, to whom her property will revert.

AN ENDLESS HOLE.

South Carolina Farmers Strike a Bottomless Cave While Digging a Well.

CHARLESTON, S. C., Oct. 25.—A discovery which indicated the existence of a subterranean river running from the mountains of Virginia through North and South Carolina, has been recently confirmed from Black's Station, a town in this State, almost on a direct line from Raleigh, N. C., through Laurens and Abbeville counties. At Black's two farmers were digging a well on their farm, which is on the line of the Charleston, Cincinnati & Chicago railroad. The story they tell is as follows:

At a depth of 20 feet they struck a limestone formation which gave out a hollow sound. A few feet of stone was removed and a workman, striking the point of a bar into a seam in the rock was surprised—first, to see a hole open under him and then to see his bar disappear from sight. The rush of air following this break through the roof of a cave or cavern was accompanied by a loud noise, which continued into the next day. The workmen were terrified, and, hastily leaving the well, refused to return to the work. Later the depth of the hole was attempted to be measured by the use of a long pole, but it failed to reach anything solid, and when dropped gave back no sound to those who listened.

A well on the northwest side of Whittaker Mountain some years ago was abandoned for the same reason—the discovery of a large cavern without apparent bottom. Persons familiar with the rock formation of this region say they are probable openings into one and the same hollow place, extending under and through the mountain. Whether this is a cave or a subterranean river remains to be proved. An investigation will be made.

HE NEVER SAW NELLIE HOME.

A Bear That Went to a Quilting and Was Not Invited.

GREENWOOD, Ky., Oct. 29.—When John Holliday was married, about a dozen years ago, his worldly possessions were very few, even for a Kentucky mountaineer. John had to build a house for himself and the new Mrs. Holliday, and he didn't waste much time and money in completing the job. He located in the valley of Brush Creek, 15 miles southeast of here, and proceeded to erect the Holliday mansion after the most expeditious and economical fashion. About 100 yards from the creek a cliff shoots up to the height of 30 feet. Against the foot of this cliff Holliday built a "lean-to," that is, the cliff itself served as one wall, and the other three were of logs with a light board roof. Here John Holliday and Sarah, his wife, lived and prospered, and here the little Hollidays grew.

Last Saturday there was a quilting bee at John Holliday's. Mrs. Holliday's hospitality was renowned throughout her section. The two older children were off at work with their father. The four younger were banished to the little low upper room under the roof, reached by a ladder. There they amused themselves as best they could, while about 30 women congregated around the quilting frame below, and labored assiduously at sewing and exchanging the news of the neighborhood. Mrs. Holliday made frequent trips to the little kitchen, where a savory dinner was preparing.

It lacked about an hour of noon. The conversation of the "quilters" had become very lively, and all their laughter could be heard to the edge of the clearing. Then there was a heavy thump overhead. "What's that?" exclaimed one of the women.

"Only one them children tumbled over on the floor above," said Mrs. Holliday, "you needn't mind 'em."

Probably they would have continued their quilting, but "them children" began to scream, and one after another they came tumbling down the ladder. The last was the youngest—a little girl. She was only four years old, and she did "tumble down," falling through the trap door to the floor, but she was so fat that her fall didn't hurt her. Somebody might have been hurt, but the bear was slightly stunned by his precipitous descent. The savory smell of the cooking dinner attracted him, and he pushed his way into the little kitchen. A piece of fat mutton was boiling in a kettle over the fireplace, for Mrs. Holliday had not yet bought a stove. Bruin made for it, and burnt his nose. While he was growling and rubbing his paws over his nose, Mrs. Holliday poked the rifle in through the small window and shot him dead.

The bear had been wandering along the cliff above the house. His explorations led him near the edge, and he lost his footing and tumbled over and struck on the cabin roof below. Mr. Holliday came up a few minutes later, it being his dinner hour. Skilful hands assisted him, the bear was skinned, and some of his choicest steaks graced the dinner Mrs. Holliday spread at her quilting.

FELL INTO A TRAP.

Sackville, British Minister, Writes a Private Letter

Indiscreetly Commending the Administration to a British-American.

Thurman's Opinion of the Weapon Used by Blaine.

At a meeting in New York of Irish-American Republicans, Mr. Blaine gave publicity to a private correspondence between a man named Murchison of Pomona, Cal., and Lord Sackville, British minister at Washington. Murchison appears to be a myth, and the minister fell into a trap set for him by some Republican manager. The alleged correspondent sought advice from the minister. The alleged writer said:

"I apply to you privately and confidentially for information, which shall in turn be treated as entirely secret. Such information would put me at rest myself, and if favorable to Mr. Cleveland enable me on my own responsibility to assure many of my countrymen that THEY WOULD DO ENGLAND A SERVICE BY VOTING FOR CLEVELAND AND AGAINST THE REPUBLICAN SYSTEM OF TARIFF. As I before observed, we know not what to do, but look for more light on a mysterious subject, which the sooner it comes will better serve true Englishmen in casting their votes.

Yours, very respectfully, ——.

The British Minister's Answer.

[PRIVATE.]

BEVERLY, Mass., Sept. 13, 1888.

SIR—I am in receipt of your letter of the 4th instant, and beg to say that I fully appreciate the difficulty in which you find yourself in casting your vote. You are probably aware that any political party which openly favored the mother country at the present moment would lose popularity, and that the party in power is fully aware of this fact. The party, however, is I believe, still desirous of maintaining friendly relations with Great Britain, and is still as desirous of settling all questions with Canada, which have been unfortunately reopened since the rejection of the treaty by the Republican majority in the Senate, and by the President's message, to which you allude. All allowance must, therefore, be made for the political situation as regards the presidential election thus created. It is, however, impossible to predict the course which President Cleveland may pursue in the matter of retaliation should he be elected; but there is every reason to believe that, while upholding the position he has taken, he will manifest a spirit of conciliation in dealing with the question involved in his message. I enclose an article from the New York Times of Aug. 22, and remain, yours faithfully,

L. S. SACKVILLE WEST.

The letter excited a storm of angry comment, but curiously enough no one save Mr. Thurman found time to note the disgraceful use of private correspondence. What the Old Roman said is of interest.

THURMAN ON LORD SACKVILLE.

He Looks with Contempt on the Use of Private Letters in a Campaign.

Then, my friends, having thus failed in their discussion of the tariff; having failed in the row they raised about the fisheries; having failed in their attempt to destroy Cleveland with their opposition to the Chinese exclusion bill, these men, in the last days of the canvass, in the going down of the sun of this political year—all at once discover another mare's nest which they think will hatch an offspring that may destroy the Democratic party. They want to get rid of a discussion of the tariff; they want to get rid of a discussion of the fisheries; they want to get rid of the Chinese question, and they have started a new dodge, invented a new scheme, which you may have seen in the Cincinnati papers of today. They pretend that an Englishman by the name of Murchison, living in some place of California, that I never heard of until I saw its name in these papers, wrote a letter to the British minister at Washington to inquire of him whether the naturalized Englishmen in California ought to vote for Cleveland or vote for Harrison, and that the British minister made him a reply, and this letter, which it alleged Mr. Murchison wrote, boils over with mean insinuations against Cleveland and the Democratic party as if they were the hirelings of Great Britain, and boils over with fulsome praise of Harrison, as if he were the incarnation of American virtue and patriotism.

Now, my friends, I want to say a word to you about that, not that I am at all satisfied that this so-called Mr. Murchison ever wrote any such letter, or that the British minister ever replied to it as pretended, for I should say, looking at the correspondence, and especially at Mr. Murchison's letter, or so-called letter, that it bore on its face such evident marks of downright, shameless forgery that I might be at liberty at once to denounce it as a forgery, and then say no more about it. Whether it is a forgery or not, I don't know, but this I have to say, that be it forgery, or be it a genuine letter, be it a letter written by Murchison, or be it a letter written by some cunning Republican partisan, be it one or the other, it is the production of a deliberate villain, who deserves to be scorned by honest men. Why do I say this? Why, this man writes to the British minister that he is a naturalized Englishman in California; that he is inclined to vote for Cleveland, but he doesn't know exactly whether Cleveland is honest in his free trade doctrine, as he calls it, or whether he is a safe man on the subject of the fisheries; and he wants therefore, to know from the British minister whether he thinks that Cleveland is a safe man—not for Americans, but for the British. That is what he wants to know, and he tells him that letter is written in the most profound confidence; that no one is to see it but himself, but that when he gets the correct information then he can advise his fellow Englishmen in California who have been naturalized, or who mean to be naturalized, how they can safely vote, and he pledges to the British minister that not only shall that letter that he writes to him be kept a secret, but that the answer of the minister shall also be kept a secret.

Now, my friends, when you come to look at the letter itself you see that it never was written by a man who, for one moment, thought of voting for Grover Cleveland. On the contrary, it is written by some skilful, as he thought, cunning Republican politician, who thought to entrap the British minister and get from him some reply that could be used against Mr. Cleveland in the presidential election. So that when that man professed to be friendly to Cleveland and only seeking out correct knowledge, he was lying with every breath that he uttered, with every word that he wrote. (Applause.) When he said that the answer of the British minister should be kept a profound secret, he was lying, for he never intended it should be kept a secret if he were fortunate enough to get one, unless that letter should disappoint his hopes. Now, my friends, if that man intended to be or was what he said, how does it come that that letter of his to the British minister, which was marked "private," and the letter of the British minister to him, which he solemnly pledged his honor should never see the light—how comes it that those letters are in the public press today? But that is not all. Just look at it. This letter of Murchison's professes to have been written on the 4th of September last, and the British minister's answer professes to be written on the 13th of September, and yet for more than one month no man ever heard one word of there being such correspondence except the men who are in the conspiracy.

Last night there was to be a great meeting, as it was called, of Irishmen, although I do not think that very many honest, thoroughbred Irishmen were in the gang. But it was announced that there was to be such a meeting as that in New York, and that James G. Blaine was to address that meeting, and accordingly the meeting was held. Then the terrible correspondence comes out which is to prove that the sworn President of the United States, the sworn secretary of state, the sworn cabinet of the President, were all a set of conspirators against the people of the United States. It comes out just then on the eve of Mr. Blaine's meeting, the Irish meeting in the city of New York, and among the first things that Mr. Blaine does is to hold up his hands in horror over this theme of official depravity.

THE STATE DEPARTMENT.

British Government in Duty Bound to Recall Lord Sackville.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 27.—At the time of closing the State Department this afternoon Secretary Bayard informed THE GLOBE correspondent that nothing had been heard from the British foreign office or Mr. Phelps, our minister at the court of St. James, relative to the intentions of the English government in the case of Lord Sackville. Mr. Bayard said that all the facts bearing on the matter had been cabled to Mr. Phelps, to be by him laid before Lord Salisbury. When asked whether "all the facts" included a formal demand for the recall of Lord Sackville, the secretary of state declined to answer, merely saying that the British government was in possession of any and all information which was necessary for it to have a complete understanding of the case.

In view of this declaration of Mr. Bayard it would be unnecessary for him at this stage of the proceedings to demand the recall of the British ambassador. He has officially drawn the attention of the English prime minister to the unpardonable blunder committed by his envoy, and under these circumstances the British government cannot do less than remove a personage who is personally objectionable to the government to whom he is accredited. As a plain business proposition merely, if nothing more, it must be evident to the Marquis of Salisbury that his diplomatic agent in Washington has now lost his usefulness, and to retain him here, knowing that, would be a piece of stupidity of which no cabinet would be guilty unless it was very anxious to seek a casus belli. It is almost unnecessary to remark that Lord Sackville is not of sufficient importance either socially or politically to make the British government do that.

A Press despatch received here this afternoon to the effect that Minister Phelps had called at the British foreign office, and, not finding Lord Salisbury there, had at once left for his country seat at Hatfield, Hertfordshire, attracted a good deal of attention in diplomatic circles, as it showed more plainly than anything else could the urgent nature of the instructions from Mr. Bayard to Mr. Phelps. When a foreign minister considers it necessary to transact his business at the premier's private residence outside of London, the presumption is that that business is of a nature which will admit of no delay. That Minister Phelps has taken this step shows that the administration is anxious to have the case laid before the British government at the earliest moment, so that it can take the proper steps in the matter.

It would only be right that the British government, with all the information in its possession, should take the initiative, but should it not, and such a thing would be a remarkable proceeding in diplomatic history, the President can inform the British government that he will decline to hold any further intercourse with Lord Sackville, because the latter is personally distasteful to him, while at the same time the relations between the two governments could remain as amicable as ever. It would be necessary to have a representative of the British government here, and consequently a successor to Lord Sackville would soon have to be appointed.

SALISBURY CONSIDERING.

Minister Phelps Lays the Case Before Him in its Urgency.

LONDON, Oct. 27.—Lord Salisbury remained at Hatfield House, his country residence, today. He received several cable despatches from Lord Sackville, the British minister at Washington, admitting the facts in connection with the Murchison letter, and saying that he regretted them. A number of despatches from Secretary of State Bayard were forwarded to Lord Salisbury, in which the Secretary of State urged that it was imperatively necessary that there should be a change in the British representative at Washington.

Mr. Phelps, the American minister, and Mrs. Phelps visited Hatfield house this evening, and will be the guests of Lord Salisbury until Monday. Mr. Phelps and Lord Salisbury held a long consultation in the library. Mr. Phelps enlarged upon the necessity of prompt action on the part of the British government. Mr. Phelps made a special point that by treating Murchison as a British subject entitled to advice, despite the fact that he stated in his letter that he was a naturalized citizen of the United States, Lord Sackville had disregarded and violated the understanding of September, 1871, when Mr. Fisk, then secretary of state, obtained from the English government a recognition of the American doctrine of naturalization. Lord Salisbury admitted that this was a most serious point of view of Lord Sackville's conduct.

The matter is more annoying to Lord Salisbury, inasmuch as Lord Sackville's appointment originally was attributed to the influence of his sister, who was the second wife of the late Marquis of Salisbury, and who has since been married to the present Earl of Derby.

JOHN BULL'S OPINION.

London Papers Think Lord Sackville Would Better Resign.

LONDON, Oct. 29.—The Daily News says: Lord Sackville has done nothing of which an honest man need be ashamed. But there are blunders which are worse than crimes.

The Daily Telegraph says: Nothing can excuse the incontinence of Lord Sackville's pen, except his transparent good faith and candor. He cannot, however, after such betise, be allowed to embroil the two nations.

The Standard says: It would be incorrect to say that the American government has already asked for the recall of Lord Sackville, but it has taken a step little short of that extreme measure. It does not follow that expulsion will be resorted to either at all or at once. The matter, however, is a delicate one. It would be best for Lord Sackville to resign, in order to save further unpleasantness.

The Chronicle says: The singular folly of Lord Sackville could hardly be matched for indiscretion but it is manifestly impossible for the government to yield to pressure such as a New York paper declares will be applied. When the excitement is calmed it may be found necessary to transfer Lord Sackville.

The Times says: It seems to be certain that the American government has taken a step that will render it impossible for Lord Sackville to remain at Washington. We are not prepared to censure Lord Sackville. A British minister, whether at Washington or elsewhere, must be an English gentleman, and he may be forgiven if he is not up to all the dirty tricks of American politicians. If Americans were not in the thick of a political struggle it would be impossible that some of them should not enter a protest against the undignified vulgarity and interested unfairness shown by both parties.

PRESIDENT CLEVELAND

Speaks of the Sackville Matter, and Suggests Another Republican Trap.

The correspondent of THE GLOBE interviewed President Cleveland on the subject at Oak View on Sunday. The correspondent explained to the President that there was a great deal of curiosity manifested as to the exact status of the Sackville imbroglio, and more particularly as to what had really passed between himself and General Collins and John Boyle O'Reilly, the editor of the Boston Pilot, in the interview reported to have taken place in New York yesterday, and at which it was said that the President took occasion to assure these gentlemen on their departure that if Lord Sackville was not recalled within three days he would be given his passports. It had also been reported that Messrs. Collins and O'Reilly were so well satisfied with the assurance of the President that they immediately returned to Boston.

The President laughed heartily, then said:

That statement which I have read in the morning papers is all wrong, all wrong. I did see Representative Collins and Mr. O'Reilly at Secretary Whitney's house, and had some little conversation with them, but it was almost wholly devoted to another subject. These gentlemen called upon me to discuss another matter, the extradition treaty, which was postponed by the recent act of the Senate. The letter of Lord Sackville was but briefly referred to. I brought the matter up myself, and took occasion to assure them that they would have no fault to find with what had been done, and the future course to be pursued in the matter. I told Mr. Collins and Mr. O'Reilly that I thought that the people hardly regarded me as a coward in these matters, and when the facts in the case should become known the people would feel satisfied with the course of the State Department. Both gentlemen seemed to feel gratified, and the subject was thereupon dropped.

"Can you say, Mr. President, what point of the extradition treaty was discussed?"

"It was represented to me by these gentlemen that it has been persistently asserted that the extradition treaty with Great Britain, which has been published, contemplated the surrender of persons charged with political offences. I do not understand how it is possible to

So Distort Language.

Anybody reading the treaty would plainly see that it contemplates no such thing. The treaty as first drawn provided for the

Continued on the Fifth Page.

CELESTIAL WRATH

Against China's Minister to the United States.

An Angry Mob Attempts to Wreck His Oriental Residence.

The Expulsion Bill Answered with Threats of Boycotting.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 27.—The steamer Arabic arrived from Hong Kong and Yokohama yesterday, bringing a statement published in the Chinese Times to the effect that the action of the Chinese minister to the United States in the matter of the treaty which was recently rejected by the Chinese government had excited so great animosity against him in Kwantung that endeavors were made by an angry mob to wreck the minister's house. The Chinese Times also contains a letter signed by a Pekin official, and written just after the news had reached China, that the United States Senate had passed the Chinese exclusion bill.

Following is an extract taken from the letter: "If the obnoxious American bill should be carried into effect, there will be no other course open for China, consistent with her dignity as a nation, than to adopt retaliatory measures by prohibiting the citizens of the United States from coming to China. This will be by no means proportionate to the harm done to the Chinese interests in America, but it will have to be done in order to show that the Chinese can do the same thing, and if this will have no effect in bringing the United States Congress and the United States government to reason and fairness, then it will be a question for China to consider whether it is not time for her to cancel her treaties made with that country, to recall her subjects from there, to expel all the United States citizens from his country, and to cease all relations and intercourse, diplomatic and commercial, with that country."

PUT OIL IN THE SOUP.

Some Indiana Scoundrel Tries to Poison a Whole Congregation.

WABASH, Ind., Oct. 26.—At the German Baptist church in Mishler, Huntington county, a few days ago, the communion service was celebrated there, which includes the serving of soup and the washing of feet. Some miscreants managed to dose the soup with a quantity of croton oil, which caused about one-quarter of the congregation to be taken violently ill with severe cramps, and several have not yet recovered.

PARLOR CAR COMBINATION.

The Woodruff and the Mann People Unite Against Pullman.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 25.—The Pullman Palace company has a new rival, even bigger than the late Baltimore & Ohio system, in a new company known as the Palace company. The new company is a combination of the Mann Boudoir Car Company and Woodruff Parlor Car Company, and has a capital stock of $3,000,000. Sir George Pullman has been making strenuous efforts for some time to get possession of the Wilmington holdings in the two competitive companies. He is said to have offered a heavy bonus for this stock, but without avail.

Thomas C. Purdy was made president of the new concern and John G. Moore will be the vice president, with general offices in New York. The company has contracted to build 34 "parlors" at an aggregate cost of $500,000. They have already contracted to run the cars on the New Southern railroad system, under the control of the Richmond & West Point Terminal system, embracing 6000 miles.

The Woodruff company has one line from New York to Boston, besides several to the West.

STARVING INDIANS.

Unless Aid Comes Soon the Cheyennes Will Die.

FORT BUFORD, Dak., Oct. 25.—Reports by courier from the Cheyenne reservation, 75 miles south, are to the effect that unless aid is soon extended to them by the government great numbers of the Cheyennes will die of starvation. The Indians are insufficiently rationed, and the lack of sufficient food has resulted in much sickness, especially among the older members of the tribe, who are unable to go out in search of food. The young bucks, owing to the scarcity of game, are unable to supply the wants of the sick and helpless, and are leaving them to die.

All of these Indians should receive rations from the Berthold agency, on the west bank of the Missouri and south of the fort. Within the last month numerous bands of Cheyennes, comprising bucks, women and children, have come to Fort Buford begging for food to keep them alive. Forts Buford and Keogh are constantly besieged by these bands of starving Indians. Colonel Crofton, commandant at Fort Buford, has notified the War Department of the condition of affairs.

MRS. CLEVELAND'S BRAVE ACT.

She Rescues a Gentleman at the Risk of Injuring Herself.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 23.—Mrs. Cleveland had a very narrow escape a day or two ago from an accident which might have proved serious in the extreme. Workmen are engaged in putting a new floor in the upper story of the White House. The boards had all been removed, and nothing was left but the sub-structure, consisting mainly of the old joist and the laths and plaster of the ceiling.

Mrs. Cleveland after a long vacation returned to the White House, and in company with Colonel John M. Wilson, commissioner of public buildings and grounds, went around to see the alterations that were being made. They had nothing but joists to walk upon, and as Mrs. Cleveland, holding the colonel's guiding hand, stepped from joist to joist, her foot slipped.

In trying to save Mrs. Cleveland from falling, the gallant colonel missed his own footing and stumbled from the joist on to the lath and plaster. This frail support gave away, and he dropped through into the hole until the joists caught him by the arms.

Quick as thought Mrs. Cleveland stepped across to the sunken colonel, and, catching him by the arms, helped him to the surface again. Those who saw the affair say that Mrs. Cleveland did not scream, but was as prompt and cool-headed as if it had all been carefully rehearsed.

BROTHERS FOR OVER 90 YEARS.

Preaching and Farming Has Given Them Sturdy Frames.

WARWICK, Oct 29.—As instances of longevity in this place, the case of two brothers named Goldsbury, well on in the last decade of the century, may be cited. John, the elder, is a Unitarian minister, who graduated at Brown University and was settled first in Bridgewater, afterwards in Hardwick, and preached in other places in the State. For several years he had a school in Cambridge. Until the present season he has preached occasionally, and has acted as chaplain on all public occasions. He will be 94 on the 11th day of February. His infirmities have prevented active service this season. He is a man of powerful frame and voice, and latterly has given his attention to farming. The younger brother, James, will be 92 the same month. He is a farmer and but for the failure of his sight would be an active man still. As a citizen, he is posted on all the leading questions of the day. His wife is several years younger, and they will have been married 63 years the 1st of January. Although her hearing is defective, her eyesight is still strong, and thus the lack of each is compensated for. They are an agreeable and a hospitable couple, with minds as active as ever. The father of the two old gentlemen was a farmer and hotelkeeper in Warwick, and a colonel of militia in the time of Shay's rebellion, and was tried for treason in harboring the remnant of Shay's army during their flight from Petersham. Although evidently sympathizing with the insurgents, he was acquitted. The family of Goldsbury has always been prominent in town.

AROUND THE FARM.

THE CROPS.

The National Crop Report for October, 1888—Official Grades of Winter Wheat and Oats.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 10.—The October crop returns show that the conditions of the present corn crop has been equalled only three times in 10 years, and is exceeded materially only by that of 1879, when the condition was 98, and the subsequent ascertained yield 28 bushels. The present average of condition is 92, against 94.2 in September. There has been no decline in the Northwest, and the status of the great corn surplus States remains as on September 1. The indications favor a result ranging little from 26 bushels per acre, making a full average.

The condition of buckwheat has declined heavily from 93.7 last month to 79.1, mainly from frosts. The average condition of the potato crop is about 87, a decline of four points. Tobacco has fully maintained the condition of the last month, averaging for all kinds 88.3.

The returns relative to wheat are those of yield per acre by counties. As consolidated, the general average for winter wheat is 12 bushels per acre, and for spring wheat slightly over 10 bushels. The former has yielded better than the early expectation, the latter much worse. This of course is measured bushels. The quality is much below the average, which will still further reduce the supply, as will be shown more exactly hereafter from testimony of inspection and millers' weights. The winter wheat averages of States of considerable productions are:

New York	14.1	Indiana	11.3
Pennsylvania	13.7	Illinois	13.0
Maryland	14.5	Missouri	12.6
Virginia	8.7	Kansas	14.7
Texas	11.2	California	12.7
Tennessee	9.2	Oregon	16.3
Kentucky	11.2	Ohio	11.2
Michigan	14.5		

The spring wheat averages are:

Wisconsin	11.8	Dakota	9.2
Minnesota	8.7	Montana	16.5
Iowa	10.3	Washington	18.5
Nebraska	10.8	Utah	16.5
Colorado	17.5		

The spring wheat of the New England States ranges from 14 to 16 bushels.

The Cincinnati Price Current says the indicated production, by application of official estimates of yield and acreage, is as follows, compared with last year:

	1888.	1887.
Ohio	26,385,000	35,895,000
Michigan	21,255,000	21,672,000
Indiana	28,800,000	37,828,000
Illinois	25,840,000	36,861,000
Missouri	19,415,000	27,744,000
Kansas	11,000,000	7,607,000
Kentucky	[illegible]	[illegible]
Tennessee	11,000,000	9,806,000
Virginia	7,915,000	5,797,000
Maryland	6,405,000	5,450,000
Pennsylvania	19,575,000	18,785,000
New York	8,745,000	[illegible]
California	[illegible]	30,420,000
Oregon	12,880,000	16,100,000
Texas	14,500,000	[illegible]
Winter crop	288,150,000	292,850,000
Minnesota	26,405,000	36,299,000
Wisconsin	[illegible]	[illegible]
Iowa	[illegible]	[illegible]
Nebraska	[illegible]	[illegible]
Dakota	[illegible]	[illegible]
Colorado	2,345,000	2,514,000
Washington	8,575,000	8,345,000
Other States and Territories	7,900,000	7,450,000
Spring crop	137,620,000	163,499,000
Aggregate bushels	425,770,000	456,329,000

The grain is not as heavy as it was last year, when it averaged 58¼ pounds per bushel. The Price Current places the weight this year at an average of [illegible] pounds, which would [illegible] of last year's weight. The total exportable surplus for the year, Mr. Murray concludes, is [illegible].

Bulletin No. 6 of the Ohio Agricultural Experiment Station, of which J. Fremont Hickman is director, [illegible] in the cultivation of wheat. The experiments include a comparative test of [illegible] so-called varieties of wheat, seeding with different quantities of seed, sowing early and late, planting at different depths, and various methods of planting.

[illegible] While the thick and thin seeding shows good results in favor of light seeding, we would not recommend for general practice less than five pecks, nor more than seven.

South of the 40th parallel we believe that wheat should be sowed after the [illegible] of September, but the northern section will bear earlier sowing.

As far as tested, the depth of seeding within reasonable limits does not affect the yield.

Thorough preparation of the seedbed is one of the great essentials towards securing a good crop. Plough early, stir the ground thoroughly and often, make the surface smooth and level, so that water will not stand in low places, then put the wheat in when the ground is in good, friable condition, [illegible].

The Indiana station reaches these conclusions:

The frequent poor wheat crops are not wholly due to unfavorable weather. They are caused largely by soil impoverishment through bad tillage, and then by sowing seed of the less hardy varieties of wheat.

The average yield of wheat, and of other crops as well, could be considerably increased by judicious crop rotation, liberal use of manures and careful selection of seed.

The results of our experiment with thick and thin seeding show that at least six pecks of wheat to the acre should be sown on land of medium fertility. [illegible] With early sowing on rich land, four or five pecks of seed might answer.

The Germantown Telegraph makes the following comments on the report from the Ohio Experimental Station:

In these experiments the Buckeye seed drill has been used. [illegible]—[Germantown Telegraph.

Official Grades of Grain.

At a meeting last week of the committee on grain at the New York Produce Exchange, the following specifications of grades of grain were established:

WINTER WHEAT.

Extra white winter wheat shall be bright, sound, dry, plump and well cleaned.

No. 1 white winter wheat shall be sound, dry and reasonably clean.

No. 2 white winter wheat shall consist of sound white winter wheat, dry and reasonably clean.

No. 3 white winter wheat shall be unfit to grade No. 2.

No. 1 red winter wheat shall be sound, dry, long berried and well cleaned.

No. 2 red winter wheat shall be sound, dry and reasonably clean, weighing not less than [illegible] pounds, Winchester standard, and shall not contain more than 10 per cent of white winter.

No. 3 red winter wheat shall consist of red winter wheat unfit to grade No. 2.

No. 2 winter wheat shall include all sound winter wheat of the grade No. 2 red and white mixed, [illegible].

[illegible]

Note—No. 2 red and No. 2 red wheats that have been steamed shall be graded steamer No. 2.

OATS.

Extra white oats shall be bright and [illegible] not less than 32 pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 1 white oats shall be bright, sound, clean and free from other grain, weighing not less than [illegible] pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 2 white oats shall be seven-eighths white, [illegible] to the measured bushel.

No. 3 white oats shall be mainly white, reasonably sound, reasonably clean and reasonably free from other grain, weighing not less than 25 pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 1 oats shall be bright, sound, reasonably clean and free from other grain, weighing not less than 31 pounds to the measured bushel.

No. 2 oats shall be reasonably sound, reasonably clean and reasonably free from other grain, weighing 28 pounds and over to the measured bushel.

No. 3 oats—All merchantable oats unfit for any of the above grades, shall be graded No. 3.

Rejected oats—All oats damp, unsound, dirty, or for any other cause unfit for No. 3, shall be graded rejected.

THE BREAD.

The Benefits to be Derived from Dear Bread.

Just now the large advance in the price of wheat causes much to be said and printed about the prospects of very high prices for bread, as if it were a calamity to be dreaded—a dark cloud with no silver lining. Quite the reverse. First, let it be remembered that the agricultural people are by far the most numerous class in the country. Second, that prosperous agriculture is the real basis of prosperity in nearly all other kinds of business. If farmers do not buy goods and manufactures liberally, and supply business to railways, railway employes cannot prosper; the great number of people manufacturing iron and steel and other railway supplies, cannot be paid good wages, even if employed at all; merchants sell fewer goods, and their employes have their time and wages cut down. Manufacturers in all departments sell less of their products and employ fewer workingmen and working women, and must pay them ower wages.

A careful examination will show that it is the money expended by farmers and their families which passes from one class to another in nearly every department of business, trade and manufacturing. The $100 dug out of the soil, which is the real source of wealth, passes through the whole routine of the business of the country. Even the banks, the insurance companies, etc., all have something to do in handling this $100, each taking a greater or less percentage of it, until the last dollar and penny is divided up. Even the bootblack on the street corners is in for a share, for if people are not making money in business (in handling this $100) they do not get their shoes blacked. What is said of the $100, applies to the entire sum produced and expended by the farmers.

Again. Though all farmers do not raise wheat, yet a higher price for this staple grain, affects and increases the value of all other farm products. Corn, oats, barley, rye, pork and beef, are higher today because of the higher price of wheat. We need not stop to show why and how this is so, but it is a demonstrable fact. For the pupose of this talk, we may therefore reckon all farmers as growers of wheat, or something equivalent, equal to an average of say 600 bushels of wheat each.

WHEAT AT 75 CENTS AND AT $2.

If a farmer has 600 bushels of wheat, or something equivalent, of which he can [illegible] $1.75 a bushel [illegible] $1.60 [illegible] 40 cents [illegible] $440 of extra profit.

ABOUT THE DEAR BREAD.

Bread is very properly called the "staff of life." It contains, more than any other standard food, all necessary elements for human existence and growth, [illegible].

The average annual consumption of bread per individual in this country is about five bushels of wheat. [illegible]—[St. Louis Farmer.

THE VEGETABLE GARDEN.

Clear Up the Old Crops—Bank Up the Early Celery—Protection for Spinach—Hotbeds for Radish and Lettuce—Thanksgiving Salad.

Of course, the frost put an end to the crop of some things, beans, Limas, tomatoes, cucumbers, peppers and egg plants, so that all we can now do with what remains of these is to clear them off the ground to the rot pile or hog pen. [illegible]

THE CELERY CROP IS NOW VERY IMPORTANT.

[illegible]

SPINACH IS AN IMPORTANT CROP NOW

[illegible]

HOW NICE IT IS TO HAVE SOME LETTUCES

[illegible] cession in hotbeds between now and next February. A lettuce is like a radish; in order to be real good it must be grown quick. Now, at this time of year we usually have plenty of fresh stable manure, and we may just as well use it in making a hotbed as not. Then put up a hotbed, and plant some half-grown lettuce plants in it, and sow some Wood's Early Frame radishes in one sash of it, and

YOU CAN HAVE SOMETHING PRETTY TOOTHSOME FOR THANKSGIVING.

Let me add another green to that salad: Get some white mustard seed, then prepare some shallow boxes—what we call seed-flats that is, boxes say 12 inches wide by 20 inches long and two inches deep—and fill these with rich soil, and sow the mustard seed thickly on top of the soil, merely pressing it into the soil. Then place the box in a warm room. In a few days the seeds will germinate. When they are from seven to 10 days old cut them over close to the ground, and wash and eat them. In this way keep up a succession as long as you may desire. As soon as the crop is cut over the box may be emptied out, for the roots are of no further use.—[William Falconer, in Rural New Yorker.

THE SWINE.

Breeding and Feeding—A Farmer Who Says "Grass is King."

Theodore Louis, at a last Winter's Farmer's Institute, gave the following condensed advice on the subject of swine culture: It was once proclaimed that cotton is king, and later that corn is king; but I say that grass is king. I have an experiment in swine raising which is a sheet anchor to sustain me in my argument against corn as the chief food for hogs. Six shoats of same age, size and breeding, were taken. Three were fed on milk, middlings, clover, oats and other farinaceous food; the remaining three were fed on corn. The latter weighed heavier, but the former made better pork—a streak of lean and a streak of fat, as the Irishman said—and the breaking strain of the bones of the corn fed was from 40 per cent. to 50 per cent. lower than that of the milk and grass fed. The hog is not a filthy animal; he is by nature the cleanest of the domestic animals. If you have filthy hogs they have a filthy keeper. Hogs should be kept in clean pens, should be fed well, should be warmly housed in winter. Great care should be taken of sows in breeding season. A quiet place should be provided for them.

BREED ONLY FROM MATURE STOCK,

thoroughbreds; much of the present trouble comes from breeding from immature stock. Kind treatment will bring great results; vicious treatment makes vicious animals. Both sires and dams should be intelligent, large and strong. If the dam is of the right kind, keep her five or six years. Treat kindly and give good care. If you by carelessness (not bad luck) lose early litters, you lose your best profit. If your dams are of good stock and properly kept, you will have good hogs. At time of gestation, especial care should be given to dams; food and drink must be properly and regularly supplied. Breed in April; in March if you are well prepared. At time of birth be on hand, but do not be hasty; have all things quiet and in readiness. If pen has been prepared, supply it with fine, clean straw, but let the mother make her own bed. Keep pen clean. Do not feed her heavy the first three days. Then increase. Leave placenta in pen 12 hours, and if it has not disappeared, remove it. Special care for udder is necessary. Leave pigs with dam three months; let them eat with her from trough. I feed sows dry feed, aside from swill.

NEVER FEED SOUR SWILL.

It is poison. Always have feed ground. You can afford to pay the toll. In winter steam the feed. Don't let hogs go without salt; also have charcoal and ashes where they can have access to them. I have Poland-China hogs. Any thoroughbreds are good. If you import, have hogs quarantined until you know there is no disease. Clover makes fine pasture for hogs, but let them have plenty of charcoal. Do not winter hogs. It does not pay. Hogs should gain nine pounds a week from birth; 250 pounds is the weight for best pork. The best trough is made V-shaped, one 2x6 and one 2x8, as long as necessity requires. Pens should be 7x8 feet, 5 feet high in front, 7 feet in back. Door, 2x4½ feet.—[St. Louis Farmer.

THE LAMBS.

Now is the Time to Mate the Sheep if You Want Reasonably Early Lambs.

As with all other stock, an effort should be made to have the offspring an improvement upon the parent.

There are few classes of stock that this can be done any easier than with sheep, and, considering the advantages, at so small an expense. It is important that the ram should be of the best breed. A grade or cross-bred male cannot be relied upon to transmit the good qualities of his breed to his offspring with anything like uniformity. It is a well-known fact in breeding that the longer stock have been bred in a certain line the better able and the more sure they are to transmit their good qualities to their offspring. So that when you are seeking to improve your stock, it is important to use good males. Then with care in selecting the best ewes a decided improvement can be made. With all classes of stock there is no better plan of improvement, all things considered, than to select out the best females and mate to full-blooded males. The females at the start may be scrubs, but the male in every case should be of good stock. If this plan of weeding out the poorer females and using all the best and only with good males is followed systematically, a very decided improvement can be made, and with no class of stock is this more evident than with sheep.

Unless you are well prepared to give good comfortable shelter to at least all the ewes, early lambs will not be desirable, the rams should be kept out of the flock at least until December. If you intend raising early lambs for market it is very important that a good thrifty growth should be secured, and this cannot well be done unless good shelter is provided. It is important that the ewes should be in good condition, and be well fed and sheltered if good early lambs are wanted.

You must commence reasonably early in the fall, and then feed well during the winter, and feed so that they will be able to provide plenty of milk, and secure a good start to grow with the lambs.

It is better economy to provide good shelter and make the sheep comfortable than to attempt to keep them in a good condition by feeding, while the risk of loss with the lambs will be very largely decreased. If reasonably well sheltered sheep will need but little grain, and on most farms it is always an item to save grain. The difference in the cost of a good ram and a poor one is a small item in comparison with the improvement that can be secured with the lambs. And better lambs imply better sheep, more wool, better mutton and larger profits.

N. J. SHEPHERD.

THE BEEVES.

A Mooted Question Whether the American Farmer Can Make the Raising and Fattening of Beef Cattle Profitable.

A good many farmers in the older States are quite confident that they make some money in buying two or three-year-old steers in autumn or early winter, feeding them their fodder and grain until they are good marketable beeves, and then selling them to the butcher, who are equally confident that they could not make anything in raising their own calves, feeding them until between two and three years, and then selling them as beef.

We have little doubt that many farmers fail to make raising calves for beef profitable by their methods of doing it, who might effect very different results if they practised the very best methods. If they so feed and care for their calves that, for long intervals they are making no growth, no increase in weight, they are not receiving proper returns for such feed as they give them at such times. Worse than this, many calves and steers are so cared for that they actually fall away, lose flesh sometimes for weeks and months together during droughts or severe winters.

Unless farmers are resolved to provide against such contingencies, and to keep their calves gaining steadily, all the time from birth until they hand them over to the butchers, they had better not undertake to rear them; better either "deacon" them or make veal of them.

In considering this subject we should not lose sight of one fact: that a great proportion of the plant food in the feed consumed by an animal on the farm is left on the farm in its excrements. All that is carried off is that which is contained in the carcass finally sold to the butcher. In selling a live steer weighing 1000 pounds, you only sell from the farm 26.6 pounds of nitrogen, 1.7 pounds of potash, and 18.6 pounds of phosphoric acid, worth at market rates about $6.36. The greatest waste in raising calves for beeves is in the waste of the manure which he voids. When he runs in the pasture the greater portion of his excrements are saved, but not altogether in the way in which they will do the most good; in spots they will lie in too large quantities, while in other parts of the pasture there will be a deficiency.

But the greatest loss of plant food occurs in the winter, when the animal is in stable or barnyard, and proper means are not used to preserve all the droppings, both solid and liquid. Every farmer who thinks of rearing and fattening stock should study, very thoroughly the art of husbanding and using manure. If managed right, every animal will return a great portion of the cost of his feed in manure.

Then the question of profit in rearing calves depends, in a great measure, upon the calf itself. If he is a good, large, sound animal, of a vigorous constitution, descended from a long line of hardy, vigorous ancestors noted for their tendency to lay on flesh, he will be much more likely to pay for his keep than if he is a feeble scrub, descended from ancestors of like constitution and character.

Hence we must conclude that the answer to the question of the profit of rearing calves for beef depends largely upon the calf, and the way he is treated from birth to death, or, in other words, upon the calf and the man who rears him.

THE APIARY.

Bee Notes—Preparing for Winter—Feeding for Winter—Housing for the Winter.

The cold nights are coming on, and it is time to remove all unnecessary frames from the hives. By the use of a division board crowd the bees into one end of the hive, leaving the frames half an inch apart. Only frames enough should be left in the hive to hold the bees comfortably. The bees have to depend upon their own bodily heat to keep themselves warm, and the larger the space that contains them the more liable will they be to become chilled to death, and less ventilation can be given. The division board should be close fitting and made double, so it can be filled with chaff or some other material to hold warmth and guard against sudden changes. Before closing the bees in for the winter a hole should be cut through each comb a little above the centre to allow the bees to pass from one comb to another without going around to the edges of the frames, where it is cold.

FEEDING FOR WINTER.

If the bees have not sufficient honey to carry them through the winter, feeding should be resorted to before it becomes too cold for them to leave the cluster. The amount of honey necessary to keep them depends much upon the way they are wintered. If put in a cellar where the temperature ranges between 40 and 45°F. and they are kept quiet, an ordinary swarm will not consume over six or eight pounds, while the same swarm outside would need 25 or 30 pounds. No colony, under under any condition, had better be put up for winter with less than 20 or 25 pounds, and if kept out-of-doors let 30 pounds be the minimum amount. If mice or anything else should keep the bees in a disturbed condition during the winter, they would consume much honey although the temperature of the room might be well regulated. The best way to supply winter stores is to slip in frames of well capped honey; but if there is no such honey on hand nothing is better to feed them than granulated sugar reduced to the consistency of honey.

WINTER COVERING.

A bag made of coffee sacking or other loose material should be filled with dry chaff, bran or sawdust, and placed above the frames in the hive. The object of such a bag is twofold—it helps to keep the bees warm and absorbs the moisture given off by them. I have seen dead bees clinging to the comb in the spring, that looked as if they had been drowned, and everything in the hive was cold, musty and wet. In such cases the hives were covered with one thickness of cloth and a board. Other hives covered with a sack, as above described, would come out as dry as when put in, even when water had been standing in the cellar for more than a month.—[Rural New Yorker.

THE MELANGE.

Winter Dairying—How to Keep Grapes—Points for Farmers to Think Of.

Why one can't see that winter dairying is better in every respect than summer is a mystery to me. Butter brings a better price; there is no bother of cream getting too sour, or its being too warm; no trouble keeping the butter in good condition till a tub is filled; and there is a better yield of butter when cows are fed grain. If the cows are dry they have to be fed enough to keep them in good condition, and they are bringing no return for it, while if giving milk they will pay for a good, generous ration of food, and a good profit besides, and the increased richness of the manure adds extra profitableness to the land. It is much pleasanter to milk in winter than in summer; you have plenty of time, are in no rush to get at other work that is driving you, and can give the calves plenty of time to drink, and then a September calf the following spring will be as large as a calf of the previous May on the same feed. I have heard summer dairymen make the remark, when going by our calf pastures late in the fall: "There's some calves that will need stockings and blankets to carry them through till spring." But when they see them in spring they won't believe they are the same calves they saw in the fall. If you try winter dairying once, you will never return to the summer sort.

Keeping Grapes.

E. P. Roe kept Catawba, Isabella, Diana and Iona by picking on a clear day, using grape scissors so as not to handle much, removing all imperfect berries and placing in clean, dry earthen jars, in layers a bunch deep, and filling the jar in this way: Place a double sheet of paper over the top layer and put on the lid. Strong, unbleached muslin is pasted entirely over the lid or cover of the jar; when the covering has fully dried and hardened, the jars are buried on a dry knoll beyond the action of the frost, a stake being placed over each jar to locate it accurately. Charles A. Green says: "I have kept Concords up to January by packing in dry sawdust in market or bushel baskets. A simple method is to place grape leaves between layers of grapes as you pick them, or sheets of paper. Handsome clusters are preserved by cutting a piece of the vine with them, and placing one end of the vine in a bottle of water, also by covering a stem of the cluster at the point where cut with wax. Grapes should be kept as near the freezing point as possible, and yet not freeze."

Points to be Thought Of.

In describing some experiments for the purpose of learning the best way of keeping early potatoes, Henry Stewart says: "Early Rose and Burbank were the kinds used; 10 bushels of each kind taken up in August last, buried in pits two feet deep, covered with boards, and then with the two feet of earth taken out; this was protected by a roof of boards; were taken up in perfect condition in the April following. The loss of weight was nothing. The tubers were fresh and crisp as when dug eight months before, and not one eye had started. Ten bushels of the same kind and crop put in barrels and kept in a dry cellar of the usual kind, but were not exposed to the light. These were examined in April; they were much shrivelled; many were rotten, most had sprouted considerably, and at the bottom the roots had matted about the tubers. The loss by shrinkage and by decay was 27 per cent. of the original weight. Equal lots put in a heap on the floor were less decayed and grown, but lost over 25 per cent. in weight."

Considerable of success on the part of farmers depends upon keeping a close eye to the market. The first of any new crop will almost always command a high price, and soon after, when there is a rush for the market, prices rapidly decline. Unless one can be among the first, it is better to hold until the prices have passed the last stage and come back to a more normal condition. It is the forcing of the market that brings low prices, and for that reason a close watch should be kept of the reputed supply and demand.

The mode employed by Mr. Henry Lutts, who lives in the northwestern part of Niagara county, N. Y., appears to be an excellent one for his pear orchard. He ploughs the land during the latter part of August, turning the furrows toward the rows of trees, and sowing winter rye, which is allowed to occupy the ground till the following spring. It is then ploughed under, turning the furrows away from the trees. Then a dressing of manure is applied, to remain till August, and ploughed under, as already described. The land thus receives every year a double manuring, first with stable manure, and then with green rye. The crop of young rye growing on the ground in autumn, prevents the bruising of any dropping pears. Other trees are treated in the same way.

Mr. Bates of Parke county says he has had better success with sweet potatoes this year in yellow clay soil, than in light sandy soil, which is usually regarded as the best for them. Our own experience is similar. We raised some very fine red Spanish potatoes on a clayey hill side, while on lower and sandy ground the tubers were smaller, although the vines grew more luxuriantly there. These facts, however, do not prove that clay soil is always best for this crop. The season has been a peculiar one. In a very wet season the result would be quite different and the sandy soil would give the better crop in yield and quality.

For making thrifty calves oats come next to milk, either ground or whole, but preferably ground, for young calves, since they will learn to like them quicker and masticate them better. To get a calf while yet on skim-milk to eat oats it should be tied up, and, as soon as fed milk, a handful of oatmeal, or whole oats even, put in its mouth. At first it will dislike the treatment, but soon it will get the taste and readily dispose of a half-pint, placed in a little feed-box conveniently located in front. Hay and grass follow naturally, and later bran can be used.

In Professor Henry's experience a calf born in fall or winter is worth two born in the spring for profit. A spring calf is so young that it gets little good from pasture the first season, for by the time it can fight flies successfully and crop grass enough to really aid in nourishing it winter is at hand, and it is placed on dry feed.

The official report of the Department of Agriculture makes the area in corn for the crop of this year 75,400,000 acres, and the yield 26 bushels per acre. This makes the crop 1,900,000,000, being the largest ever grown in this country.

YE PUMPKYNNE PYE.

[Old Scrapbook.]

Of all ye toothsome Vittels and Drinke
In ye goode Newe England States,
Ye Beste of ym all is ye Husewife's Pye
Yt Shee of ye Pumpkynne makes;
All yellow as Golde,
Yt has grown Olde,
And of Flavor, so Riche and Rayre,
None other Meate
Yt Manne doth Eate
Wyth ye Pumpkynne can Compare.

Ye flakee Crustee, welle Scalloped rounde—
Ye Worke of ye Fayre Mayd's hand—
Doth show Ittself about the Edge;
A Cryspe and Luscious Band;
When Itt I see
I laugheth mee
And I am like to Crye:
"Hurrah for ye Fruit!
Hurrah for ye Cooke!
And Hurrah for ye Pumpkynne Pye!"

WOOED AND WED BY SIGNS.

Pathetic Courtship and Marriage of a Deaf and Dumb Couple.

[Chicago Tribune.]

There was a silent wedding last night in the ladies' parlor at the Grand Pacific. Champion Buchan, who is employed at the post office, and Eleanor Patten, a tall and beautiful young woman, stood before Dr. Gillette, the superintendent of the deaf and dumb asylum at Jacksonville. There were six bridesmaids, one of whom was so lovely that she riveted attention, and the bridegroom was attended by six young men in immaculate frock coats and carnations at their buttonhole. The parlor was filled with relatives and guests. Nobody spoke a word. All were deaf and dumb.

"Wheresoever thou goest I will go," said Dr. Gillette, adding the words of Ruth to the marriage service.

And the bride, with a pretty, fond gesture, touched eyes, mouth and heart, and signified that she would follow her husband.

"Wheresoever thou abidest I will abide," continued the doctor.

And the bridegroom, taking the bride's hand in his, promised with a sign that he would cleave to her.

"The Lord do so to me and more," said Dr. Gillettee, "if aught but death part me and thee."

The vow was made with quick, loving movements of hands and eyes; the bridegroom slipped the ring upon the bride's finger, and so, without uttering a word, they were man and wife.

And then the congratulations began. The silent guests made a rush for the bride, kissed her; they hugged her; they cried over her. Their hands kept fluttering around the region of their hearts as though saying that, on this occasion, the heart alone could speak. A pretty dumb boy of 4 was brought by his mother to the bride. He clenched his chubby fists and stamped his little feet and went through a pantomime expressive of unbounded love and good will. The bride did not answer him with signs. She stooped and kissed him, and a tear fell upon his curls.

"It is one of the rare romances which have touched our life," said Dr. Gillette. "These young folks met at the institution; they wooed in signs, and Mr. Buchan only left us to make a home for the beautiful girl who is now his wife."

At which the bride, following the movement of his lips, kissed his hand, and with a graceful gesture waved farewell to the company, who were engaging in an abundance of silent gossip, and threw a kind look at the old colored attendant, who was crying at the door.

"It's the prettiest thing I ever saw," said he.

ACROSS THE STREET.

How a Man was Sworn to Tell the Truth at Long Distance.

(New York Telegram.)

A genuine case of legal "swearing" at long distance was witnessed by a Telegram man the other day on Centre street. While coming down from the Tombs the reporter saw the messenger of a well-known lawyer doing business on that thoroughfare rush out of his employer's office carrying a legal document in his hand, and rush across the street into the office of another advocate.

Immediately after the departure of the boy the lawyer for whom he worked came to the door of his office, and while looking intently across the street held up his hand, and in a second or two, after nodding his head, walked away.

While the lawyer was doing this a notary public in the other office could be seen at the door also, holding a paper which had been given him by the messenger and at the same time, judging from the movement of his lips, repeating something or other. Inquiry revealed the fact that he was administering an oath to the lawyer on the other side of the street, and that it was a common occurrence for him to do this.

Errata.

[A. W. Bellaw in Yankee Blade.]

A number of errors crept into the story on first page of last week's issue, the printer being intoxicated, and the editor being off, that is to say, off on a hunting expedition.

For "she fell into a *river*," read *reverie*.

For "he wore red-headed hair," read *he was an hereditary heir*.

For "in front of the mansion he had *the bull pup*," read *to pull up*.

For "darling, this is your *nasal* morn," read *natal*.

For "I never was so awfully *hungry* in my life," read *angry*.

For "you *say she ate* me with a smile," read *satiate*.

For "she did not for a moment cease her violent *trombone*" read *trembling*.

For "he gently threw her *played out* shawl around her," read *plaid*.

For "some said it was the *spinage* meningitis," read *spinal*.

For "Herbert, I know you *rascal*," etc., read *risk all*.

For "she saw his lip *grip ale*," read *grow pale*.

For "is it possible! And me *owe for board*, with nothing to sustain me," read *overboard*.

For "he threw both arms around her ancient maiden aunt," etc.; period after *her*.

For "but my age must be *renumbered*," read *remembered*.

For "her heart was filled with *et ceteras*," read *ecstacies*.

For "you are my *last* darling," read *lost*.

For "I am *thin*, I am wholly *thin*," read *thine*.

Convinced Himself that He Was Drunk.

[Albany Argus.]

Michael Fallon was arrested by Patrolman Walker yesterday afternoon and arraigned before Justice Conway for public intoxication. "I ain't drunk, judge; look at yourself—you're drunk," and Michael leaned against the side of the bar and tried to look dignified. He was told that it would cost him $3 or 10 days. "Bet you $5 I ain't drunk, and I can prove it. Show me a crack and I'll walk it," and the inebriate cast his bleared eyes about the room, apparently expecting to find a crack in the air. Finally one of the reporters pointed to a line on the oil-cloth. Fallen toed it and started to show how sober he was. He took three steps, and succeeded in keeping his equilibrium, but the fourth was too much for him, and he would have fallen but for Officer Walker, who stood by watching the fellow's movements, and caught him in time. Waving his arms about his head, and looking at the court, Michael shouted: "I give it up, judge; send me to jail!" Then everybody joined the court in a hearty laugh.

The Youngest Convict in the Country.

[Nashville Special to Atlanta Constitution.]

Probably the youngest convict in the United States is now in the State prison in this city. His name is Dan Jordan, and he was sent from Memphis last Sunday. He is less than 11 years old and is small for his age. He was convicted of having stolen $5 and sentenced to three years in the penitentiary. When the first night of his incarceration came the guard did not lock him in a solitary cell, but allowed him to lie on a blanket by the stove, where he sobbed himself to sleep. He has a widowed mother in Memphis.

Playing it Low Down on the Baby.

[Warwick Valley Dispatch.]

To keep a baby quiet who has passed the age when everything goes into the mouth, touch the tips of the thumbs and forefingers with dissolved gelatine and give him a downy feather to play with. He will spend half an hour in picking it from one adherent finger to another, and so back again.

A Drop Too Much.

[Texas Siftings.]

"If you don't stop drinking, young man," he said,
"In this world you will never get ahead,
And your days will be filled with sorrow."
"Oh, I'm all right," said the guzzler with glee,
"If you doubt it just drop around and see
What a head I'll have on me tomorrow."

NEWSPAPERS OF JAPAN.

Ninety-seven Daily Papers in Japanese and English.

Graphic Description of the Office and Staff of a Leading Journal.

The Press Managed Substantially as in America and England.

TOKIO, Japan, Oct. 1.—It is only 18 years since the first newspaper was published in Japan. Still 61,000,000 copies of newspapers were sold in 1884, and the increase of 1879 was double that of 1876. At present Japan has 478 weekly newspapers, and its dailies number 97. It publishes 35 law magazines and 111 scientific periodicals. It has 35 medical journals and an equal number of religious newspapers. Its people read eight different story papers, and 102 papers cater to the agricultural, commercial and industrial classes. It has its Punch or Puck, and this is filled with cartoons and witticisms, taking off the public men of the Mikado's empire, just as Puck and Judge do those of our republic. All of these papers are published in Japanese. They are read by the natives of the country and the work upon them is done entirely by native labor.

The first part of a Japanese journal is made up of official notifications and official reports. Then come the contents of the paper and directly after this the editorials. "This part," said one of the leading editors as he pointed me to the hieroglyphics composing it, "is the brains of the paper, and the press is a great maker of public opinion and a strong factor in all governmental matters in Japan."

"But where are the editors' names," said I.

"The names of the real editors of a Japanese newspaper," was the reply, "are never published in the paper. Our nominal editors are men of straw, whom we employ for this purpose. They get from $20 to $30 a month as salaries, and they act as proof readers or local reporters. We have, you

JAPANESE NEWSBOY.

know, a rigid censorship of the press, and whenever a paper publishes anything offensive to the government its editors and publishers are liable to be fined, imprisoned or banished. When such is the case the names of these straw enitors are sent in and they undergo the punishment. Of course we pay their salaries while they are in prison, but the whole thing

Is a Farce and a Shame."

The editors' names do not appear on the editorial page, they are in the last column and last line of the newspaper. They stand at the end after the advertisements. Following the editorials come the telegrams and local news. These are mixed together, and there are a number of columns of them. Then comes the foreign news, and then correspondence and letters of travel.

The newspaper contents of the large daily paper here are much the same as at home. The Nichi Nichi Shimbun or Tokio Daily News, which lies before me as I write, has eight pages. It has market reports, giving the rise and fall of the stock market. It records the mails and the steamers due. The market prices fill several columns and it has two pages of advertising. Its editor tells me that death notices are paid for, and I see that these are bordered with black. The Nichi Nichi Shimbun is the oldest paper in Japan. Its first issue was make 18 years ago, and the first copy was cut entirely in wood and printed from a block.

The Nichi Nichi Shimbun office is located in the heart of Tokio. Imagine a large two-story stone structure, with great columns running around its front and side and with a flat, overhanging roof covering its two stories, and you have the exterior of the building. The counting rooms, press rooms and stereotyping foundry are on the ground floor, and the editorial and composing rooms on the floor above. Entering the counting room you find about two score men in gowns sitting behind lattice work screens, before little tables. Each has a paint brush in his hand and a book of rice paper before him. These are the bookkeepers of the establishment, and it is here that the advertisers come. About three-fourths of the advertisements of the paper come unsolicited; the rest is gathered on commission. Advertising rates are low, and this paper charges only seven cents a line. Twenty-five words make a line in these Japanese papers. Mr. Seki tells me that the Japanese have not been fully educated in the use of advertising, but that the newspaper advertising increases from year to year. The newspapers advertise their own circulation, and each boasts that it has the biggest. They put up bulletin boards, but they do not cry the papers on the streets.

The Newsboys of Japan

are hired by the month, and $10 a month is good wages. They are nothing like the newsboys of America. The sign of the calling is a sort of a sheep bell, which tinkles as they trot along with a bundle of newspapers sticking out of the breasts of their

EXTRACT OF INTERVIEW.

gowns. They wear bowl-like hats which cover nearly the whole of their faces, and the calves of their legs are bare. You hear everywhere their bells tinkling, and wherever there is a bell there is always a newspaper. There are no newspapers on the streets, and the papers are not sold in the hotels. There are few street sales of papers, and the most of the copies go to subscribers. The presses used in the Nichi Nichi Shimbun office are old-fashioned ones of American make. The stereotyping is done after the American plan.

It takes about 150 men to run the Nichi Nichi Shimbun office, and the editorial rooms contain many low tables. The editor-in-chief, in Japanese dress, introduced me to a score or more of dark-skinned gentlemen in Japanese growns, who stopped writing up and down sheets of rice paper with camel's hair brushes as I entered. Tea was brought in in little cups, holding as much as you could put in the smallest egg cup. A cigarette was offered me and a box of charcoal put beside me to light it. We chatted for some time through the editor, who spoke English, on the changes in newspaper work going on over the world. I found my remarks published in the newspaper the next morning.

On the same floor and adjacent to the editorial room I heard the tramp of many feet, and I was told the noise came from the composing room and that it was made by the dozen boys who were gathering type for the compositors. I looked in. The type was arranged in long cases standing on the floor propped against each other at an angle of 45 degrees in the shape of a tent. These cases were six feet high and from 50 to 60 feet long, and they were packed with type in compartments like those of an American press room. The printers do not select the type as with us. The words of an article are gathered before they begin to put it together for the paper. The type or words for each type represents a word, are brought in little boxes like cigar boxes, arranged in the order in which it is to go to the paper, and the compositor sets it up in his composinh stick. It thus takes much leg work to get up a Japanese newspaper, and these boys have to run from one end of the room to the other many times to get the different ones of the 5000 characters which go to make up the Japanese vocabulary of letters.

Compositors are paid from $10 to $30 a month, and it will be interesting here to give the salaries of the men employed on a Japanese newspaper. The editor-in-chief receives $150 a month, and the other men connected with the editorial room range from that down to $30 a month. Reporters receive from $15 to $20 a month, and foreign correspondents get about $50 a month.

Japanese Newspapers are Cheap.

The best dailies cost 30 cents a month, or a cent and a half a copy. The papers do not make much money, still they have great influence. I was told by one of the men connected with the government that the newspapers could make or overthrow a public man or minister in Japan, and public opinion seems to have as much weight here as it has in America. I find the newspaper men of Japan to be very bright men, and in fact there is no class of subjects which they do not discuss. Their editorial articles comprise finance, commerce, Christianity and the thousand and one new subjects which are now interesting old Japan.

The papers are taken by all classes of people, from the Mikado to the Cooley, and the number of subscribers increases every day. Tokio has a press club, which meets once a month, and which frequently entertains foreign visitors.

There are three English papers published in Japan. These are all issued at Yokohama, and their prices form quite a contrast with those of the Japanese newspapers. They cost 20 cents a copy, or from $18 to $25 a year, and the news in them is almost entirely Japanese and of other foreign countries rather than America.

There is a movement going on in Japan for the throwing away of Chinese characters and the adoption of the same alphabet that we use. There are two societies in Tokio in favor of some reform in this direction, and one of them wants to adopt the Japanese alphhabet proper, which consists of 47 letters. There will probably be a change to one system or the other, and I have heard it predicted that English will eventually be the language of Japan.

I saw a short-hand writer in one of the offices here take down Japanese conversation, and I could not see that his pot-hooks looked any different from those of the reporters of Congress. It will be impossible, however, for Japan ever to use the typewriter while she sticks to the Chinese characters. In the meantime a large part of the empire is learning English, and Japan has the best educational system of any of the oriental nations. School attendance is compulsory, and there are 3,000,000 children in the public schools. More than 1,000,000 of these are females, and Japan has 142 high schools. It has 65 normal schools, and there are about 1800 pupils in the Imperial University here. There are 103 technical schools, containing 8000 students, and 1853 schools are maintained by private funds. The future of Japan it is imposible to predict, save that with this system of education it cannot but continue to advance.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

A PICTURE.

Young and fair and sweet and slim,
Lovely, laughing, lithe of limb;
Mortal man confess,
You ne'er saw in flesh bedight,
Such a pretty pink and white
Bit of loveliness!

Dimpled cheek and dimpled chin
Made for Love to hide him in;
Wealth of golden hair
In whose glittering meshes, spread
O'er a dainty little head,
Love's caught unaware.

Eyes whose blue he takes for heaven,
Lightsome heart that knows no leaven
Of deceit, a voice,
Whose least melody is far
Sweeter than sweet bird-notes are,
Bidding Love rejoice.

Brow and breast whose rosy snows
Lull him to a rich repose;
If these snares he miss,
Lightly howso'er he trips,
Love can ne'er escape her lips
Curving for a kiss.

M. N. B.

BOMBARDED WITH A PIE.

The Villain Hit Her in the Eye But Did Not Pursue Her.

[New Haven News.]

A boozy Yale collegian, intent on mischief and fun, overstepped the bonds of propriety Monday evening and made a record for himself. There is a certain Dixwell avenue young lady who would like to know who he is, and perhaps the Centreville Horse Railroad Company would like to know also.

The collegian was upon a tour of exploration in the northeastern corner of the green, near Battell chapel. He was armed with a huckleberry pie of the vintage of 1884 (sooner or later). He wanted to throw it at somebody or something. No forlorn poodle was in sight, and it was too early for tom cats. A bob-tail car was on its way up the street. The boozy collegian let fly the ancient pie. It tarried not, and when the missile had struck its mark the collegian didn't tarry either. It went plum through a window of the bob-tail car.

The pie was on a tin plate. The plate went with it. The pie landed in the lap of a young lady and the pie plate struck her in the eye. It did no serious injury and the comicalities of the situation drowned everything else. The Dixwell avenue young lady would like the Yalensian to drop a card.

Up on Cushing.

[Detroit Free Press.]

"You see," he softly began, as he leaned on the bar, "I want you to decide a point for me. Suppose I move that you treat. Some one else offers an amendment that you chalk it down to my account. A third person moves an amendment to the amendment that we take whiskey instead of beer. See?"

"I see you," growled the saloonist.

"Of course, and when you see me you see the point. Now, then, is the question on the first or second amendment, or on the original resolution?"

"Neither one."

"How is that?"

"It vhas on dis club, which I keep to hit some loafers mit."

"Exactly. I see you are up on Cushing's Manual!"

"Und I vhas also oop on tricks."

"Just so—exactly. And I get no free beer?"

"Not a drop."

"I see. Ha! ha! Glad to see you up in tactics, old boy. Came in on a bet, you know. Bet I'd confuse you, you know. I've lost, but I shall always be your friend. Tra-la."

And the complacent smile of the saloonist continued for about five minutes after the man had gone. Then it suddenly changed to a look of consternation and he cried out:

"Dot Cushing man takes off four beer-glasses in his pockets, und more ash half a box of cigars!"

Well Paid for His Injuries.

[Buffalo Courier.]

Some fellows are born lucky. Two days before the bicycle tournament opened in September, an amateur bicycle rider here took out a policy in an accident insurance company for $1000 insurance and $25 weekly indemnity. The day of the great parade he was run into by another bicycle, took a header, and rose with a sprained arm. His mother got out his former swaddling clothes and wrapped him in them, and for three weeks and more he spent his time calling on all his girl friends, morning, noon and night. Yesterday he was declared restored, and put in a bill to the insurance company for $78. He also drew his full pay for the time he was away from the office.

Caught an Eel in His Arms.

[Kennebec Journal.]

A Frenchman at work on the logs above the dam last week caught a monster eel in his arms. It was 3 feet 10 inches long, 10½ inches girth and weighed eight pounds. The eel got caught between two logs in such a manner as to hold his head out of water when he became so filled with air that he could not sink into deep water. His captor after several ineffectual attempts at last landed the eel but at great sacrifice to his personal appearance, being covered from head to feet with slime.

A Blue Lobster.

[Portland Press.]

A few days ago one of A. L. Johnson's fishing vessels brought to this port a curiosity in the form of a lobster. The fish, which may now be seen in K. D. Atwood & Co.'s store on Custom House wharf, is a very good sized one, and of a beautiful light-blue color. The under part of the tail is a pale pink. The fish is kept in salt water, and is apparently as lively as any of the green lobsters. A blue lobster is rarely found, this being the third one brought to this port in many years.

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Atlantic Monthly	4.00	4.30
American Art Journal	3.00	3.80
American Garden	2.00	2.30
American Agriculturist	1.50	2.10
Art Amateur	4.00	4.10
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Boston Medical Journal	5.00	5.10
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Christian Leader	2.50	3.10
Critic Literary Reviews	3.00	3.50
Cleveland Weekly Plaindealer	1.00	1.80
Congregationalist	3.00	3.50
Cincinnati Weekly Times	1.00	1.75
Century Magazine	4.00	4.60
Christian Union	3.00	3.60
Cottage Hearth	1.50	2.60
Cassell's Magazine of Art	3.50	3.90
" Family Magazine	1.50	2.30
" Quiver	1.50	2.30
Country Gentleman	2.50	3.10
Christian Herald	1.50	2.05
Courier-Journal (Weekly)	1.00	2.00
Chautauqua Young Folks Journal	1.00	2.00
Decorator and Furnisher	4.00	4.10
Demorest's Magazine, without prem.	2.00	2.60
Donahoe's Magazine	2.00	2.30
Domestic Monthly, with premiums.	1.50	2.05
Detroit Free Press (Weekly)	1.00	1.90
Engineering and Mining Journal	4.00	4.10
Farm, Field and Stockman	1.50	2.60
Farm Journal	.50	1.30
Fireside Companion	3.00	3.60
Floral Cabinet	1.25	2.00
Folio (Musical)	1.60	2.00
Forney's Progress	2.50	3.10
Frank Leslie's Illustrated (Weekly)	4.00	4.25
" " Sunday Magazine (M'y)	2.50	3.10
" " Popular Monthly	3.00	3.50
" " Pleasant Hours (M'y)	1.75	2.50
Forest and Stream	4.00	4.10
Germantown Telegraph	2.00	2.30
Green's Fruit Recorder	.50	1.40
Gardner's Monthly	2.00	2.50
Godey's Lady's Book	2.00	2.60
Golden Argosy	3.00	3.50
Golden Days (for young people)	3.00	3.35
Harper's Magazine	4.00	4.10
Harper's Weekly	4.00	4.30
Harper's Bazar	4.00	4.30
Harper's Young People	2.00	2.50
Herald of Health, without premiums	1.00	1.75
Home and Farm	.50	1.45
Household	1.10	1.80
Home Decorator	2.00	2.45
Housekeeper	1.00	1.65
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Indiana Farmer	1.00	1.95
Independent	3.00	3.55
Illustrated Companion	1.00	1.55
Iowa Homestead	2.00	2.60
Irish World	2.50	3.10
Journal of Microscopy	1.00	1.75
Ladies' World (no premium)	.35	1.25
Life (humorons weekly)	5.00	5.00
Locomotive Engineer	1.00	1.85
Louisville Weekly Courier-Journal.	1.00	1.80
Lippincott's Magazine	3.00	3.30
Littell's Living Age	8.00	8.00
Magazine American History	5.00	5.10
Mining Record	3.00	3.30
North American Review	5.00	5.10
Nation	3.00	3.75
N. Y. Fashion Bazar	3.00	3.60
Nursery	1.50	2.20
N. Y. Critic	3.00	3.50
N. Y. Ledger	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Weekly Post	1.00	1.75
N. Y. Weekly World	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Sun	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly Herald	1.00	1.80
N. Y. Weekly	3.00	3.30
N. Y. Sportsman	4.00	4.60
New Princeton Review	3.00	3.50
New York Witness	1.00	1.90
Our Little Men and Women	1.00	1.80
Ohio Farmer	1.00	1.95
Puck (the best comic weekly)	5.00	5.00
Phrenological Journal, without pre.	2.00	2.55
Pansy	1.00	1.80
Phrenological Journal, with prem.	2.15	2.70
Practical Farmer	2.00	2.10
Prairie Farmer	2.00	2.50
Peterson's Lady's Magazine	2.00	2.60
Popular Science News	1.00	1.85
Popular Science Monthly	5.00	5.00
Presbyterian Review	3.00	3.60
Philadelphia Weekly Times	1.00	1.80
Philadelphia Medical Times	4.00	4.10
Philadelphia Practical Farmer	2.00	2.40
Rideout's Magazine	1.00	1.75
Rural New Yorker	2.50	2.80
Saturday Evening Post	2.00	2.60
Scientific American	3.00	3.60
" " (with supplement)	7.00	7.00
Sunday School Times	2.00	2.55
Scribner's Magazine (new)	3.00	3.45
Sunny South	2.00	2.80
St. Nicholas	3.00	3.60
Saturday Night (weekly story)	3.00	3.35
Southern Bivouac	2.00	2.60
San Francisco Chronicle (weekly)	2.00	2.55
Spirit of the Times	5.00	5.60
The Republic (Irish-Amer., Boston)	2.50	2.75
Texas Siftings	4.00	4.10
True Flag	2.50	3.00
Turf, Field and Farm	5.00	5.00
Vick's Floral Magazine	1.25	1.90
Wide Awake	2.40	3.10
Waverley Magazine	4.00	4.50
Watchman	3.00	3.30
Welcome Friend	.50	1.30
Yankee Blade	2.00	2.00
Youth's Companion (new names)	2.00	2.75

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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
BOSTON, MASS.

LADY POSTLETHWAITE'S WILL.

[London Argosy.]

"Phil," said my father, "here's a note from Lady Postlethwaite. She wants to see me this morning to take instructions for a codicil to her will. I can't go, so you must."

I received the suggestion with sufficient ungraciousness. It upset my plans for a rapid despatch of office work that morning and an afternoon's holiday on the ice at Hendon.

"Lady Postlethwaite doesn't know me," I demurred. "Wouldn't she rather wait till you are better?"

"Bless my soul!" interrupted my father testily. "When did you ever know me to get better? The fit is due, sir! I feel it flying about me at this moment, and here you are aggravating it with your stupid, paltering objections. Do you mean to go, or do you not?"

"Of course I'm going, as soon as I get the address. I only thought of your being her old and confidential friend—"

"Old friends be ——!" exploded my father, and then I knew it was gout. A false alarm made him "bless his soul" occasionally, but nothing short of the real thing ever drove a profane expletive from those God-fearing lips.

I knew my father's visits to his client were solemn undertakings, lasting half the day at shortest, and inwardly resolved to astonish his valued old friend into a more rapid despatch of her affairs, so as to get away before the afternoon waned. I had never seen Lady Postlethwaite. I only knew that she had a large fortune, and was much exercised as to its eventual disposal. "Lady Postlethwaite's will" came round as regularly in my father's diary as quarter day, and about as frequently.

I journeyed in a sulky mood through the frost-fog to the suburban region where "Deodara Lodge" then stood. A smart villa residence with much glass and ornamental shrubbery surrounding it. There was an air of trim luxury, of a costly, quiet sort about the whole place. The little, smiling maid-servant, who opened the door, was the only incongruity. She trotted me down a warm, hushed hall to a door through which she ushered me, and left me alone, as I thought.

The room was rich and sombre, heavy with mahogany, gloomy with damask. A bright fire snapped and sparkled in a marvellously polished steel grate; over the mantelpiece, in a gorgeous gilded frame, hung a portrait of a little gray man in the full splendor of aldermanic robes, and in front of the fire, in the depths of a great leathern armchair, a little old lady slumbered soundly.

A comfortable, rosy-cheeked old lady, with grayish brown curls pinned at each side of her placid little face, a very smart cap, diamond rings on her plump little mittened fingers, and a satin gown, in the lap of which rested a religious newspaper and a tortoise-shell cat, who opened one sleepy eye as I softly approached over the thick turkey carpet. The next minute puss's mistress had sprung to her feet bolt upright, and wide awake, and catching the cat deftly with one hand, give mine a cordial shake with the other.

"Mr. Philip Austen! No mistake about that!" she exclaimed. "Eh, but you're like your good father! So you caught me napping. I've done a long morning's work; the hardest in the house I sometimes think, and I am not so young as I was. Put down that hat and take your coat off. That's better. Now you'll just have a glass of wine and a piece of cake after your journey."

The little maid came in answer to the bell, but I strenuously protested that I could eat nothing, that my time was limited, that I never touched wine in the morning. Lady Postlethwaite looked as honestly disconcerted as if I had been guilty of some breach of etiquette, but beckoned the maid and gave her a bunch of keys and some lengthy and minute whispered directions which I feared referred to luncheon.

I delivered all my father's explanations and apologies.

"An old gentleman crippled with gout! And that's what handsome Phil Austen has come to—the neatest dancer and the finest figure of a young fellow that you could see once upon a time. A noble pair they made—he and Miss Anne Hooper. Eh, lad, lad! But it's a sad thing to grow old; or it would be if it weren't for you young ones being left to us!"

She looked at me with such kindly eyes that I felt ashamed of my impatience.

"Did your father send me nothing by you?" she asked.

I gave her a sealed envelope, which she opened. It only contained a small key.

"This is a fancy of mine. Look here," she said.

It fitted the lock of a central compartment in a large bookcase that stood in the room. A tall, narrow space between the shelves of books, evidently intended to contain maps or engravings. It was only a few inches in width, and the glazed panel of its door looked hardly wider than the slit of a letter box. It was empty, save for a long blue envelope tied with fancy ribbon and sealed with a large red seal. She took this out.

"This is my will," you see. I can look in through the glass at it every day if I like, and know that it's safe; but I am secured from tampering with it except with the knowledge and consent of your father. That is Sir Josiah's old seal. You see, there is only my name and the date outside the envelope, though no one could possibly read anything through that glass if they tried." She broke the seal, and opened out the enclosed document, looking wistfully at me as she did so. "To think of you—the baby that I remember in your red shoes and sash—coming to help me with this weary weight of money! A quarter of a million. An awful charge for one poor old body. And one not brought up to the position, either; your father will have told you that?"

"He once said something—" I hesitated.

"Told you I was Sir Josiah's cook most likely," she said, smoothing out the sheets of paper with a composed smile. "Well, I wasn't. I was his kitchen maid." She stopped, enjoying my look of surprise; then nodded at the alderman over the chimney-piece. "Yes; there he is, a knight and alderman of the city of London. I must tell you how it came about, as your father hasn't done so. You're sure you'll not take a glass of wine first?"

I declined again and yet again before she began her story, settling her cap ribbons and stroking the cat into a contented purr.

"Yes, I was kitchen-maid at Sir Josiah Postlethwaite's fine establishment in Bloomsbury square. There were three other servants, and nice times they had of it. All the house to themselves from breakfast time till Sir Josiah returned about 6 o'clock from the city. Once or twice a week there might be company at dinner, and very grand dinners those were. All the rest of the week nothing particular to do, or if there was I had to do it. I never set eyes on my master till one day about 12 o'clock he came home unexpectedly and rang the library bell. The butler was out on some errand of his own, the housemaid getting a new dress tried on, so I had to answer it. I found him in this very chair, with his overcoat still on and his hat in his hand, just as he had dropped down in it. 'I'm not very well,' he said. 'Can you get me something hot—soup or something, and a glass of wine?' What a temper cook flew into! She wasn't going to serve meals all day long for anybody. I got it at last, but the butler had the wine-cellar and sideboard keys in his pocket. However, Sir Josiah could touch nothing after all. 'What's your name—you are a new-comer, are you not?' he asked. 'Bessy Alison? And you come from Workington?' and he looked quite pleased. The butler came in just then, so I went back to the kitchen. Presently down came my gentleman, looking very white and flustered. 'I'm going,' he says. 'Me and master have had a difference.' Then he and the others had a long talk together in the pantry. 'Bessy, master says you're to go for Dr. Shaw—No. 15—just across the square.' I thought he might have told me sooner, but I ran at once. I was kept some time, and when I got back I found the house open, but not a creature down stairs, only all their boxes fastened up and labelled in the scullery. Master and I were left alone in the house, and he was sickening for fever, so the doctor said.

"Nurses weren't to be had then as they are now; and, besides, Sir Josiah wouldn't let any one near him but me. So a woman was got to do the rough work, and I nursed him day and night till he got better. As soon as he was well he asked me to marry him. He wasn't the sort of sweetheart I'd fancied to have—poor little old gentleman—but I'd saved his life, and couldn't bear the thoughts of deserting him now, so I said 'Yes,' and never repented it. He was a good husband to me while he lived, and when he died left me every penny he possessed just to do as I choose with."

"It's a great responsibility," I said, inwardly wondering how soon we might set to business.

She shook her head solemnly. "It's not the mere giving away of the money; it's the seeing that it does no mischief that troubles me. You see I've no kin of my own to whom I might rightfully leave it all, nor are there any alive of Josiah's. Then I thought of his first wife, poor soul, a born lady, who helped him and loved him while he was young and poor, and died just as the good times were coming. I've tried to find Mrs. Postlethwaite's people out, and do what I can for them. And there's charities enough to swallow the whole amount, but your father made me promise to take nothing on trust, but to find out for myself how they would be likely to spend it if I gave it them; and that has been a long job, and a heart-breaking one. I'm nearly settled now, but there are still changes to be made."

She turned over the leaves of the will, making comments on each bequest, while I made a few ineffective notes, and strove to possess my soul in patience. I was rewarded. She ended by producing a most business-like little list of the additions she desired. They were few and trifling till we came to the last, over which she paused and hesitated.

"Colonel the Reverend Vandenhoff St. George, £50,000."

I opened my eyes, as well I might.

"Did you never hear of him? I thought every one must know the great work he's doing in the West End. The converted dragoon the paper here calls him. He has his Tuesday and Friday meetings here, too. An afternoon tea for ladies on Tuesdays, and a smoking concert for gentlemen on Fridays. He's a grand speaker. You must come and hear him. I want to give him a chapel of his own, as the clergy won't have him in the church. Now, when will you come and meet him?"

I was prepared with an evasion, but just then the door opened, and a fur-clad young lady entered briskly, carrying a violin case. She stopped when she saw me, and with a pretty gesture of apology withdrew.

"You can come in, Letty. We've done all our business. How did the rehearsal go off? You're just in time to show Mr. Austen the azaleas before lunch. You'll not mind being left to Letty for half an hour, Mr Philip? There are some things I think I can do better myself than any one else, and a vol-au-vent is one of them."

I made another effort to escape—a feeble one this time—and, having collected my papers, found myself following "Letty" or "Miss Dorrian," as I discovered her name to be, through the hall into the large conservatory with its banks of bloom—the dear old lady's one extravagance, as I was informed. "She'll spend her money right royally for other people's good—or their pleasure—that's the best good to some of us, you know," laughed the girl. Two little maids, in big aprons and mob caps, looked up from scrubbing the encaustic tiles as we passed.

"Look at them—miserable little lodging-house slaveys when she discovered them. She'll teach and train them into perfect little servants—she has the gift—and then, when she might begin to get some comfort out of them, send them off into good places and begin all over again with a series of fresh incapables. The house is full of them—and of us."

"Who are 'us'?" I inquired, as we made our way from the azaleas into the palm house.

"Odds and ends, waifs and strays of girls wanting holidays or music lessons, or pretty frocks, or anything we can't get, and she can give us. She's a saint upon earth," Miss Dorrian went on, with enthusiasm it was pretty to see. "A comical, cosy, comfortable saint, helping the needy, never sparing herself, wise and kind and unselfish. Why shouldn't a saint wear satin gowns and smart caps?"

I was unable to raise an objection, so we wandered on from the palms into the orchid house, and so back again, by which time I had mentally voted skating very poor fun, and Hendon the last place I wished to see that afternoon.

Just as we gained the entrance to the hall, Miss Dorrian stopped suddenly. A loud imperative knock and ring resounded through the house. Then a loud imperative voice inquired for Lady Postlethwaite, and some one passed in with a heavy martial tread.

"That man again!" she whispered with a black frown. "Do you know him? That converted colonel?"

"Salvation Army rank, I suppose?"

"Nothing so respectable. Her Majesty dispensed with his services for some very good reasons that his friends don't care to inquire into. He says he has a mission to the upper classes. I don't know what he does in the West End, but here all the little suburban gentilities run after him to revel in the society of the aristocratic fellow-converts he introduces them to. Lord Levant relates his turf experiences with penitence and abasement, and Lady Mildred Bagley holds forth about the dark days when she was a worldling and a society beauty."

"I know them both, professionally. Not in connection with anything approaching a religious service by any means, unless it's the collection." We had gained the drawing-room door, and Miss Dorrian nodded, laughed and left me to enter by myself.

The reverend colonel stood with his big feet firmly planted on the white rug before the fire. A tall, broad-shouldered fellow, lordly good looking, and with a loud aggressive manner. Lady Postlethwaite in a fresh and smarter cap sat in a low chair beneath him looking up admiringly. She introduced me in a pleased little flutter, whereon he drew himself up smartly, like a sentry on duty.

"Friend or enemy? Give the countersign."

This startling reception was, I imagined, a bit of special affectation, so I made a point of being quite unimpressed, returned the stare of his black eyes with a bland smile and replied: "As I don't happen to know which side you are on, suppose you consider me a neutral."

"Which side I am on?"—he began, but I refrain from a full report of the discourse which followed. If he was in earnest it was in the worst of taste; if not, simply blasphemous.

"I shall enlist you yet. You are a recruit after my own heart," he concluded, slapping me on the shoulder as we went into luncheon. He gave us a long grace, much edifying my dear old hostess, and then proceeded to rejoice her heart by a thorough and frank enjoyment of the good things before him. He complimented her on the dishes, ordered up varieties of wine, sent the little maids in waiting flying hither and thither, addressing them as "Mary my dear," and made sundry gallant speeches to Miss Dorrian, for which I could have cheerfully seen him choked on the spot.

He was an amusing dog withal, even I was compelled to admit. He had a jovial and rollicking way of relating his adventures, and they were strange and amusing ones; and he put in his dish of piety artistically so as not to spoil a good story, and to pass one or two which otherwise might have been considered rather risky.

Lady Postlethwait opened her eyes and clapped her hands at his narrations of peril by land and sea; or smiled and purred delightedly over his minute account of the sayings and doings of the royal personages with whom he had been privileged to associate. Afterwards he sat down to the piano and sang us a rattling hilarious hymn or two, with an irresistible chorus, followed by some plaintive North country ditties that made Lady Postlethwaite wipe her eyes and rub her glasses. I don't wonder at the success of the smoking concerts. His voice, with training, might have been a fortune to him. I left him in possession of the field.

I found my father too ill to attend to my report. There seemed no chance of his being able to attend to business for many a day to come. So as soon as the codicil was prepared it fell to my share to pay Lady Postlethwaite a second visit. She received me as kindly as before, but seemed absent and disturbed. "I should like to see your good father. How soon will he be back?" she asked, as she searched for a piece of red ribbon to enclose the will and codicil.

"He'll not stop a day longer at Carlsbad than he can help, you may be sure. I'll send him to you at once."

I saw how her hands shook as she tied up the envelope. She stopped at once and seemed about to speak to me; but checked herself and dismissed the little maid who had witnessed the codicil, with instructions to bring in "The old Madeira. Mr. Austen's wine."

I lighted a taper and she produced Sir Josiah's ponderous gold chain and seals.

"Colonel St. George" was announced, and the chain and seal fell clashing to the floor. The colonel saluted me with his customary boisterous geniality, and withdrew with a newspaper to the window while we finished our business. I was glad to get away from him and, in dread of an invitation to dinner, accepted a glass of the old Madeira and bade a hasty farewell. The wine had a curious effect upon me, I fancied. After leaving the house I lingered about, reluctant to go, haunted by the aggravating idea that I had left some commission unfulfilled or forgotten some important part of my errand. I felt for the key. I had that safe enough, and I knew I had locked the door securely. I must hurry home if I wanted to see my father, so hailing the first cab I jumped in, throwing my overcoat on the front seat. We had reached the end of the road before I glanced at it and there, lying beside it, was Lady Postlethwaite's will. There is no mistake about it. How had it come there? Had we locked up the wrong paper? I stopped the driver, and as I did so the paper slipped from my hand. I searched, and so did he, but in vain. The window had been shut; it could not have fallen out. Had I been dreaming? I felt ashamed of the idea, but how else could I account for this? "That old Madeira," I mentally decided. "My unlucky governor! If he goes there often I don't wonder he has to finish at Carlsbad."

I saw him off and spent the rest of the evening with an old college friend who had come up to town about marriage settlements. He had a great deal to tell me about his lady love and I sat smoking, tranquilly listening to his raptures and thinking—who knows why—about Letty Dorrian.

I was awakened early next morning by Harris, my father's man, who stood by my bedside with a face of concern. "Very sorry to have to rouse you, sir; but a most urgent message has come—Lady Postlethwaite, sir—would you kindly bring that key at once!"

I sprang up. "Hot water directly, Harris, and send for a cab. How did the message come?" Harris' blank look stopped me. "What time did Lady Postlethwaite send?"

"Lady Postlethwaite, sir! I never mentioned her ladyship. I was saying that cook says the boiler pipes is froze up she thinks, and she wants to know what she is to do about your bath and the kitchen fire? Sorry to disturb you, sir."

I laughed it off to Harris, but I felt annoyed, and the annoyance lasted all that day and far into the night. I dreamed of that sealed packet till morning. Now I was opening the envelope and discovering the contents to be a monster poster of one of Colonel St. George's afternoon teas; or I was hunting frantically for that key through piles and piles of old rusty bunches which Letty, her eyes full of tears, threw down before me; or I was reading the will and turning the pages over in vain search of the last sheet, while the colonel laid his heavy hand on my shoulder and sang his jovial chorus in my ear. Always the two together, and always connected by some notion of foul play and derision. I awoke fagged and unrefreshed and seriously concerned about my state of health. I had no time to attend to it just then, however, and by midday had almost forgotten my troubles. My friend asked me to dinner to meet another old schoolfellow, a young doctor named Mellor. We looked in at a theatre after dinner, and they both walked home with me.

We had a good deal to talk over about old times, and lingered sauntering up and down one side of our sober, old-fashioned square, almost deathlike in its stillness after the noisy Strand. At last I ran up our steps and rang the bell, then suddenly turned chill and faint, catching hold of Mellor's arm. "What's that?"

"This?" said Mellor, surprised, stooping and picking up a white, long folded paper that lay at my feet. "Something of yours. I didn't see you drop it, though."

I held out a shaking hand. *This* could be no delusion. I touched, I held, I saw—distinctly as ever I did—Lady Postlethwaite's will.

I turned it over. I saw in the bright moonlight the red ribbon fastened with the great red seal. I read the two gothic letters, "J. P.," and saw the endorsement in the precise old hand: "Elizabeth Postlethwaite, 16th February, 1888."

I knew Mellor was wondering at me as I stood gazing stupidly. Then came the clatter of a boy's feet on the pavement and a youth cantered up gaily. "Beg pardon, sir. Have you seen a parcel? Yes, sir; that's it. Thought I must have dropped it here. Left a note in our box from Johnson and Palliser just now."

The front door opened, letting out a blaze of gas, in which I saw in my hand a commonplace parcel fastened with an ordinary twist of string, with no resemblance to the will but in size. I gave it up in such confusion that Mellor looked oddly at me.

"Aren't you well, Austen?"

"I don't know. Come in. I want to consult you."

He looked serious over my story, asked a string of questions, and ended by pronouncing it a case of hallucination, brought on by debility and overwork. Could I not take a holiday at once?

I demurred. Next thing to impossible in my father's absence.

"Then I'll write you a prescription for a composing draught. Let me know how you feel after a night of unbroken sleep."

He did so. I had a night of sweet dreamless sleep, and felt so well next morning that I wrote in the joy of my heart to say so.

I was interrupted by my clerk before I had finished the first few lines. When I read them over they ran as follows:

"DEAR LADY POSTLETHWAITE—I will be with you without fail early tomorrow, as you desire."

I threw the pen down in a sort of panic. My mind was going; I felt convinced of it. I sent for Mellor, who looked graver than before.

"You must have further advice. I may have overdone that sleeping draught, and it is taking its revenge. I can't be sure. Here is the address of a first-rate man—a specialist. Go and talk to him." I promised I would.

The great man ordered me away without loss of time. He also gave me another variety of sleeping stuff. I took it, with the most singular result. It seemed to deprive me at once of all volition, while leaving my senses as acute as ever.

Harris bade me "Good night," and left me, believing me to be sound asleep; but though I had been unable to reply to him by a word or the lifting of an eyelid, I could hear every movement he made, and follow the sounds by which I knew the house was being closed for the night.

I lay so for more than an hour, and then in the same strange, mesmerized condition I got up and dressed, let myself quietly out, and, I hardly know how, found myself on my way to Lincoln's Inn. I had the keys of the office with me, though I had no recollection of bringing them, and let myself in. I next remember opening the tin box with Sir J. Postlethwaite's name still outside, and searching amongst the papers there. I found, as I knew I should, a duplicate copy which my father had had made of the will, but not of the codicil. I brought it away, and also the sealed envelope containing the bookcase key. I left all safe, made my way home, and sank into a long, dreamless, refreshing sleep, that lasted till Harris woke me.

The copy of the will lay on my dressing table and the key beside it. I sat and looked at them in a sort of panic. Then a sudden determination seized me. I would go at once to Lady Postlethwaite and see if, once brought into contact with the realities, my visions might not of themselves depart. There was no harm trying. I made a rapid despatch of the day's business and drove down, late as it was, to the Deodaras.

The little maid servant had disappeared, and a hulking man in a smart livery opened the door. He stared at me for all reply to my inquiry. I repeated it: "Is Lady Postlethwaite at home?"

"Lady Postlethwaite St. George is not at home," was the astounding answer I received.

I stood in surprised consternation. The door was closing in my face, when a young lady, who was crossing the hall, turned and looked at me, and with a glad cry ran forward and caught me by the hand. It was Miss Dorrian.

She drew me in without another word, past the staring servant, into the room where we had first met.

"She was afraid you were not coming. Did you never get a letter from her?"

"Never. But what does this mean? Lady Postlethwaite St. George? Has she married that man?"

Letty clasped her hands and looked piteously in my face.

"Oh, is it not miserable? What can have possessed her? Did you know or guess anything of it when you were here?"

"Nothing. How should I?"

"She may have been married to him even then. We don't know when and where it took place. She must have been infatuated, poor dear, and then ashamed of it. I know she kept the secret as long as he would let her, but he got impatient and wanted to come here as master. I think people were getting a little tired of his preaching, and it was not paying so well. He has given it up, that is one good thing."

"Are you staying here?"

"In his house? No, indeed! I left the very day I heard it. I took advantage of his being away tonight to come and see her. She was so overcome I hardly knew how to leave her. I will tell her you are here."

She hurried away, and I waited, looking around me. The house had suffered visible change and deterioration. The room smelt of tobacco, empty soda-water bottles littered the sideboard, a crumpled sporting paper was stuffed into the cushion of the dear old lady's chair, and a card of racing engagements was stuck in poor Sir Josiah's frame, which, like everything else, was thick with dust.

Letty reappeared directly.

"You are to come to her at once, and you are to bring the will with you if you have the key."

I took out the key with a curious feeling that I had done it all before, and knew exactly what would happen next. I could see the packet through the narrow slit of glass, but the lock refused to turn at first. I withdrew the key, and found a tiny morsel of wax clogging the wards. Then I tried again, this time with success. The packet was just as I had seen it when Lady Postlethwaite and I left it there.

Lady Postlethwaite was in her bedroom cowering over the fire, wrapped in a big dressing-gown, in which she looked grievously small and shrunken. Her face was drawn and aged, and tears came into her eyes as she held out a shaky hand to me. She held me tight, as if feeling some comfort in the clasp of my fingers.

"I wish it were your good father that had come, Mr. Philip. He'd maybe have had more pity for me than you young folks. I've been a foolish old woman, and a very unhappy one."

"We needn't talk about it, need we? Can't I do something to help you?"

"Yes, you can. I was just wearying to see you. I've been thinking that, though I've ruined all that's left me of my own life, I must make sure that others don't suffer for my madness. I want to go over that will again, Mr. Philip. It'll stand good, you know. Poor Josiah took care of that."

I gave it to her and she turned it over and over, examining it keenly. Then she opened it.

"Lord save us!" she cried. "Look here!" The contents lay in her lap. So many blank sheets of foolscap, nothing else.

"She looked from them to us once or twice. Then she sat bolt upright, her eyes began to shine and the trembling of her hands ceased. My desk, Letty, quick." She folded the sheets together and slowly and considerately wrote a few lines on the outer one. "Now, Mr. Philip, can you and Letty make that envelope look as if it had never been opened?"

We managed to do so by the aid of a fresh ribbon and by carefully spreading the wax of the new seal over the place where the old one had been broken open.

"Now, Mr. Philip. I shall want you at once to draw me a fresh will exactly like the old one. How soon can you do it?"

"I have a duplicate here now, Lady Postlethwaite. You have only to sign it. But the codicil, what about that? And Colonel St. George—you must consider him."

"I have considered him. He will find a remembrance there," she nodded towards the sealed packet. "As much as I dare do for him now."

We were interrupted by the announcement of the doctor's arrival. I was glad, for I fancied I saw signs of feverish exhaustion in the poor old woman. I was glad, too, to hear the name of a man high in his profession. I knew it well by reputation.

Letty and I withdrew to the cheerless dining-room, where I replaced the packet in the bookcase, and then stood beside her over the fireless, ashy grate, talking sorrowfully of the gentle, useful life, so wofully cut short.

"Do you think her very ill?" she asked.

"I am afraid so. Can you guess what ails her?"

"I think her heart is broken!" Letty said with a sob. "He didn't ill-use her, as you mean by ill-usage, but she loved him and believed in him—and now she knows him as he is. Oh, it's cruel, cruel!"

We were again summoned to Lady Postlethwaite. Letty trembled so as we approached the door that I caught her hand half-unconsciously to reassure her, and it was on our joined hands that the old lady's sharp eyes glanced as we entered. She cast a rapid, interrogating look on my face. I felt Letty start, and the little fingers thrill warm to their tips. I deliberately stooped and raised them to my lips, while Lady Postlethwaite's face lighted up with amusement, comprehension and satisfaction all in a flash.

The doctor standing near her had lost the by-play.

"I'm telling Dr. Vincent what I'm after, and he's not objecting. Stay where you are, doctor. Now, Mr. Philip, read that will over again."

One bequest—that to "my dear friend, Letitia Dorrian" had been left blank. I asked what sum I was to fill in.

"Fifty thousand pounds," she said, firmly. Letty gave a cry, and I hesitated.

"It won't be all for herself," she went on. "I can trust her. Letty, you know my wishes and all I should have liked to do if I had lived a free woman. You'll make good all I leave undone, eh, dear? And may be, Mr. Philip here may give you his help if you ask him." And the ghost of a kindly twinkle shone in her eyes.

The will was duly signed, the doctor and his coachman acting as witnesses. She gave it to me. "Keep this and tell no one. Let the other be opened first. Now, I should like you to have this: it will never be used again. Take it with my love, and goodby." She placed Sir Josiah's massive chain and seal in my hands; then drew me down and softly kissed my forehead. I never saw her again.

My father was terribly concerned to receive the invitation to the funeral of his good old friend directly on his return. We both went, curious to see how events would turn out. It was an imposing affair. The arrangements were of the costliest description. Colonel St. George Postlethwaite, in the profoundest of mourning, was, of course, the centre of interest, a spectacle of heart-broken bereavement. Invitations had been sent far and wide. Old city friends of Sir Josiah's, governors of charitable institutions, the local clergy, every creature who could be assumed to have the slightest claim to such an attention. Lord Levant and a train of aristocratic converts rallied round their evangelist. There were others, uninvited guests, who thronged the cemetery, no one knew who or how many, grieving sorely for their kind, lost friend, and I fancied I could distinguish a scattering of the poor dead Mrs. Postlethwaite's kin, an anxious-faced, struggling set, to whom the withdrawal of their earthly providence made the future a very black lookout, indeed.

The colonel was liberal in his invitations to the sumptuous luncheon which followed, at which he presided with subdued geniality. He had resumed his piety for the occasion, and his conversation was most edifying.

"Now, gentlemen," he began, when the servants had withdrawn: "I am a plain soldier, and only accustomed to plain speaking. You all want to know, of course, how my dear wife has disposed of the property of which, in her lifetime, she was so faithful a steward." (I omit irrelevancies, however improving.) "So do I. She kept her own affairs in her hands to the last, and I wasn't the man to prevent her doing so. Whatever she did she did of her own free will, uninfluenced by me. And I will say here, that, up to the hour of her death, she was as clear-headed, right-minded a woman of business as anyone could find. Is it not so, Dr. Vincent?"

The doctor gave an emphatic assent.

"You must ask these gentlemen," indicating my father and me, "about her investments, and about her testamentary dispositions, if there are any, but I tell you, gentlemen, that I do not expect to find any. She was not a woman to trust by halves, and she knew her worldly wealth in my hands would be blessed, etc. etc."

"Hear, hear!" from Lord Levant.

A thrill of consternation seemed to run round the room after this plain declaration. The charity officials looked blankly into one another's faces, and the hungry-eyed relatives glared on us with wolfish eyes, as my father took the key from me.

"Let's look here first, if you please. If there is a will, we shall find it here." He drew forth the packet, and handed it to the Colonel, who, with an incredulous shake of the head, opened it. The sight of his wife's hand-writing inside made him pause and look wildly around. "This is private—not a will, you see. It's nothing, nothing." He dropped into his chair, while the blank sheets of foolscap strewed the floor at his feet, keeping his hand clutched tightly over his wife's last message. His face took a ghastly hue. He drew the nearest decanter to him, and poured out a glassful.

It was clear my time had come. I gave the circumstances as briefly as I could. I referred to Colonel St. George's own testimony as to his wife's state, and produced the veritable last will of Lady Postlethwaite.

The hungry-eyed relatives grew serene and placid as the reading went on, the charity officials shook hands with one another, and my father "Blessed his soul" copiously when it ended.

They all came crowding round me to examine it, and question me as to the details, and in the confusion Colonel St. George Postlethwaite disappeared from our sight forever. So did Lady Postlethwaite's dressing case, and a large sum of ready money which was known to be in the house.

Colonel St. George is sorely missed by a large circle of believing followers, and I hear still more so by a large circle of unsatisfied creditors.

"And to think that if the scoundrel had only left that will alone I would have succeeded to the whole. The poor old lady would never have known that her subsequent marriage invalidated it. A quarter of a million lost for the want of a little ordinary legal knowledge. Bless my soul!" says my father.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A Belva Lockwood's tortured
 By each antic little tyke,
Made game of by each gamin
 As she trundles down the pike,
And guyed, too, by the graybeards'
 As she tools by on her "Trike."

But man's so inconsistent!
 O, there never was his like!
It looks monstrous when poor Belva
 Rides astride, but it will strike
Him as altogether lovely
 When a Beauty mounts a "Bike!"

M. N. B.

FRENCH LAUNDRESSES.

Competition Between City and Suburban Washerwomen.

[Paris Letter in St. John Globe.]

The laundresses of Paris are carrying on a Mohican war against their colleagues of the suburbs. The latter are in a fair way of having a monopoly of the making up of the soiled linen of the capital; this they are said to be able to win by working cheaper, which is not a fact, and wearing the linen less, which is equally erroneous.

George Sands complained that so well was her linen done up that she had to renew it five times a year. She ought to have taken her revenge by patronizing a hair shirt, she dressed as a man and that would have been a penance for any little sins at the same time. And to think that Queen Isabella was taxed with extravagance because she possessed two linen chemises.

Taking Paris and the suburbs as possessing a population of two and a half millions, and assuming 40f. a year to be the laundry bill of each inhabitant, that would represent a total of 100,000,000,000 fr. annually for the laundry industry—the half of which sum is divided between the city and the suburbs. The several monster hotels have an establishment that they support in common where 12 tons of linen can be handled in a day, and by 150 "male" laundry maids.

There are 300 public laundries or lavoirs, in Paris, of which 30 are floating castles on the Seine, and 58 in the suburbs, giving employment to 63,158 women and 10,663 men—the latter are experts at the smoothing iron, and others may say with Mantalini, their "life is one dem'd horrid grind" at the mangle. A floating wash-house pays a river tax of 1f. per square yard of its bottom per year. It contains 120 places, represents a capital of 72,000f., nets 41,000f. receipts, the expenses being 17,000f. Allowing for extra charges, the owners make about 25 per cent. on their capital.

Each "place" is let for about 1½ francs per day, though taken by the hour; this includes hot alkaline water and other et cetras. The linen is only washed in these establishments, some have drying lofts, but after being pressed by machinery the linen is placed in a centrifugal machine and whisked into dryness; sometimes it is dried by hot air. The duties accomplished, the linen passes into the hands of the makers-up. A laundress earns about 4 francs a day, from 6 in the morning till 8 in the evening, less one hour for breakfast. They and bakers supply the largest percentage of death from consumption.

The quarrel is over the petition of the Paris laundries that claim to be subjected to higher taxation, and demand the municipality to strike a uniform barrier or octroi due of 3 francs per cent. on all made-up linen entering the capital. Likely that will be voted; then the rivals will have an excuse for laying the difference on their clients as ever, and matters will jog on as usual.

O, be they old
 Or young, 'tis plain,
All must give in
 To Mrs. B . . . e.

"What God hath joined
 Let none make twain,"
Says Holy Church;
 But Mrs. B . . . e

Steps in to break
 The golden chain
That binds the wife
 To J . . . y B . . . e.

"Whate'er the cost,
 Whate'er the stain,
I'll have my way!"
 Says Mrs. B . . . e.

SWELLS OF SOCIETY.

How it is That They Appear in Faultless Attire.

A Tailor Who Makes His Customers Look Like Gamblers.

London Has the Most Skilful Cutters of Custom Suits.

[Copyright.]

Men have more interest in their attire than they are usually willing to admit. If any many man doubts it, let him start a discussion on clothes when next he finds himself in a group of men and see how eagerly the discussion goes on. Tailors are more thoroughly abused than any other tradesmen on earth, and it must be a remarkably good one who gives perfect satisfaction to his clients.

"When a handsome man comes into my shop," the most famous and extortionate tailor of New York said to me once, "I feel a cold chill run down my spine, for I know my chances of satisfying him are remote. The ugly and absent-minded men are the best customers. They know nothing about the lines of their figures, are not particularly keen concerning snug-looking waists, and never think for themselves. When a customer begins to examine his outline and to indulge in silent analysis and cogitation it means trials, tribulations and storms for his tailor."

I doubt, nevertheless, whether the customer is not justified in criticising his tailor, for, as a rule, the men who make the raiment of mankind are absolutely devoid of ideas. A short time ago I went into the shop of a New York tailor with a friend of mine who wished to try on a suit of clothes. The trousers lay in a dozen folds over the instep. They would have been long enough for a man on stilts. The customer looked at them

In the Glass for a Moment,

while the tailor stood off with an air of hypocritical admiration upon his sallow face.

"They are not just right," said the customer, uneasily.

"Think not, sir?" asked the tailor, incredulously.

"Well, no; it seems to me they are a little too long."

"Too long, sir?"

"Don't you think so?" asked the customer, with the nervous indecision which always comes on a man in a discussion of this sort with his tailor.

"Oh, well," said the tailor, with the air of a man who washes his hands of the whole thing, "of course tastes differ. However, if you think they are too long I'll make them a little shorter. How much? Half an inch?"

He bent down with a huge piece of red chalk in his hand, and looked up inquiringly at my friend.

"Oh, I don't know; I should think perhaps three-quarters of an inch wouldn't be too much," said the victim.

"Praps five-eighths of an inch might make them go right," said the tailor, pondering deeply. Then ensued a conversation of about 20 minutes' duration, which was suddenly broken short by the customer's announcing hotly:

"Well, who in thunder is building these trousers, anyhow? I've got something else to do besides standing here all day discussing fractions of an inch with you. If you don't know how much shorter to make the trousers without bothering me to death concerning them, why go and find a man who has a head on his shoulders."

This outbreak did not disturb the tailor in the least. He shrugged his shoulders and then, rising, began the discussion all over again concerning the length of sleeves.

It was an incident that was typical of the trade. Tailors are apparently unable to see the defects in their creations until they are pointed out to them, and then it is like carting wood up hill to manage alterations successfully. Once in a while a tailor comes along who can see

Where a Garment is Ill-Fitting

and who quietly goes to work to remedy the defects, but he is a rare specimen of his craft, and his rewards are quick and liberal.

The cheapest tailors in the world are undoubtedly in London, and when their prices are taken into consideration they may be said to stand at the head of the craft. Curiously enough, all the best tailors in London are from Germany. I say that it is curious because the Germans are, in some respects, the most unhappily clad men in Europe. New York, Boston and Philadelphia tailors are, in the judgment of many men who devote half their lives to their clothes, superior to any others in the world so far as the fit of clothes is concerned.

I know at least a dozen tailors in New York city who can cut garments more closely to the figure and fit them with greater accuracy and skill than any of the crack tailors of London. I do not think that this fact will be disputed. What our tailors seem to miss is a certain distinction of cut which the English tailors have mastered. I am not familiar enough with the details of the business to explain fully what I mean, except to say when a man is dressed by a crack London tailor his clothes have an air of absolute correctness. He not only looks like a London fashionable man, but he also has the appearance of a gentleman. The coat is not bob-tailed, the trousers are not remarkably loose or remarkably tight, and there is an indescribable something about the whole outfit that suggests the gentleman.

Take the same man and put him in the hands of one of the prominent tailors of New York city and he will come out with clothes perfectly moulded to the figure and well harmonized in general outline, but there is a lack of distinction about them. A clever woman remarked in my presence once to her husband, who stood before us in clothes that were the pride of New York's most expensive tailor.

"The man makes good clothes. I have no doubt, and you certainly look as though you had been melted and run into the things you are wearing now; but for some reason or other every man that your tailor dresses looks like a gambler."

"All of the best gamblers, book-makers, and sporting men in town," I said, "are his customers. You have seen them at the races, and possibly it is that which has put the idea into your head."

"May be it is," she said, thoughtfully; "but his clothes invariably remind me of dissipation, the green cloth, a sallow skin, and a deck of cards."

It is undoubtedly true that

The Best Dressed Men

in the world are to be found in London. A club man of that big English town regards his clothes as secondary in importance only to the breath of life. This year they have a fad over there for wearing frock coats at all times. They don't wear them in the early morning, because no fashionable man is seen abroad before 12 o'clock; but once they venture out it is a frock coat or nothing. I have known many men in London who had from 20 to 50 frock suits cut on precisely the same pattern and worn on succeeding days.

In every lodging-house and on the floor of every hotel in the English metropolis is a man who is a valet by profession. When you throw off a suit of clothes, he brushes it, removes any spots, presses out the wrinkles, folds it carefully, and puts it back into your room among your other clothes, so that when you take it out again it looks and feels like a new suit.

A servant will take care of your clothes all week, sew on buttons, press, iron and brush with indefatigable enthusiasm, and feel highly paid if you tip him four shillings, or $1, at the end of his seven days' work. A frock suit, which, when made by one of the best tailors in New York would cost $80, may be had from one of the best tailors in London for £6, or a little less than $30. Therefore an Englishman can have three suits to an American's one, without spending any more money; but he will look more than three times as well as an American, for the constant attention that his clothes receive from servants keeps them from getting wrinkled or baggy. This is particularly the case with the trousers.

I observed the other day that a big New York journal started out to discover, if possible, what would prevent trousers from bagging at the knees. Men of fashion all over the country were interviewed at great length, and many suggestions were advanced. No one recalled the simple expedient of Englishmen—that of never wearing a pair of trousers twice without having them thoroughly pressed and folded. I think another reason why Englishmen's clothes always present such a spick-and-span appearance is on account of their invariable habit of donning evening dress about 6 o'clock every night. It gives their frock and other coats a chance to rest and recover from

The Wear and Tear

which would ensue if they were worn late into the night, as they are in America.

There is, in my opinion, a good deal to be said against the English custom of donning dress suits every night. It is in many instances a bore and a nuisance, but the custom is absolutely inherent in the race. When an American puts on an evening dress he usually spends a lot of time arranging his tie and his hair, shaves very carefully for the event, is touchy regarding his linen and his patent-leather boots. Hence, assuming evening dress is, with the average American, a very robust and majestic sort of a bore. Not so with the Englishman. He goes home from business or from the club, slips off his coat, waistcoat and trousers, pulls on the regulation evening uniform, ties a black or white choker around his neck and sallies forth without the faintest feeling in the world that he is "dressing up" or going on parade. If his shirt is very much rumpled up he will change it, but in nine cases out of ten, unless going into ladies' society or bound on some special mission, the change of attire is of almost as little importance to him as changing his drink is to an American. Dress suits are made very cheap, and they are exceedingly serviceable and strong in London.

I was very much surprised the first time I went to Paris to observe the invariably careless attire of the men on state occasions. I had always had an idea that since the women dressed with such taste and lightsome fancy in France, the men were, of course, clad on all show occasions in correspondingly brilliant attire. I forgot how universally sensible the French people are in small matters. It is delightful to go to France after the pomp and circumstance of London life, for the people there dress precisely as they choose. I have seen workingmen in their blouses at the Grand Opera House, and it is one of the most beautiful opera houses in the world, where no one was at all

Surprised at Their Costumes.

If a business man arrives home from the office a little late for dinner, he makes a good-natured apology, if he thinks it worth mentioning at all, and goes to dinner as he is. Evening dress, except in the very height of the season, is positively rare at the theatres.

I remember on one occasion I took some Americans to the Porte St. Martin, to see Sara Bernhardt in La Tosca. We were delayed half an hour because neither of the young men in the party could think of going to the theatre unless clad in evening clothes. They had just come from London, where they had been immensely impressed by the dress-suit parade, and were rather smitten with Anglomania. I told them repeatedly that they were not expected to wear evening dress, but it did no good, and after they had gotten themselves up in all the glory of raiment that Newark could afford we went to what was, at the time, thanks to Sara Bernhardt's genius, the most fashionable theatre in Paris. It was in January of this year. In the whole house there was only one other dress suit besides those in our box, and that was worn by a cheap American dentist, who was sunning himself in the glare of an electric light in the balcony.

One very seldom sees "dress suits" in Germany except in the middle of the day, when some punctilious German is about to call on a man of note. In Berlin I went once to see Carl Schurz at the Kaiserhof, and took my secretary, a German, with me. To my amazement he came around at 10 o'clock in the morning

In a Claw-Hammer Coat,

with a starched dickey on his manly bosom, and his moustache liberally soaped. When he discovered that I was not similarly arrayed his contempt was manifest and profound. I afterwards learned that the Germans who called on Mr. Schurz paid him the mark of respect of appearing in evening dress. It is a custom among Germans when visiting people of note. In their theatres, however, they are dingy and far from impressive looking. The German tailors have the irrepressible fad of making tight-fitting clothes. They build the best uniforms in the world, but the citizens are wretchedly dressed.

We are by no means the only nation that is troubled with that grotesque and silly outcome of man's apish vanity, Anglomania. The French copy the English with a fidelity that our own dudes cannot approach. This is particularly the case with the race-going men of France. They wear the very loudest checks, the lowest hats, and the squarest and heaviest boots to be had for money in the French capital. The English tailors in Paris are getting all the custom of the howling swells, just as they are in Berlin or Vienna.

BLAKELY HALL.

OVERMATCHED.

[Journal of Education.]

Her education's unsurpassed,
 Her fond papa has spent
His money freely—yes, and well;
 That's clearly evident.

She speaks the modern languages,
 And writes them, too, with skill.
She'd speak the dead ones quite as well,
 If they were spoken still.

She dotes on mathematics and
 The sciences adores.
She's up in all the ologies
 And dates of all the wars.

She's pretty, witty, brilliant, wise,
 You can't find many such—
And—I think I'd like to marry her
 If she didn't know so much.

A Blundering Bridegroom.

[New York Tribune.]

A well-known clergyman tells of a very amusing wedding which he solemnized. The groom was extremely anxious that everything "should go off without a hitch," and with that end in view borrowed a prayer-book in order to learn the marriage service by heart. But he was not familiar with the "geography" of the prayer-book, and by mistake got hold of the baptismal service, the answers to which he faithfully committed to memory. "The wedding day arrived," says the clergyman; "so did the nervous groom with his bride, and as they walked up the church aisle, keeping step to the grand old strains of Mendelssohn's wedding march, I had a premonition of trouble. The ceremony began.

"'John, will you have this woman to be your wedded wife, to live after God's holy ordinance, to love and to cherish in sickness or in health?'

"'I renounce them all,' answered John.

"'You're a fool,' said I to him under my breath.

"'All this I steadfastly believe,' came the answer, and ditto a sound of suppressed laughter from the audience. There was a hurried conversation between John and me, and I then repeated the question, likewise the answer to it, and to all succeeding ones."

Rich for a Day.

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Some time ago a young fellow, a Southerner, who was a real estate reporter on a St. Louis paper, saw a chance to better his fortunes and help his mother and sisters, who were living in poverty on the old plantation.

The youngster received private information that Tom Scott and a big syndicate were about to purchase city property on an immense scale. He told a business friend about it, and the result was that the reporter borrowed $100 and put it with $900 advanced by his friend and purchased an option on a big piece of property worth half a million.

The next day Tom Scott offered $600,000 for the real estate. The reporter saw in this a clear $50,000 for his share, and for several hours was on his head. But to his astonishment his partner refused to sell, believing that a bigger price would be offered. On the day following Scott withdrew his offer. The dazzling speculation dissolved like the baseless fabric of a vision, and the newspaper man found himself worse off than before.

Class Compliments at Yale.

[Hartford Courant.]

Thursday morning the elms on the Yale campus bore green posters which read:

"Gentlemen of '92—We look upon you as men who will some day be useful to the university. In the meantime try to remember that there other classes in the university besides your own, and try to realize that men who have been in college three years longer than you have a right to live. Of your goodness give us a little piece of the earth, and we shall be proportionately grateful."

The same morning disclosed a big banner flying from the top of the highest derrick. It was of white cotton and bore the numerals of '91 S. and '92 in blue. One of the workmen removed it and then occurred a scramble for the trophy.

Why We are Glad that Autumn Leaves.

[Texas Siftings.]

Jones—Ain't you going home to dinner.

Smith—What's the use? There's nobody there to cook dinner.

"Why, where's your wife?"

"Out in the woods, of course."

"What's she doing in the woods?"

"Man alive! don't you know the autumn leaves are ripe?"

In Chicago, of Course.

[Texas Siftings.]

Visitor—What a beautiful library you have! I really envy you.

Retired butcher—Yes; and just look at the binding of them books.

"I see; they are all bound in calf."

"Just so, and I killed all them calves myself what furnished the leather."

To Get Out of the Rain, Probably.

[Calais Times.]

Muskrats have burrowed deeper than is their wont; the Indians report the bark on certain symbolic trees of unusual thickness, and there are other prognostics of a long and cold winter.

Surprising at a Milford Fire.

[Milford News.]

It was a surprise to many to see how carefully the beer barrels and bottles of liquor were carried out, while chairs and stoves and other furniture were thrown out.

PIES AND PASTRY.

Mrs. Ewing Does Not Disapprove of Them.

When Properly Made These Articles of Food are as Wholesome as Palatable.

"Linen" Pies Prove a Decided Novelty in the Cooking Class.

Mrs. Ewing talked about pies and pastry this morning at the School of Domestic Economy. Our readers will be glad to know that this high priestess of the culinary art does not disapprove of this thoroughly American dish, does not consider it unwholesome if properly made, but quite to the contrary. When properly made the pie is an innocent compound of dough and meat or fruit. This is not so unhealthful or indigestible as the average pancake or breakfast roll or baking powder biscuit.

This doctrine was very acceptable to the housekeepers present, and they were prepared to receive her further explanations on the subject with enthusiasm. Certainly if every cook could produce such light and delicious compounds as Mrs. Ewing subsequently passed around for the critical inspection and testing of her audience, there could be no objection raised in the mind of the most confirmed dyspeptic.

In the first part of the lecture Mrs. Ewing was assisted by Mrs. Hayes, who made the following

Pie Crust:

Take a pound of flour and a quarter of a pound of lard. Weigh these out and place on the ice, having them as cold as is possible. When ready to use add a little salt to the flour, put it in a chopping tray, add the lard, and cut it into the flour till it is finely chopped, the bits being no larger than small peas or beans.

Do this in a cold place as possible. Before an open wind w is a good place.

When the enough take ice water and pour a little into the flour. With a silver fork stir up the water and flour, stirring as little as possible to mix the two together. Pour a little more water in another place and stir this in and so proceed till the whole is made into a soft but dry dough. Then turn and scrape out on to the floured breadboard, with a knife fold it over into a little mound and roll out; do this over and over again. This takes the place of kneading, and will reduce the dough to the same consistency as though it were kneaded. The object gained is keeping the hands out of the dough, so as to keep the latter as cold as possible. Folding over and rolling out three or four times will bring it to the proper consistency.

Take a quarter of a pound of butter and have it well chilled on the ice. If it is very wet after this dry it a little on a napkin. Cut slices from this, taking about one-half the amount of butter; lay this on the middle of the dough, fold the two sides over evenly, so as to make it smoothly folded in three folds. Roll this out and fold it over again. Roll this out, and add the remainder of the butter; then fold and roll this as before. When this has been done fold in a napkin on a plate and set on the ice to chill thoroughly for two or three hours.

"A Linen Pie."

When cold, roll out, rolling always with light strokes from or towards you, never diagonally. Take a piece of this crust and lay it on a tin or granite ware pie plate. Do not butter the plate. Fold up a linen napkin, folding the edges and corners under, and so make it as square and as large and bulky as possible. Place the upper crust over this and trim it off, leaving it loose and rolled up, and do not pinch the edges together. This is now ready to bake.

When it is thoroughly cooked and nicely browned, take it out of the oven. Take a broad-bladed knife and slip the pie off from the plate. Then run the knife around the edges and lift the top crust from the lower. Fill the pie with any preparation you choose and serve.

A peach pie made in this way is delicious: Take a can of peaches, stew in a sauce pan till soft, sweeten to taste, and when the crust comes from the oven put the peach into it.

Any other substance or mixture preferred may be used in the same way.

An apple pie is very nice if made with a crust of the above paste. Then instead of putting in the linen, take the apples, peeled, quartered and placed in the crust, with no seasoning of any sort. When the pie is opened, as in the case of the "linen pie," season by pouring over the apples a sauce made as follows:

Take the juice of one orange, a little grated orange peel (about one-third of the yellow outer peel), a bit of salt, and sugar to taste, dependent of course upon the acidity of the apples. Cook these together for a few minutes in a little saucepan, and pour over the apples as directed above.

Another way is to put bits of butter, sugar and a little cinnamon over the apple. This makes a drier pie than the other.

Never cut apples any more than you can help, especially with a steel knife, as it hurts the flavor. In cooking apple sauce, do not stir the sauce so as to destroy the grain of the apple, for that hurts the flavor.

Do not season apples with nutmeg, for it is too pungent and penetrating. It is generally better to flavor fruit with fruit juices. Thus apples may be flavored with lemon juice or orange juice or with quince.

Pies of Fresh Cherries

or of fresh berries may be made in a deep dish with no under crust. In the case of cherries, wash, pick over and put into the dish without removing the pits. Sprinkle over and granulated sugar over the cherries in which some flour is mixed. The flour stiffens the juice of the pie. Put on a top crust only and bake.

Fresh berries may be used in the same way.

Two-Minute Pie Crust.

Use one pound of flour and half a pound of shortening, one-half butter and one-half lard. Put the flour on the board, add the shortening, cut it in quickly with the knife. Put in the water and stir with a fork. Press the bits of shortening with the knife, so as to make thin, flakes. Press lightly with the rolling pin, loving the whole mass light and flakey. Let it cool if you have time and then roll out as usual.

This should be made in a cool, fresh atmosphere, the essential points being to keep everything cool, and to keep the butter, etc., in the flakey condition described. This is very nice crust for custard or squash pie. Make the crust a little dry, and sprinkle the inside of the crust with a little flour. Then, if the oven is hot, the pie will bake on the bottom before the mixture will soak in. Put in the mixture warm or hot.

The best pastry flour is the winter wheat flour. This and some other brands of flour, called pastry flour, which has less gluten and more starch. The gluten makes the pastry tough while the more starchy flour makes the pastry delicate and brittle.

Puff Paste.

Take a pound of butter to a pound of flour.

Lay the butter in a cold, wet linen cloth, and press and work it with a ladle till the butter has become waxy, that is, so that it will roll and stretch under the rolling pin without breaking.

Take all the flour, to which a little salt has been added, and an eighth of the butter. Mix these with a little water, as in previous instances. The amount of water can never be prescribed, as it depends on the condition of the flour. A who e egg or the white of an egg may be added with the water if desired. Neither Mrs. Lincoln nor Mrs. Ewing approved of this, however, as it gives the yellow color, and glazed surface which is characteristic of baker's pastry.

After this dough is made into paste, soft as it can be to work well, it is turned out on the board and worked into shape. Knead very lightly, using only the tips of the fingers, adding as little flour as possible till it is a clean, smooth, elastic dough. Pound and roll it out between the kneadings.

Now roll out the dough about a quarter of an inch thick. The paste should be nearly square in shape. Take the remainder of the butter and lay it into the paste, and fold it over the butter towards the middle from each side, making a rectangular mass of it. Now you have buried this butter out of sight, and if you are a skilful cook you will never catch sight of it again. Press a little with the pin to get rid of the air, and see that the thickest part of the dough is below and not on top.

Roll it out, making a piece about three times its width. Fold the two ends over towards the middle, making three equal folds of it. Press these gently into the pin to make the folds hold together, then turn it around so that the edges and not the folds is towards you. This is called "giving the pastry 'a turn.'"

Repeat the above operation five times, making six "turns" given to the dough.

To make the best puff paste lay on the ice for 10 minutes after each rolling. Life, however, is too short to make puff paste in this way very often.

Roll it out no thinner after paste from or towards you, never diagonally.

After the fifth rolling, brush the top of the paste over very lightly with a brush dipped in lemon juice. Lay it away to chill on the ice for several hours.

Then roll out thin and use as desired.

This paste is used principally for patties and things of this sort. Cut out in rounds by placing the cutter over the dough and cutting around with a sharp-pointed knife. If a cutter is passed down through the dough it will compress it at the edges, and the delicate layers will not be able to separate themselves.

Take another round and cut out a smaller piece from the middle. Lay the top on the lower piece and bake, taking from the middle. When done remove any soft dough which may be left there.

Fill the patties with creamed chicken or sweetbreads, or oysters, or anything preferred.

The reason why puff paste "puffs" is because the folding and turning and rolling out make in the dough so many distinct layers, which, when put into the oven cold, separate one from the other on account of the air, flour and butter between the layers.

JEAN KINCAID.

MEDITATION.

[Town Topics.]

Alone, I sit before the fire,
 A prey to dismal meditation;
How shall I win my heart's desire?
 A maiden far above my station?

Her father is a merchant proud,
 I'm but a slave; and what is more,
She would not know me in a crowd
 Of clerks who work in papa's store.

And yet, and yet—did she but know,
 Although she be so far above me,
If I had any kind of show,
 I think that I could make her love me.

Away such dreams! I am too bold!
 I have no show—no chance to win her;
I fear the soup is getting cold—
 Methinks I'll hasten down to dinner!

DR. DUNNING'S STORIES.

Some Good Ones from the Experiences of Clever Clergyman.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Another brilliant conversationalist and story-teller, who took an important part in the convention, was Rev. A. E. Dunning, D. D., the manager of the Congregationalist publishing house and Sabbath school work, and one of the busiest men in Boston.

Dr. Dunning is an off-hand, approachable man with a bright, winning face, easy manner and personal magnetism, that contribute much to his success. He has none of the outward signs of the clerical calling, but looks more like a business man. He travels nearly all of the time, and says that in the cars he generally passes as a drummer and is recognized by the fraternity as one of their own. On going into Minneapolis one Saturday evening a smart young fellow approached him in a free and easy way.

"Going to stop over Sunday?"

"Yes," replied the doctor.

"Stop at the Blank Hotel, I suppose?"

"No; I am going to stop with a friend."

"Come round to the hotel tomorrow afternoon and we'll have a racket. Quite a number of the boys will be there."

"But tomorrow is Sunday."

"I know it, and that's why we can have such a devil of a good time."

"Oh, I think that we fellows who are travelling all the time ought to keep Sunday," said the doctor.

"Yes," assented the drummer good-naturedly, "but I'll bet you won't."

"I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll go to church tomorrow if you will."

"I'll do it! Where shall we go?"

"To the First Congregational. It's the best church in town."

"All right. I'll be there, but I'll bet you won't."

The drummer was there according to his promise, and came hardly believe his eyes when he saw his friend of the night before ascend to the pulpit. Dr. Dunning tried to find him after the service, but he had fled.

Speaking of going to sleep in meeting, Dr. Dunning said that even the most towering speakers were sometimes annoyed by this lapse in the pews. "I have seen people go to sleep under Dwight L. Moody's preaching. If Mr. Moody detects it he calls on the nodding person's next neighbor to wake him up. Folks that fallow and wake him up. I once heard him call out to the man who sat next to a sleeper. 'I don't dare to,' replied the man. 'You don't dare not to,' retorted Moody. 'His soul may be lost if he doesn't wake up! Nudge him! I can't stand it to have him sleeping there.'"

At another time, Dr. Dunning was at one of Moody's meetings, when a baby cried. The mother tried in vain to hush the child, and seemed much annoyed.

"Never mind, madam," said Moody. "The baby doesn't disturb me."

"That may be," the woman answered, "but you disturb the baby."

One of the doctor's good stories was that of a quaint old townsman who once said to a well-known divine: "Parson, the Bible says that the Lord made the world in six days; do you believe it?"

"Yes."

"Now do you think that he finished the whole thing up in that time?"

"Yes."

"Well, all I can say is that he could have put in one more day to mighty good advantage right here in this town."

Dr. Dunning laughs at a joke that befell his friend, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, not long ago. Dr. Hale was making one of his long pedestrian tours through a rural region, and became very hungry. Calling at the door of a farmhouse, he asked the woman if she would let him have something to eat. She looked over his tall, robust figure and then answered in a slightly contemptuous tone: "Yes, I'll give you something to eat; but a man as big and strong and as able to work as you are, ought to be ashamed of tramping and begging around the country."

TWO QUESTIONS.

[Francis Rawlins.]

"What is the rarest thing in the world?"
 A maiden one day asked a sage.
"The rarest thing," the sage replied,
 "Is love with purity allied."

"And tell me, pray," the maiden urged,
 "What to you doth seem most common?"
 The old sage sadly shook his head;
"Fair hopes blighted," he gravely said.

HANDY WITH THE LASSO.

New Sport for Salem Lads Who Will Want to be Cowboys.

[Salem News.]

Ever since the lasso-throwing exhibition was given on the Salem base ball grounds many of the boys have become possessed of the idea that they, too, must achieve dexterity in that line. Mothers' clothes lines and ropes of all descriptions have suffered in consequence, and the youthful would-be knights of the lariat have utilized posts, chairs and even passing citizens as objects to practice upon. This practice has not been for naught, either, and some of the lads have become quite skilful in handling the lasso. A few mornings ago a gentleman was passing along a down-town street when he espied three little urchins laying for him with home-made lassos. As he came within throwing distance one of the trio swung his rope about his head and sang out: "Gimme a set, mister?" The gentleman, with a laugh, said: "Go ahead." The words had no sooner left his lips than the rope came circling through the air, and in spite of his efforts to get out of the way it settled over his shoulders. After congratulating the boys upon their skill, the gentleman was glad to get out of range. Another incident happened Thursday in one of the painted warriors who participated in the Red Men's parade. The warrior was clad in full regalia. As he turned the corner of Dodge street, two boys with lassos espied him coming. A moment later he came abreast of the spot where the boys stood. One of them swung his lasso quickly over his head, and before the warrior knew what had befallen him, his head feathers, wig and ornaments were whisked off; he turned in time to see the boys scampering off as fast as their legs could carry them. The warrior dismounted, and after picking up his fallen headgear, so far forgot his dignity as an Indian chief as to spit "cuss words" at the cause of his trouble.

A Halfpenny Post for England.

[London Letter in St. John Globe.]

It is said that the "Halfpenny Post Company" has secured a concession from the postmaster-general which will bring a private trading concern into competition with a public department. There are used in this kingdom 170,000,000 of post cards annually, and the new competitive scheme is to issue a halfpenny letter which will be a folded note paper attached. The arrangement is ingenious, and the idea of the inventor is that the public will jump at the concealment this offered, the contrivance being, in fact, a closed letter at the price of a postal card. It seems that, under this system, the penny stamp itself may be converted to the embarrassment of the department, but Mr. Raikes, who has approved the subject with an actuary's calculation, estimates that a saving will be made to the public of over £350,000 per annum. A feature of the halfpenny letter will be a side for advertisements, and by this means it will be sold by private venders, such as stationers and newsmen.

Don't Pass That Law Just Yet.

[New York Sun.]

Lord Tennyson has had a new volume of poems ready for some time, which he has kept back, expecting America to pass an international copyright law, if it's not known when they will be published.

Boston Weekly Globe.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 31.

OUR TICKET.

FOR PRESIDENT,

Grover Cleveland.

FOR VICE PRESIDENT,

Allen G. Thurman.

YOU ARE GOING TO RENEW,

But you ought to renew early in order to save any delay or irregularity in the mailing of your paper.

You cannot find a better or a cheaper weekly than The Weekly Globe during 1889, and if you will say so to your friends and neighbors quite a number will subscribe with you.

Agents who have sent clubs of campaign subscribers will do The Weekly Globe a favor by sending in their renewals and new subscribers as soon as possible.

BALANCE OF 1888 FREE.

To old and new subscribers, who send $1.00 before Jan. 1, 1889: If you will secure five Old or New Subscribers at $1.00 each ($5 in all), each will receive The Weekly Globe until January, 1890, and you will receive an extra copy free until January, 1890. The sooner you renew or subscribe the longer the time the dollar pays for. Club agents should consult the members of their clubs and send names as early as possible to avoid the rush in December. All agents can give the remainder of the year to single subscribers. Send for free sample copies and form a club. Address The Weekly Globe, Boston, Mass.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

THE DAILY GLOBE—One copy, per month, 50 cents; per year, $6.00. Postage prepaid.

THE SUNDAY GLOBE—By mail, $2.00 per year. Postage prepaid.

THE WEEKLY GLOBE—By mail, $1.00 per year, Postage prepaid.

THE GLOBE NEWSPAPER CO.,

242 Washington Street........................Boston

Entered at the Post Office, Boston, Mass., as second class matter.

SAVE OUR SOUTH AMERICAN MARKETS.

There are many reasons why GROVER CLEVELAND should remain at the wheel of the ship of state another four years.

But of all reasons, the one which appeals perhaps most directly to the pockets and patriotism of our manufacturers, workingmen and farmers is that which we are about to explain.

On the 24th of May, 1888, the President approved of probably the most important act that has ever been passed by any Congress or administration since the formation of our government.

This act authorizes President CLEVELAND to "invite the several governments of the republics of Mexico, Central and South America, Hayti, San Domingo, and the empire of Brazil to join the United States in a conference to be held in Washington, in the United States, at such a time as he may deem proper, in the year 1889, for the purpose of discussing and recommending for adoption to their respective governments some plan of arbitration for the settlement of disagreements and disputes that may hereafter arise between them, and for considering questions relating to the improvement of business intercourse and means of direct communication between said countries, and to encourage such reciprocal commercial relations as will be beneficial to all and secure more extensive markets for the products of each of said countries."

Ever since the administration of President MONROE succeeding Democratic administrations have labored untiringly to bring about such a conference. President ARTHUR, in fact, was so impressed with the deep shame of seeing our export commerce vanish from us on our very borders that he despatched a commission of inquiry to these countries, whose efforts, however, ended only in a report upon the matter.

Now, for the first time in our history, such a conference has been appointed and agreed upon by all the countries concerned, subject to the call of President CLEVELAND next year.

Are our citizens aware of the immense commercial importance of these countries? They represent nearly 12,000,000 square miles of territory. They contain a population of over 52,000,000 of people. They have an import and export trade amounting to between $800,000,000 and $1,000,000,000 annually.

We are entitled by geographical position, by products, and by the intent of the "MONROE doctrine" commercially to the largest share of the commerce of these countries. But here is a record that should color the cheek of every American citizen with the blush of shame. Of our total annual exports and imports during the year 1887 the following disgraceful table represents our entire commercial exchange with them:

	Per cent. Total Exports.	Per cent. Total Imports.
Mexico	1.03	2.13
West Indies	3.54	10.12
Central America	.41	1.10
Brazil	1.15	7.63
U. S. Colombia	.85	.49
Argentine Republic	.81	.59
Venezuela	.40	1.19
Chili	.20	.42
Uruguay	.19	.41
Ecuador	.15	.19
Peru	.10	.07
General average per cent.	0.81	2.21

Here are countries that are our nearest neighbors. Their population is half as large as our own, and their import and export trade is in the same proportion to ours. And yet, to our infinite shame, we only manage to sell less than an average of 1 per cent of our exports to them.

They bought last year of foreign countries to the extent of $404,392,328. We, their continental next-door neighbors, sold them comparatively nothing, and 85 per cent. of the pittance that they did buy from us was taken to them in English and other foreign ships. "Free-trade" England pocketed the profits under our very eyes.

In Europe and the far-off East the outlet to our exports is being rapidly and permanently cut off. England, France, Germany, Italy and Russia, with their strong commercial footholds and extensive merchant marines, have been straining every nerve during the past few years to supply the East, which they claim is their natural right by virtue of their situation.

The only outlet left us, which it is our natural right to command by virtue of our situation, is in the countries of the South American continent. If we cannot maintain this we shall be practically cut off from any foreign market at all, and be walled in with our vast products upon our hands.

This danger has been emphasized nearly every year in presidential messages, and as steadily has the grip of England choked us off from our South American commerce, till it is now almost entirely wrested from us.

Can it be possible that the American people are asleep on the brink of commercial death while the commerce of the world floats by in alien ships?

Of our total foreign commerce in 1887 American vessels carried only to the value of $222,476,047, as against $1,220,736,483 carried in foreign ships. Of the tonnage entering United States ports during that year, ours was 2,870,936, as against 10,660,779 foreign.

Only prompt measures can save us. The conference fixed upon for next year in order to rescue to us the commerce of this continent is a long-deferred hope which is now sure to materialize if President CLEVELAND is re-elected.

No wonder that the colleges are in arms against our present fatal drift. No wonder that scholarship and disinterested statesmanship are sounding the alarm. The commercial life-blood of the nation is drying up. We are threatened with paralysis. Personal greed, stifling the voice of conscience, reason and history, is seeking to lead the nation astray with the resurrected ghost of middle-age exclusiveness.

Exclusive home market is national constipation. Protection so severe as to amount to a prohibitory fine against commerce itself is an assault upon the life and growth of the nation. In no trifling sense are we actually called upon to preserve the life of the nation in the re-election of President CLEVELAND. We are drifting commercially deathward at a sure and rapid pace.

Shall we slumber on our oars till we have drifted beyond all hope of rescue?

C. K. EARL.

LORD SACKVILLE TRAPPED.

All the evidence obtainable goes to show that Lord SACKVILLE, minister plenipotentiary, envoy extraordinary, etc., etc., has been ingeniously though disreputably tricked by the Republican managers. A man of British birth, but now an American citizen, wrote the British minister, and after giving President CLEVELAND and his administration a fulsome indorsement, asked Lord SACKVILLE how he had better vote, and the credulous, guileless minister told him that if he wanted to vote for CLEVELAND he could do so and still have a clear conscience.

That is all there is to it. The man to whom the minister addressed the letter at once placed it in the hands of the Republican managers, though in doing so he violated every rule of courtesy which honorable men are obliged to regard. The consequence is that the g. o. p., having no other issue, and feeling itself to be in extremis, has raised a big hue and cry.

This new scarecrow will not work any better than the London Times' forged quotations, the pay envelope intimidation dodge, or the badly "busted" "free trade" and "pauper wages" yell. The people are not to be deceived by any of these cheap and dishonest bugaboos. If Lord SACKVILLE had made a speech a la BURCHARD he might have been open to censure, but the fact that in returning a civil answer to a private letter he has fallen into a trap, set on purpose to catch him, is no reason for condemning the man or his sentiments.

President CLEVELAND will be re-elected, and Lord SACKVILLE's private opinion, just made public by a breach of courtesy, will not influence enough votes to repay the Republican tricksters for the trouble of getting it. Nor does it do the British minister any discredit that he should have formed a favorable opinion of the President. Mr. GLADSTONE and many other enlightened Englishmen have done the same night.

CRUSHING THE TRUSTS.

The indictment at Memphis, of WARREN, JONES & GRATZ, the St. Louis trust makers, on the charge of attempting to buy up all the bagging in the country, with intent to form a "trust," double the prices, and thus defraud the people, is a move in the right direction. We hope the suit will be pressed with vigor and that if the firm be found guilty every member of it will be made to suffer. The time when a few wealthy men could band themselves together and raise the prices on articles of every-day need has, we hope, gone by. United labor and impartial courts are making it very disagreeable for the trusts of late. Let the good work be kept up until the country is entirely freed from these sharks.

MR. BLAINE'S FAILURE.

For a "magnetic" man Hon. JAMES G. BLAINE has been a failure in his Western campaigning tour. Even his friends and admirers must admit that he has not spoken with his old-time assurance and vigor. Some of this falling off may be due to advancing years, but both by looks and word of mouth Mr. BLAINE assures us that he is in perfect health, and we see no reason why a man of his age should be in decay or dotage. Judge THURMAN is several years his elder, yet the "old Roman's" intellect is as vigorous as it was in his youth.

The only reasonable way to account for Mr. BLAINE's falling off is to suppose that his failures are intentional. He does not wish HARRISON to be elected, because he thinks there is a chance for Mr. BLAINE to get the nomination in 1892. If HARRISON is elected this fall his party may have no alternative but to give him another nomination; and that will practically put Mr. BLAINE out of the field forever. Again. President CLEVELAND is very popular. His re-election is practically conceded by both parties. As he cannot justly claim a third nomination, and as there will be many rival Democratic candidates for the place, Mr. BLAINE hopes to squeeze in four years hence.

If we mistake not, the dulness and apathy displayed by Mr. BLAINE in this campaign are for a purpose. He has ulterior ends in view.

But something of Mr. BLAINE's failure must be due to the fact that he is on the wrong side of a great popular movement. He has started out to make wrong seem right, injustice seem just, and foolishness seem wise. It is a task in which an abler man than Mr. BLAINE might fail.

THE LABOR TICKET.

To the Editor of The Globe:

THE GLOBE has always been more friendly than any other Boston paper to the cause of organized labor. Why is not THE GLOBE consistent enough now to support the Labor candidates for president and vice president? K. OF L.

THE GLOBE is consistent. It does support with all its power the labor candidates for president and vice president. Their names are GROVER CLEVELAND and ALLEN GRANBERY THURMAN.

It is because they are in the truest and highest sense the labor candidates that THE GLOBE so earnestly supports them.

There has long been a deep-rooted feeling among the workingmen that they are being defrauded of a part of their fair share of the wealth they create. President CLEVELAND has nobly and bravely taken the lead in the assault upon one of the things that rob labor of its just reward—the monopolists' tariff—that is falsely called a protection to American labor.

Tariff reform such as President CLEVELAND's policy leads to is not the end for which labor has been striving; but it is the beginning of the end. It will tend to make employment easier to obtain; and wages higher; but it will do something more than that. It will start the ball of reform a-rolling, and if the labor of the country does its duty, the ball will not stop rolling till most of labor's highest aspirations are fulfilled.

That is why we urge every workingman to vote and work for the election of GROVER CLEVELAND. After his election much will remain to be done, but a long step will have been taken. Great reforms always go by steps and the steps must be taken one at a time.

Workingmen, vote for CLEVELAND and THURMAN! That is the first step.

IT MIGHT BE VERY CLOSE.

To the Editor of The Globe:

Is there any way that CLEVELAND can be elected without the votes of Connecticut and Indiana, provided he carries New York and New Jersey? I feel pretty sure of the two latter states, but not so sure of the two former. YOUNG DEMOCRACY.

Our correspondent need not fear for Connecticut and Indiana. They are comfortably certain to vote this year as they voted in 1884—for GROVER CLEVELAND.

But CLEVELAND could be elected even if Connecticut and Indiana should both go to the Republicans. The vote might stand as follows:

Whole number of votes..............................401
Necessary to a choice...............................201

CLEVELAND.		HARRISON.	
Alabama	10	California	8
Arkansas	7	Colorado	3
Delaware	3	Illinois	22
Florida	4	Iowa	13
Georgia	12	Kansas	9
Kentucky	13	Maine	6
Louisiana	8	Massachusetts	14
Maryland	8	Michigan	13
Mississippi	9	Minnesota	7
Missouri	16	Nebraska	5
North Carolina	11	New Hampshire	4
South Carolina	9	Ohio	23
Tennessee	12	Oregon	3
Texas	13	Pennsylvania	30
Virginia	12	Rhode Island	4
West Virginia	6	Vermont	4
New York	36	Wisconsin	11
New Jersey	9	Connecticut	6
Nevada	3	Indiana	15
Total	201	Total	200

This would just elect CLEVELAND without a single vote to spare.

It will be seen that in this combination Nevada has been taken from the Republican column, where it has generally been placed, and added to the Democratic. The State is more than likely to go for CLEVELAND. It is normally Democratic. In 1880 it voted for HANCOCK, and would doubtless have voted for CLEVELAND in 1884 had it not been for BLAINE's great personal popularity on the Pacific coast, which was largely the result of his record on the Chinese question. HARRISON's record on that question is very different; it is as distinctly pro-Chinese as BLAINE's was anti-Chinese.

Besides, Nevada's interests are clearly on the side of tariff reform. Her chief products are gold and silver, and they are not "protected."

We have no idea that the election will be as close as this. We should rather expect CLEVELAND's majority to be made overwhelming by the capture of California, Wisconsin, Michigan, Minnesota, Nebraska, Iowa or Illinois—some or all of them—in addition to New York, New Jersey, Connecticut and Indiana.

Still, as a precautionary measure, it might be well for the Democratic national committee to look out for Nevada. The depopulated State might be needed, and, if needed, it will be needed badly.

A CHANCE TO BECOME FAMOUS.

The story which the whaling bark J. A. Howland brings to San Francisco is a thrilling one, and should arouse the sympathy and aid of every citizen of this country. Thirteen large whaling vessels—most of them hailing from New Bedford, are caught in the ice near Herald inlet and are helplessly drifting toward the Siberian coast, conveying with them, to death by starvation and cold, over 500 hardy American seamen, of whom it is likely few if any will escape.

Here is a chance for prompt action by some enterprising millionnaire who wishes to make himself famous and to aid the human race. It is likely that the United States will send a vessel to the relief of the sufferers, but the movements of our navy are slow, and it is probable that the men will all be dead before a ship can be fitted out for the journey. What is needed now is immediate action. A million dollars should be given today by some man who is able to do it, and in less than a week, two of the swiftest and best steamers on the Pacific should be despatched to the scene of the disaster, all equipped and ready to cope with any emergency. GRINNELL, BENNETT and several other public spirited citizens have sent out expeditions in search of the north pole and paid their money freely for the sake of enlarging our knowledge of the earth's geography. It seems strange that rich men will not do as much for the cause of humanity as they do for science.

We hope that funds sufficient to defray the expenses of the rescue will be guaranteed this week, and before the day of the presidential election the vessels should be on their way. If anything is to be done at all it should be done now. The delay of a single day may mark the dividing line between life and death.

THEY NEED IT NOW.

Currents report has it that the Republican national committee has unlimited millions at its disposal, and that it could work the nation in every channel where money is of use. We all know that nearly every one of the large corporate monopolies have strong leanings toward the Republican party, and of course have put up their money in behalf of the interests they wish to foster. The only question to decide is how much have they put up. The general supposition is that they have advanced from 10 to 20 per cent. of their net earnings for the year, in which case the money would be almost beyond calculation.

But from recent urgent appeals for money sent out from headquarters in New York city it seems that the party is not so "flush" as has been supposed. There has lately come to the office of THE GLOBE a large number of circulars sent out by Chairman QUAY, all of which tend to show that the g. o. p. is in a bad way. One of these circulars, bearing the names of "J. S. FASSETT, secretary," and "WILLIAM W. DUDLEY, treasurer," and signed by the quill autograph of "M. S. QUAY," begins by saying: "The Republican national committee is in need of money, *and needs it now*." Another signed by Senator QUAY has the following: "We want money badly, and we want it immediately." Still another says: "The Republican national committee needs money, and needs it at once." And so it goes on, sheet after sheet, begging and crying for money, money, money.

We think it time that the people knew how the Republicans hope to carry the country. They expected to get a large sum, and early in the campaign they spent their dollars freely. Of late the supply has run short, hence their frantic cries for more. It will not do. The people of this country are not to be corrupted by money. They will vote for CLEVELAND, a fair tariff and reform, and all the money the Republicans can wheedle out of their rich allies cannot change the result.

EDITORIAL POINTS.

Let Minister WEST pack his gripsack and quit at once. Go, WEST.

Up to date Mr. PARNELL has won a majority of the points in the "official inquiry." It is natural that he should. He is right.

Stocks are rising again and the depressed markets look more hopeful. This is due to the certainty of President CLEVELAND's re-election.

New York World: Mr. BLAINE says he is working harder now than during the campaign of 1884. Does he mean harder for CLEVELAND?

If it were only a slugging match, now, between our big President and the little general from Indiana, how easily we could pick out the winner!

King MILAN of Servia has just divorced himself from his queen. Still he does not thing marriage is a failure, for it is said that he proposes to wed again.

One of the busiest men nowadays is Mr. PARNELL. Between the inquiry in London and the libel suit in Edinburgh he wished he had been "born twins."

After Postmaster General DICKINSON's reply to Mr. BLAINE the man from Maine had better get off the stump. He simply quoted BLAINE to refute BLAINE.

DANIEL HAND of Clinton, Conn., has given $1,000,000 for the education of the colored people at the South. He is what might be called a "helping HAND."

Old Lord SACKVILLE is dead and the late Sir LIONEL is a lord. Still the knight was better than the baron. Titles often turn the heads of weak-minded people.

And now it seems that Hayti has captured one of our steamers. Is there a conspiracy between Hayti, Nova Scotia and the Arctic icebergs to drive all our shipping from the seas?

General BOULANGER's daughter will marry an army captain. Since the failure of BOULANGER to win his duel his daughter sees the need of having a fighter in the family.

Democrats of this State should remember that a Democratic Congress as well as a Democratic president must be elected this fall. Let us have five or six of them from the Bay State.

General SHERIDAN's widow will not wait for the public to erect a monument over her husband. She remembers the GRANT memorial, and wishes to see the shaft put up during her lifetime.

The story which the New York Tribune circulated about President CLEVELAND's having his clothes made by "scab" tailor labor is proved to be untrue. GROVER is not that kind of a man.

The venerable JOHN G. WHITTIER has just said, "My work is done." We hope not. Great deeds have been performed by men older than he. His muse is a sweet one. Let her sing while she can.

The fashionable young men of London now wear their trousers with silk embroidery up and down the outside of the legs. We may soon expect to hear of Hamburg edging coming into use also.

Mexico is to have another new cabinet Dec. 1. The little republic makes a great fuss about the style of cabinets it uses and is bound to keep up with the times, even if it has to change every week.

It seems to be a serious question in Canada whether the government owns the Canadian Pacific railroad, or the Canadian Pacific railroad owns the government. Looks as if the railroad had the better claim.

Some of the cranberries on Cape Cod have been damaged by frost, but those in New Jersey are good, and the good people of New England can have cranberry sauce with their turkey this year at the usual price.

The people are beginning to understand that the low level of wages in continental Europe is due to dense population, where two men are anxious to get one man's work.—[Address of the Democratic State committee of Florida.

SAMUEL J. TILDEN's will has been legally sustained, in spite of all the efforts made to overthrow it. The great Democratic sage was a great legal light, too, and when he acted as his own lawyer he never had a fool for his client.

New York Herald: The passage of the Mills bill would not in the least derange business, but would give an impetus to the woollen, furniture and many other important branches of manufacture, which would be of very great benefit to the whole country.

The Republicans are making much of the fact that there is a "row" between the President and Mayor HEWITT. From all accounts the energetic mayor has rows enough right in New York city to take up his spare time between now and Nov. 6. But he is the kind of man who gets into hot water with everyone he cannot "boss."

Chairman QUAY's offer of $2000 reward for the first man detected in making false registration in New York has proved a boomerang. GEORGE GORDON is the name of the convicted man and he goes to Sing Sing for two years and a half. The worst of it all is that he is a Republican. Now will Senator QUAY pay Detective LEARY the reward? It seems a little hard, but as he has $23,000 in reserve he ought to afford to do it.

"FOR YOUR DEAR SAKE!"

Since the first mortal drank his fill
Of love's exhilarating wine,
Raising his soul to heights divine,
Triumphant over earthly ill,

Lovers have told what they would stake
For those they loved; the same sweet dream,
So old, so new, is now my theme:
What I would do for your sweet sake!

'Tis naught to die for one we love;
To die were pleasure; but to live
Far from the fervor love could give,
Ah, that would be all deeds above!

Such sacrifice for you I'd make!
Though from you, life were living death,
If absence saved you one harsh breath,
I'd leave you, love, for your dear sake!

R. CYRENE MACDONALD.

MISSION OF PICTURES.

Dr. Talmage Talks on the Divine Work of Art.

Objectionable Scenes Should Not be Put On the Canvas.

Works of Artists Have Been the Cause of Converting Thousands.

BROOKLYN, Oct. 28.—Rev. T. Dewitt Talmage, D. D., preached at the Tabernacle this morning. A vast congregation attended the service. The subject of Dr. Talmage's discourse was "The Divine Mission of Pictures." His text was Isaiah, ii. 12-16: "The way of the Lord of hosts shall be upon all pleasant pictures." He said:

Pictures are by some relegated to the realm of the trivial, accidental, sentimental or worldly, but my text shows that God scrutinizes pictures, and whether they are good or bad, whether used for right or wrong purposes, is a matter of divine observation and arraignment.

That the artist's pencil and the engraver's knife have sometimes been made subservient to the kingdom of the bad is frankly admitted. Satan and all his imps have always wanted the fingering of the easel: they would rather have possession of that than the art of printing, for types are not so potent and quick for evil as pictures. The powers of darkness think they have gained a triumph, and they have, when in some respectable parlor or public art gallery they can hang a canvas embarrassing to the good, but fascinating to the evil.

It is not in a spirit of prudery, but backed up by God's eternal truth, when I say that you have no right to hang in your art rooms or your dwelling houses that which would be offensive to good people if the figures pictured were alive in your parlor and the guests of your household. A picture that you have to hang in a somewhat secluded place, or that in a public hall you cannot with a group of friends deliberately stand before and discuss, ought to have a knife stabbed into it at the top and cut clear through to the bottom, and a stout finger thrust in on the right side ripping clear through to the left.

Never till the books of the last day are opened shall we know what has been the dire harvest of evil pictorials and unbecoming art galleries. Despoil a man's imagination, and he becomes a moral carcas. The show windows of English and American cities, in which the low theatres have sometimes hung long lines of brazen actors and actresses in style insulting to all propriety, have made

A Broad Path to Death

for multitudes of people. But so have all the other arts been at times suborned of evil. How has music been bedraggled! Is there any place so low down in dissoluteness that into it has not been carried David's harp and Handel's organ, and Gottschalk's piano and Ole Bull's violin; and the flute, which though named after so insignificant a thing as the Sicilian eel, which has seven spots on the side like flute holes, yet for thousands of years has had an exalted mission.

Architecture, born in the heart of Him who made the worlds, under its arches and across its floors what bacchanalian revelries have been enacted! It is not against any of these arts that they have been so led into captivity. What a poor world this would be if it were not for what my text calls "pleasant pictures!" I refer to your memory and mine when I ask if your knowledge of the Holy Scriptures has not been mightily augmented by the woodcuts or engravings in the old family Bible which father and mother read out of, and laid on the table in the old homestead when you were boys and girls. The Bible scenes which we all carry in our minds were not gotten from the Bible typology, but from the Bible pictures. To prove the truth of it in my own case, the other day I took up the old family Bible which I inherited. Sure enough, what I have carried in my mind of Jacob's ladder was exactly the Bible engraving of Jacob's ladder; and so with Samson carrying off the gates of Gaza, Elisha restoring the Shunamite's son, the massacre of the innocents, Christ blessing little children, the crucifixion and the last judgment.

If you could swing open the door of your foreheads you would find that you are walking picture galleries. The great intelligence abroad about the Bible did not come from the general reading of the book, for the majority of the people read it but little, if they read it at all; but all the sacred scenes have been put before the great masses, and not printer's ink but the pictorial art must have the credit of the achievement. First, painter's pencil for the favored few, and then engraver's plate or woodcut for millions on millions!

What overwhelming commentary on the Bible, what reinforcement for patriarchs, prophets, apostles and Christ, what distribution of scriptural knowledge of all nations, in the paintings and engravings therefrom of Holman Hunt's "Christ in the Temple," Paul Veronese's "Magdalen Washing the Feet of Christ," Raphael's "Michael the Archangel," Albert Durer's "Dragon of the Apocalypse;" Michael Angelo's "Plague of the Fiery Serpents," Tintoret's "Flight into Egypt," Ruben's "Descent from the Cross," Leonardo da Vinci's "Last Supper," Claude's "Queen of Sheba," Bellini's "Madonna at Milan," Orcagna's "Last Judgment," and hundreds of miles of pictures if they were put in line, illustrating, displaying, dramatizing, irradiating Bible truths until the scriptures are not today so much on paper as on canvas, not so much in ink as in all the colors of the spectrum.

In 1833, forth from Strasburg, Germany, there came a child that was to eclipse in speed and boldness and grandeur anything and everything that the world had seen since the first color appeared on the sky at the creation, Paul Gustav Dore. At 11 years of age he published marvellous lithographs of his own. Saying nothing of what he did for Milton's "Paradise Lost," emblazoning it on the attention of the world, he takes up the book of books, the monarch of literature, the Bible, and in his pictures, "The Creation of Light," "The Trial of Abraham's Faith," "The Burial of Sarah," "Joseph Sold by His Brethren," "The Brazen Serpent," "Boaz and Ruth," "David and Goliath," "The Transfiguration," "The Marriage in Cana," "Babylon Fallen," and 205 scriptural scenes in all, displays a boldness and a grasp and almost supernatural afflatus that

Make the Heart Throb,

and the brain reel, and the tears start, and the cheeks blanch, and the entire nature quake with the tremendous things of God and eternity and the dead. I actually staggered down the steps of the London Art Gallery under the power of Dore's "Christ's Leaving the Prætorium." Profess you to be a Christian man or woman and see no divine mission in art, and acknowledge you no obligation either in thanks to God or man?

It is no more the word of God when put before us in printers' ink than by skilful laying on of colors or designs on metal through incision or corrosion. What a lesson in morals was presented by Hogarth, the painter, in his two pictures, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Miser's Feast"; and by Thomas Cole's engravings of the "Voyage of Human Life" and the "Course of Empire," and by Turner's "Slave Ship." God in art! Christ in art! Patriarchs, prophets and apostles in art! Angels in art! Heaven in art!

The world and the church ought to come to the higher appreciation of the divine mission of pictures, yet the authors of them have generally been left to semi-starvation. West, the great painter, toiled in unappreciation till, being a great skater, while on the ice he formed the acquaintance of General Howe of the English army, and, through coming to admire West as a skater, they gradually came to appreciate as much that which he accomplished by his hand as by his heel. Poussin, the mighty painter, was pursued, and had nothing with which to defend himself against the mob but the artist's portfolio, which he held over his head to keep off the stones hurled at him. The pictures of Richard Wilson of England were sold for fabulous sums of money after his death, but the living painter was glad to get for his "Alcyone" a piece of stilton cheese.

From 1640 to 1643 there were 4600 pictures wilfully destroyed. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth it was the habit of some people to spend much of their time in knocking pictures to pieces. In the reign of Charles I. it was ordered by Parliament that all pictures of Christ be burned. Painters were so badly treated and humiliated in the beginning of the eighteenth century that they were lowered clear down out of the sublimity of their art, and obliged to give minute accounts of what they did with their colors, as a painter's bill which came to publication in Scotland in 1707, indicated. The painter had been touching up some old pictures in the church, and he sends in this itemized bill to the vestry: "To filling up a chink in the Red Sea and repairing the damages to Pharaoh's hosts"; "to a new pair of hands for Daniel in the lion's den, and a new set of teeth for the lioness"; "to repairing Nebuchadnezzar's beard"; "to giving a blush to the cheek of Eve on presenting the apple to Adam"; "to making a bridle for the Good Samaritan's horse, and mending one of his legs"; to putting on a new handle on Moses' basket and fitting bulrushes, and adding more fuel to the fire of Nebuchadnezzar's furnace."

The oldest picture in England, a portrait of Chaucer, though now of great value, was picked out of a lumber garret. Great were the trials of Quentin Matsys, who toiled on from blacksmith's anvil till, as a painter, he won wide recognition. The first missionaries to Mexico made the fatal

Mistake of Destroying Pictures,

for the loss of which art and religion must ever lament. But why go so far back when in this year of our Lord, 1888, and within 12 years of the twentieth century, to be a painter, except in rare exceptions, means poverty and neglect? Poorly fed, poorly clad, poorly housed, because poorly appreciated! When I hear a man is a painter, I have two feelings, one of admiration for the greatness of his soul, and the other of commiseration for the needs of his body.

But so it has been in all departments of noble work. Some of the mightiest have been hardly bestead. Oliver Goldsmith had such a big patch on the coat over his left breast that when he went anywhere he kept his hat in his hand closely pressed over the patch. The world renowned Bishop Asbury had a salary of $64 a year. Painters are not the only ones who have endured the lack of appreciation. Let men of wealth take under their patronage the suffering men of art. They lift no complaint; they make no strike for higher wages. But with a keenness of nervous organization which almost always characterizes genius, these artists suffer more than any one but God can realize. There needs to be a concerted effort for the suffering artists of America, not sentimental discourse about what we owe to artists, but contracts that will give them a livelihood.

Artists may wish for our prayers, but they also want practical help from men who can give them work. Their work is more true to nature and life than any of the masterpieces that have become immortal on the other side of the sea, but it is the fashion of Americans to mention foreign artists, and to know little or nothing about our own Copley and Allston and Inman and Greenough and Kensett. Let the affluent fling out of their windows and into the back yard valueless daubs on canvas, and call in these splendid but unrewarded men, and tell them to adorn your walls, not only with that which shall please the taste, but enlarge the mind, and improve the morals, and save the souls of those who gaze upon them.

Take some of that money that would otherwise spoil your children, and build an art gallery that shall associate your name forever, not only with the great masters of painting who are gone, but with the great masters who are trying to live; and also win the admiration and love of tens of thousands of people who, unable to have fine pictures of their own, would be advantaged by your benefaction. Build your own monuments, and not leave it to the whim of others. Some of the best people sleeping in Greenwood have no monuments at all, or some crumbling stones that in a few years will let the rain wash out name and epitaph; while some men, whose death was the

Abatement of a Nuisance,

have a pile of polished Aberdeen high enough for a king, and eulogium enough to embarrass a seraph.

Pictures are no longer the exclusive possession of the affluent. There is not a respectable home in these cities that have not specimens of woodcut or steel engraving, if not of painting, and your whole family will feel the moral uplifting or depression. Have nothing on your wall or in books that will familiarize the young with scenes of cruelty or wassail; have only those sketches made by artists in elevated moods, and none of those scenes that seem the product of artistic delirium tremens. Pictures are not only a strong but a universal language. The human race is divided into almost as many languages as there are nations, but the pictures may speak to people of all tongues.

Furthermore, let all reformers, and all Sabbath school teachers, and all Christian workers realize that if they would be effective for good, they must make pictures, if not by chalk on blackboards, or kindergarten designs, or by pencil on canvas, then by words. Arguments are soon forgotten; but pictures, whether in language or in colors, are what produce strongest effects. Christ was always telling what a thing was like, and His sermon on the mount was a great picture gallery, beginning with a sketch of a "city on a hill that cannot be hid," and ending with a tempest beating against two houses, one on the rock and the other on the sand.

There are men and women in this world by hundreds of thousands who have a fine natural taste, and yet all their lives that taste has been suppressed, and although they could appreciate the galleries of Dresden and Vienna and Naples far more than 999 out of 1000 who visit them, they never may go, for they must support their households, and bread and schooling for their children are of more importance than pictures. Though fond of music, they are compelled to live amid discord, and though fond of architecture, they dwell in clumsy abodes, and though appreciative of all that engravings and paintings can do, they are in perpetual deprivation.

At the cyclorama of Gettysburg which we had in Brooklyn, one day a blind man, who lost his sight in that battle, was with his child heard talking while standing before that picture. The blind man said to the daughter: "Are there at the right of the picture some regiments marching up a hill?" "Yes," she said. "Well," said the blind man "is there a general on horseback leading them on?" "Yes," she said. "Well, is there rushing down on these men a cavalry charge?" "Yes," was the reply. "And do there seem to be many dying and dead?" "Yes," was the answer. "Well, now, do you see a shell from the woods bursting near the wheel of a cannon?" "Yes," she said. "Stop right there!" said the blind man. "That is the last thing I ever saw on earth. What a time it was, Jennie, when I lost my eyesight!" But when you, who have found life a hard battle, a very Gettysburg, shall stand in the royal gallery of heaven and with your new vision begin to see and understand that which in your earthly blindness you could not see at all, you will point out to your celestial comrades, perhaps to your own dear children who have gone before, the scenes of the earthly conflicts in which you participated.

THE SEASON'S DELICACIES.

Globe Readers Can Now Revel in Quail on Toast.

The markets are rich in vegetables, fruits and game, and the tastes and desires of all can be met. Game is particularly abundant, and the cold weather is favorable to a brisk demand for it. Watermelons and shelled beans are among the things that were. This week's prices as furnished by Tucker & Roak, 15 Boylston street, are as follows:

Quail, $3.50 a dozen.
Pigeons, $3 a dozen.
Partridge, $1.25 a pair.
Black duck, $1.50 a pair.
Woodcock, 75 cents each.
Halibut, 20 and 25 cents.
Beets, 5 cents a quart.
Lemons, 15 to 20 cents.
Lettuce, 3 to 5 cents.
Tomatoes, 15 cents a quart.
Oranges, 25 to 30 cents a dozen.
Sweet potatoes, 3 cents a pound.
Egg plant, 15 to 25 cents each.
Leeks, 10 cents a bunch.
Oyster plant, 10 cents each.
Native pumpkin, 25 cents each.
Peaches, 50 cents a dozen.
New cauliflower, 15 to 25 cents each.
Green peppers, 15 cents a quart.
Celery, 15 to 25 cents a bunch.
Delaware grapes, 65 cents to $1 a basket.
Williams apples, 50 cents a peck.
Gravenstein apples, 50 cents a peck.
Bartlett pears, $4 a bushel.
Concord grapes, 10 cents a pound.
Martha grapes, 10 cents a pound.
Green corn, 35 cents a dozen.
Fresh caught salmon, 18 to 25 cents.
Fresh mackerel, 12 to 25 cents each.
Yellow bananas, 30 to 35 cents a dozen.
Niagara water grapes, 60 cents a basket.
Orange quince, 80 cents to $1 a peck.
Hot-house cucumbers, 25 cents each.
Pomegranates, 12 and 15 cents each.
Egyptian onions, 50 cents a dozen.
Honey, 25 and 30 cents a pound.
Oysters, 40 cents a quart.
Native and imported plums, 5 to 25 cents a dozen.
California muscatelle grapes, 30 cents a pound, 90 cents a basket.
California Tokay grapes, 70 cents a basket.
Fine Hamburg grapes, $1 per pound.
New California squash, 10 cents each.
White and colored Malaga grapes, 25 to 30 cents a pound.
Extra Bartlett pears, 40 to 60 cents a dozen.
Spinach, 35 cents a peck.
Water cresses, 5 cents a bunch.
Jamaica oranges, 25 to 50 cents a dozen.
Barberries, three quarts for 25 cents.
Cranberries, 12 cents a quart.
Salem grapes, 50 cents a basket.
Radishes, long and round, 5 cents a bunch.
Red cabbage, 15 to 20 cents a head.
Chickens, 20 to 25 cents.
Rabbits, 25 cents.
South shore fowl, 18 to 20 cents.
Green geese, 25 cents.
Young ducks, 20 to 25 cents.
Chicken turkeys, 30 to 35 cents.
Whitefish, 20 cents.
Native smelts, 20 to 25 cents.
Bluefish, 17 cents.
Yearlings and muttons, 20 cents.
Beef tips, 25 cents.
Veal, 17 to 20 cents.
Lamb, 17 and 18 cents.

Of No Moment.

[Philadelphia Record.]

Anxious mother—My dear little Dick has been fighting again.

Husband—He has, eh? Where's that switch? Got his face all scratched up, I suppose?

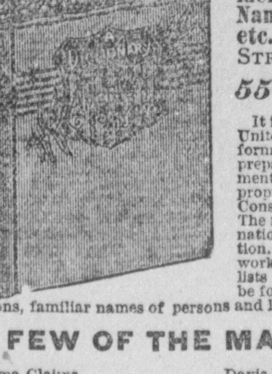
"N-o."

"Clothes torn, maybe."

"No, he didn't get hurt this time. It was the other boy that got hurt."

"Oh! Well, boys will be boys, my dear. Is supper ready?"

A Dictionary of American Politics.



Comprising accounts of Political Parties, Measures and Men; Explanations of the Constitution; Divisions and Practical Workings of the Government, together with Political Phrases, Familiar Names of Persons and Places, Noteworthy Sayings, etc., etc. By EVERIT BROWN AND ALBERT STRAUSS. This book contains

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Black Cockade.
Black Friday.
Black Laws.
Bloody Shirt.
Blue Hen.
Blue Laws.
Boodle.
Border Ruffians.
Broad Seal War.
Brother Jonathan.
Brown, John.
Buckshot War.
Burlingame Treaty.
Burr Conspiracy.
Canadian Rebellion.
Canal Ring.
Cast an Anchor to Windward.
Censures of the President.
Cheeseparing.
Cherokee Case.
Chinese Question.
Cipher Despatches.
Civil Rights Bill.
Civil Service Reform.
Clay Whigs.
Coinage.
Compromise of 1850.
Concord Mob.
Conscience Whigs.
Conservatives.
Constitutional Union Party.
Convention of 1787.
Contraband of War.
Corner Stone Speech.
Credit Mobilier.
Creole Case.
Crittenden Compromise.
Dark Horse.
Dartmoor Massacre.
Davis-Wade Manifesto.
Debt of the United States.
De Golyer Contract.
Democratic-Republican Party.
Disputed Elections.
Don't Give Up the Ship.
Dorr Rebellion.
Draft Riots.
Dred Scott Case.
Electoral Commission.
Embargo Act.
Essex Junta.
Farewell Addresses.
Federal Party.
Fenian Brotherhood.
Fifty four, forty or fight
Filibusters.
Fishery Treaties.
Forty-Niners.
Free Soil Party.
Fugitive Slave Laws.
Gag Laws.
Gerrymander.
Grangers.
Greenback-Labor Party
Hard Cider Campaign.
Hartford Convention.
Indian wars.
Jay's Treaty.
Kansas-Nebraska Bill.
Ku-Klux Klan.
Land Grants.
Lecompton Constitution.
Liberty Party.
Loco-Focos.
Log Rolling.
Mason and Dixon's Line.
McLeod Case.
Monroe Doctrine.
Morey Letter.
Mormons.
Mulligan Letters.
National Republican Party.
Navigation Laws.
Northwest Boundary.
Nullification.
O Grab Me Act.
Old Hickory.
Pan-Electric Scandal.
Paris Monetary Conference.
Peace Congress.
Pensions.
Personal Liberty Party.
Peruvian Guano Troubles.
Pewter Muggers.
Party Platforms.
Popular Sovereignty.
Population of United States.
Presidential Votes.
Progressive Labor Party.
Prohibition.
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Rum, Romanism and Rebellion
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Surplus.
Tammany.
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Third Term.
Toledo War.
Treaties of the United States.
Tub Conspiracy.
Tweed Ring.
United Labor Party.
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THE WEEKLY GLOBE,
Boston, Mass.

ADMIRAL'S NAVY REPORT.

Our Ships Now Manned Mostly by Scandinavians.

Our Policy Lies in Building Fast Cruisers and Heavy Iron-Clads.

Result of Examination of New Transcontinental Tariffs.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 26.—Admiral D. D. Porter, in his annual report to the secretary of the navy, says he regards sailing vessels as the best practice ships afloat, and that while a couple of steamers might well be employed as gunnery ships, the Portsmouth, Jamestown and Saratoga should be retained in the navy for the purpose of giving the apprentice boys an extended voyage to sea.

He says that all practice ships should be exempted from the operation of the 20 per cent. law, so as to permit their repair to any extent that might be required.

In regard to the time of enlistment he recommends a change in the regulation so as to provide that apprentices be shipped for 10 years, with the understanding that they are eligible to the highest grades of petty officers, if found competent to fill the position. He says that the apprentice system, although on a limited scale, is one of the best institutions in the navy. In speaking of the apprentice system he says:

"The crews of our ships are generally made up of sailors from every part of the world, but mostly of the Scandinavian race, good reliable men in time of peace, who care little under what flag they sail. They come and enlist in our navy, softened in character, it is true, but they are the same free lances as of old. They ship for money. They have no sentiment for our flag or nationality, and, possibly, if it came to an action with a ship of their own or a neighboring nation, they would haul down the American colors and hoist their own. This is a contingency against which we should provide, and we have the means of doing so through the vast number of American boys who are roaming the streets at will, and who would consider government employment a boon. What is required is a larger number of native-born apprentice boys, and an enlargement of the conveniences for their introduction into the service."

The admiral says that for years he has doubted the efficiency of the Whitehead and other fish torpedoes, and he adds: "The torpedo, no doubt, can be made a powerful adjunct to other appliances, but as matters now stand, the mobile torpedo would be comparatively useless against heavily armored ships with power guns, which would hold their own, notwithstanding they might be hampered with nets enough to keep out a whale torpedo. Ships might have to pause for a while before torpedoes planted on the bottom, but the stoppage would be temporary. Great ships with great guns will command the situation, and having once affected an entrance into the harbor, can, by aid of their electric lights, send a party of divers to the bottom and cut the wires connecting submerged mines. These are at present the only torpedoes to be feared as very dangerous, and these become less formidable after having remained for some time under water. Our country more than any other stands in need of torpedo vessels of from 1600 to 2600 tons displacement until we can get our new navy fairly started. This class of vessels could be built much more rapidly than the cruiser or armor-clad, their batteries to be not larger than six-inch rifles and fitted with machine and rapid firing guns. Hulls on the plan of the Polyphemus would be good ones with which to begin. I do not refer to vessels firing any other than submerged torpedoes. Projectiles discharged at an elevation with the expectation of securing the qualities of torpedoes, or made to descend on the decks of moving ships, will prove failures. Vessels firing shells, either direct or elevated, should not be considered in the torpedo list.

No matter whether we bring dynamite shells and torpedo vessels to perfection or not, our policy lies in building fast cruisers and heavy armor-clads like the Puritan, Maine and Texas. These are the heavy artillery, which in all battles have decided the contest, and will continue to do so, for the ingenuity of man will always contrive some plan to protect the prime factors—the great ships—from the annoyances of the small fry. It has been so thus far in the race for the supremacy of the big ships and will so continue. A country's first aim should be to protect its coasts and large cities thereon. This can only be done by heavy armor-clads and strong fortifications carrying the most powerful guns that can be constructed."

In closing his report the admiral recommends that the sum of $12,000 be appropriated for the support of the naval war college, an institution he regards as absolutely necessary in bringing the service up to the required standard.

You Must Hold a Live Partridge Right.

[Norwich special in New York Sun.]

Norwich sportsmen have shown themselves to be such incompetent hunters that the birds are coming to town to look after them. A bevy of quail strolled through the back yards of Broadway houses in this city a few days ago, and on one day a full grown partridge under rapid headway plunged through a pane of glass into William Burke's kitchen in Boswell avenue, in the heart of the city. Mr. Burke has only one arm, and he could not catch the lively bird, as she careered back and forth across his room, but his wife, who has two arms, captured the partridge before it had upset all the kitchen materials on the table and shelves. Mr. Burke was very proud of his prize, and proposed to sell it at a game store and with the proceeds of the sale get a new pane for his window. But he took the partridge outdoors to show it to a neighbor—he does not know how it happened—and suddenly there was a flutter; he saw a peculiar blue hole in the sky, a dizzy streak in the direction of the distant wood, and he looked in his hand and the partridge was not there.

GIFT OF $1,000,000

To Educate Colored People of the South.

Unprecedented Donation to the American Missionary Association.

The Strange Story of the Vast Fortune Earned by Daniel Hand.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 25.—In the course of the address by Secretary M. E. Strieby, D. D., delivered at the afternoon session of the American Missionary Association, the following statements were made amid loud applause:

"The American Missionary Association, now in session in this city, has this week received the largest gift ever made in this country by a living donor to a benevolent society. Daniel Hand, an aged resident of Clinton, Conn., formerly a merchant in the South, has given to the association $1,000,894.25, in interest-bearing securities, to be held in trust and known as "The Daniel Hand Educational Fund for Colored People," the income only to be used for the education of colored people in the Southern States."

After remarks by D. O. Mears, D. D., of Worcester, Mass., the following resolution, offered by Deacon Samuel Holmes, was passed amid great enthusiasm with a rising vote.

Resolved, That we recognize the goodness of Almighty God in putting it into the heart of David Hand to make the munificent gift of more than one million dollars for the education of the colored youth of the South, to be expended under the direction of the American Missionary Association. We rejoice in the flood of beneficient influence which will flow through all the years from this noble service. We gratefully accept the trust put upon us, promising to use it as a stimulus for increased activity on the part of the Christian church.

The Doxology was sung and a prayer of thanksgiving offered, after which the society adjourned to the chapel for the annual business meeting, while the body of the church was given up to the meeting of the Woman's bureau.

Mr. Hand is some 87 years old. There is an interesting story back of his gift to the society. When the war broke out he was a thriving wholesale grocer at Charleston, S. C. He was forced to leave hurridly, and left the property in charge of his clerk, George Williams, telling him to use it to his best advantage until Hand's return. Hand supposed his property had been confiscated by the Confederates and made no inquiries for over 20 years. He was then greatly surprised to learn that Williams had sold the Charleston property and invested the proceeds in pine timber lands and it had increased in value to a wonderful degree, and that Williams had faithfully held the profits in trust, waiting to hear from Hand. In 1887 a settlement was made and each man cleared about $1,000,000. This is supposed to be the money that Hand now returns to the South to educate the negroes.

At the business meeting the following officers were elected for the next year: President, William M. Taylor, D. D., LL. D., of New York; vice presidents, A. J. F. Behrends, D. D., New York; F. A. Noble, D. D., Illinois; Alex. McKenzie, D. D., Massachusetts; D. O. Mears, D. D., Massachusetts; Henry Hopkins, D. D., Missouri; corresponding secretaries, M. E. Strieby, D. D., 56 Reade street, New York; A. F. Beard, D. D., 56 Reade street, New York; recording secretary, M. E. Strieby, D. D., 56 Reade street, New York; treasurer, H. W. Hubbard, Esq., 56 Reade street, New York; auditors, Peter McCartee, Charles F. Pierce; executive committee, for three years, J. E. Rankin, J. W. Cooper, Edmund L. Champlin, William H. Ward, John H. Washburn; for two years, Charles A. Hull.

At the meeting of the Women's bureau, which was led by Mrs. C. A. Woodbury of Maine, the report upon woman's work was read by the secretary, Miss D. E. Emerson of New York. This was followed by missionary addresses on "Mountain Whites," by Mrs. A. A. Myers of Jellico, Tenn; on "Colored Women," by Mrs. G. W. Moore of Washington, D. C.; on "Indians," by Miss Collins of Dakota. The closing address was made by the president, Mrs. Woodbury.

The association adjourned tonight after listening to addresses by the Rev. D. O. Mears of Worcester, Rev. Dr. Behrends of Brooklyn, and a stirring address of parting by President Taylor. After the usual vote of thanks the association adjourned to meet next year at Chicago.

An Embarrassed Clergyman.

[Savannah News.]

An amusing incident happened at the recent Sam Jones tabernacle meeting at Cartersville. One of the most devout ministers of North Georgia, who resides in a town not a thousand miles from Cartersville, left home to spend a day or two at these meetings. The sudden cool weather that came about during the meetings caused overcoats to become a great requisite. The clergyman alluded to did not have his overcoat along, but the family whom he was stopping with kindly tendered the use of one which answered every purpose. After securing a seat up near the pulpit the minister proceeded to take of his overcoat, and while doing so a deck of cards fell from a side pocket as he was folding the coat to hang on the back of his chair. To see the minister, who for many years has been engaged in making such a crusade against cards, reaching after a 10 spot here and a jack of spades there, and hiding them away as fast as he could get them back into his pocket, certainly created a ripple among those seated near him.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above-named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their express and P. O. address. Respectfully, T. A. Slocum, M. C., 181 Pearl st., New York.

OUR CURRICULUM.

What Shall the Public Schools Teach?

Statesmen and Thinkers Produced in an Age Fed on Husks and Empty Shells.

Lecture of Rabbi Solomon Schindler at Temple Adath Israel.

"What Shall Our Public Schools Teach?" was the subject treated by Rabbi Schindler yesterday morning in his weekly lecture at the Temple Adath Israel. He spoke as follows:

The evils of life, and especially those which apparently are the result of an unequal distribution of the good things in this world among its inhabitants, have caused since the most ancient times the greatest and best men to strain their mental powers for a discovery of a method how to do away with such a baneful condition of things. Some of the most lovable idealists have not only proposed plans for an amelioration of affairs, but they have even sacrificed their lives in the attempt to realize their visions. History is filled with the narratives of such enthusiasts who have spent their means and their lives in the vain endeavor to abolish poverty, and the field of history is, so to say, strewn with the debris of schemes and enterprises which one after the other have exploded, carrying death and destruction not into the hostile camp, but instead among their instigators and friends.

Of all the different schemes that were proposed socialism was one that found the greatest favor among the masses. It was, indeed, such a soothing thought that the community should be burdened with the load that every one of its members had to carry individually and, whereas, experience proved every day that the burden which could not be moved by one person could be handled with ease by two, or by the many, the hope that the State would sometime undertake to care for every one of its members, could, therefore, never be entirely extinguished, and its light flared up again even at times when the embers were still covered with the ashes of the last unfortunate conflagration. Owing to the visionary character of the socialistic philosophy, and still more, perhaps, to the social standing of its supporters, socialism has become in our days a by-word, an epithet, which denotes rather an element dangerous to the social welfare than a friend and supporter of it. It matters little what we may think of the schemes which the socialistic reformers in our days advocate, but so much remains sure, that in the course of time the socialistic philosophy has not retrograded, but has seen so successful a realization as no prophet of old has ever predicted for it.

The very first socialistic success was the army and navy of a nation. The individual who, in a time previous to that, carried his life in his own hands and was under necessity to defend himself and those dependent on him as best he could with his own hands, trusted now his welfare, his life and property to the care of the state. While he patriotically took a place in the army and was ready to sacrifice his life in the defence of the country, he felt sure that his safety and that of his family was better protected now through the army of the state than ever before through his own valor. The state in our days protects life, liberty and property of its citizens, by means of an army, against all those that might assail them from within or from without, and no matter what name we may give it, the military department of every nation is socialism realized in that particular branch—one standing for all.

All Standing for One.

The socialistic idea, however, has gained a still greater triumph in another sphere. Not satisfied to defend the community against foes who may threaten the life, the liberty and the possessions of its members, it took shape and form in an institution which was to fight the greatest of all human foes, viz., ignorance. It took form and shape in public schools.

The state, recognizing the evils which would come to it through the ignorance of its members and appreciating the blessings that knowledge brings to it, compels you and me to entrust our children—the most precious treasures which we own—to its guardianship. Whether we care or not our personal likings or dislikes are set aside and we are compelled to send our children for a stipulated time to the public school. Every member of the state, whether he has got children to send to school or not, is taxed for the support of that institution according to his means in the view that the community at large is benefited if its members are well disciplined and well educated. Individualism is entirely ignored and the child of the poorest citizen receives the same education with the child of the richest at the expense, perhaps, of some one who has no children at all.

From the moment, however, that our children enter the gate of the schoolhouse we lose our control over them, in so far as the course of studies is concerned, through which the state obliges them to pass, and while the state, on the one hand, takes a burden from the shoulders of the individual citizen in providing education for his children, it assumes, on the other hand, a responsibility which is not less tremendous. If the state is given the right to take my child away from me certain hours a day for several years, I have the right to demand that this precious time is not wasted and that my child shall receive in return not only a proper education, but the best that can be obtained. The responsibility of the state begins with the care it has to take of the physical welfare of the child that is entrusted to it. It becomes its first duty to bring it into pleasant surroundings, to supply it with pure air and good light, to protect it against all dangers that may come to it through fire or other accidents, and to provide the schoolhouse with all such improvements which the study by hygienic philosophy would suggest.

Its second and foremost duty, however, is to prescribe a course of education such as will fit the child into the system of civilization of which it is to become a part, and here we strike a snag. The question, "What shall the public shools teach," has always been one upon which no agreement was secured, and in our very days it has been pushed so much into the foreground that it absorbs the thoughts of all and calls for our closest attention.

There have always been two roads which were regarded as leading out of the

Labyrinth of Dissension,

and for the time either the one or the other was taken, although neither of them has ever given satisfaction, nor brought the question itself nearer to the hoped for solution. Each road had its advocates and its able defenders, and in the opinion of these champions there was no other road that would lead mankind out of the dilemma. One road was paved with the principles of practical utility: the other was plastered with principles of a more theoretical nature.

It is the most natural and the most legitimate of our desires to continue our own life in that of our children, and that they should be enabled to begin life at the very point where we ended it. It is, therefore, not surprising at all that the utilitarian philosophy should have found the greatest number of supporters among all those who were concerned in the welfare of the future generation. The more we advance in life the more we become conscious of our own ignorance of the many branches of knowledge from which we might have derived the greatest benefit if an opportunity had been given to us. But what we did not learn we wish our children to learn, and it is a fact that the more ignorant people sometimes are the more do they endeavor to give their children a good education. The standpoint of utility when taken offers a great many advantages and surely points to laudable objects, but if the state in prescribing a course of instruction should take it its success would be doubtful, not only on account of the short period of school life, but of the brevity of human life in general. The old latin proverb "vita brevis est, ars longa"—life is short and art long—holds good today as it ever did before, and if any fault is to be found with our present system of school teaching, it is that we have walked the road of utility too much and that we have crowded the curriculum of our schools to such an extent that it is merely a question of time when it must break down under its own weight.

No one will deny that the elementary branches, the so-called three R's, with an addition of grammar, geography and history, are absolutely needed as a basis of education. But there is a crowd of other branches which seem to be of the same importance. Add to this that none of these branches of knowledge is harmful, and that of none of them can it be said that it is useless, and you will easily understand how it happens that, especially in our days, so many studies are advocated to be admitted into the curriculum of the public school instruction, and defended with so much logic and good sense that only one question remains to be answered, viz.: How to find time for all.

If in our attempt to solve the question, what shall our public schools teach? we should dare to begin sifting the many branches that are taught at present, and that are proposed to be taught in the future, we would commit a grave mistake right at the start.

The road of utility had been taken and tried a long time ago in Germany. It had received there its utmost development, and when it was given up in despair reaction drove instructors right into a road diametrically opposed to it.

This other road left utility entirely out of consideration. Its advocates and defenders claimed that it becomes the duty of the State to prepare the child for his entrance into life by merely developing its mental and physical faculties. Their philosophy was as follows: Every human being, they said, stands in a relation to the world outside of him, while he himself is the representative of another world that is within himself. These two worlds crave communication which is established by means of the senses and the mental forces. Man gives and takes, he receives but he also disburses. If, therefore, he is prepared through his school life to bring these two worlds into a proper communication with each other, if his brains are so prepared through schooling that they allow of an easy and quick transit of thought, if his thoughts, so to say, are liquefied; if, on the other hand, his organs of speech are properly trained to give expression to his thoughts through sound, or his hands are properly educated to communicate the dictates of the inner world to the outer one by means of visible or tangible tokens, the duty of the state would be fulfilled. They claimed, furthermore, that it must be left to the individual taste and to the individual energy to enter afterwards upon such a course of studies as will enable a man to gain a livelihood, and that it is as absurd to demand of the state to teach a child to become a lawyer, or to fit him for business, as it would be to teach a boy in the school to become a shoemaker, carpenter, locksmith or bricklayer.

We know that in olden times the minds of the young were trained on the most absurd things, and still these generations have

Produced Thinkers and Philosophers

which are yet admired by us. We know that the absurd scholasticism of the middle ages still produced a Luther, a Melancthon, a Spinoza. We know that the great statesmen of this country, men who invite the admiration of the present age, were still brought up mentally on what we might call today husks and empty shells. I shall never forget it that at the early age of 9 or 10 years I received my first lesson in the Talmud on a chapter that treated of the divorce law and which discussed the subject for what reasons a man might divorce his wife. Could there have been a study more absurd than this to a boy of 9 years? Indeed, I did not understand more of the subject than does this desk, and still I know it for a fact that I learned my reasoning and arguing from these hair-splitting discussions.

Of course I do not wish to insinuate that we should introduce such lessons into our public schools, nor do I wish to be understood as saying that the more absurd a subject is the better it will be fitted to bring out our mental abilities. What I do wish to state is, that the philosophy which discards utility and which claims that it is the business of the public school merely to train and discipline the mind without any regard to the butter and bread question is not to be shoved aside as absurd or ridiculous.

I think, however, that there might be a road lying between these two divergent roads. If this conciliatory standpoint would be taken I think that the whole question could find an early and easy solution. We would then understand that one branch of instruction, whatever it might be, whether it be the knowledge of language, or the knowledge of mathematics, or the knowledge of history, or the knowledge of the carpenter's art, is as good as the other, and serves the same purpose as does the other, that they are the means for but not the end of the harmonious development of all our facilities, and that the state meets its responsibility fully if it prepares the young aspirant for citizenship in such a manner for his future life that he will be able to take up afterwards any branch of usefulness to which his own likings and talents will direct him.

I shall return to the subject of today in a separate lecture which with the help of God I intend to deliver next week, and which shall treat on the system to be adopted by our public schools for the purpose of carrying out properly the objects for which they are established and for which the State can be held responsible.

INDIAN UPRISING IMMINENT.

Whiskey and Malcontents Making Trouble Among the Navajos—Precautionary Measures of Major-General Miles.

ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., Oct. 28.—The trouble at the Navajo reservation is the result of efforts being made to have renegade redskins taken back to the reservation.

The fear that they may commit murders is causing considerable anxiety among isolated settlers. A band recently purchased about 100 gallons of whiskey, which they peddled out to other Indians, and some of them have become threatening.

Generals Miles and Carr are at Fort Defiance, conferring with Agent Patterson and the "head men" of the Navajos, with the view of having the renegades rounded up and ordered back to the reservation. If the conference does not result satisfactorily troops will be called into requisition, and an uprising of the Navajos will doubtless occur.

FLYING WITHOUT WINGS.

Soaring Powers of the Inhabitants of the Deep—Toads that Dart from Tree to Tree.

[San Francisco Chronicle.]

"Just keep your eye on this fellow." The speaker had just returned from a trip across the Pacific, and his room was filled with curiosities from about every part of Southern Asia and India, and his remarks were addressed to a Chronicle reporter. From a small cage he had taken a brilliant-hued lizard. He balanced it upon his hand and with a quick motion tossed it high into the air. Now a horned toad or one of the common lizards of our Western slope would have gone up like a rocket and come down like a rock, but this lizard was not of this kind. It rose, then it seemed to grow larger, to swell out like a balloon, and instead of dropping it sailed away at an angle and deftly alighted on the top of a plush-covered chair, where it clung, looking about in amazement.

"Yes," continued the owner, taking the pet again, "it is a flying lizard—a wingless flyer at that, one of the most remarkable of the lizard tribe."

Tossing the little creature up again, it seemed to spread, and again flew away, buoyed by some mysterious power.

"I got my pet in the island of Borneo," said the naturalist. "It was my intention merely to collect skins, but one day I was walking along through the forest, when I saw what I took for a brilliantly colored butterfly coming along. As I drew nearer I saw that it was a lizard, and, standing perfectly still, it shot by me. Having a switch in my hand I struck it down, and so secured it and carried it to camp in my pocket. Finding that it would live I kept it, and soon saw that it was quite a pet, and if I can get it to England shall deposit it in the London Zoological Gardens.

On the wing the Dracovolans, as this little creature is called, resembles a richly tinted insect, but when at rest it can be compared to a lizard with extraordinary protuberances on either side. These are the so-called wings, which are formed of a cutaneous growth upon either side, winglike in shape and supported by a series of false ribs. In color the lizard is blue and gray, with tints of various kinds and shades. The tail is long, slender, and beneath the head depends a double pouch, giving the animal rather a ferocious appearance.

The wing-like organs are used merely as parachutes. When the lizard leaps into the air the upward current brings them out and enables the possessor to soar away at an angle to a greater or less distance, according to the height from which the leap was made.

The lizard can change its direction while in the air to either side; hence a casual observer might readily believe them to move the so-called wings and actually fly; but soaring is the limit of their powers, and in this way they travel long distances—several hundred yards from tree to tree.

Some years ago a naturalist was wandering in the forests of Sumatra, when he observed a curious object dashing away through the air. It was soon followed by another and another, all seeming to swoop down from the trees, and rising, to alight again. Anxious to discover what these curious animals were he concealed himself in a bush and awaited their reappearance. Soon one came dashing along, and as it reached him he fired with small bird shot, and succeeded in bringing the flyer down. To his astonishment it was a toad; not an animal like a toad, but a regular toad; not so different from our ordinary tree toads, but provided by nature with remarkable webs between its toes, which formed parachutes of sufficient spread to bear up the little creature in its flights from tree to tree. Its method of procedure was similar to that of the lizard already described.

The most wonderful flyers in the world's history are found among the reptiles, especially among the strange fossil forms of the prehistoric world. Imagine a bat with wings 22 feet across from tip to tip, and some idea may be gained of these remarkable creatures that flew through the air, spreading terror everywhere. Imagine this bat, with a beak like a bird, armed with ferocious teeth, and we have a veritable dragon in all that the term implies. Their wings seemed like huge pieces of parchment stretched from long, attenuated fingers. These creatures were known as Pteranodores, and in America were found ranging from pigeons in size to the gigantic creatures described.

In a trip out from the Golden Gate in almost any direction one may see some of the most interesting of all flyers, the flying fishes. The writer has watched these little creatures in all waters where they are found, and those of our waters between San Francisco and San Diego are by far the most interesting, making the most remarkable flights. During a recent trip in the vicinity of Santa Catalina these fishes were constantly leaving the water in front of the vessel and soaring away with their wonderful wing-like pectorals and ventrals spread to the breeze.

MEN OF TODAY.

Professor Proctor on the Longevity of the Race.

Differences of the People and Faults of America and England.

Inferior in Some Respects Still to Greece and Rome.

[Copyright.]

I suppose the average American, even more than the average Briton, considers this an age which has advanced greatly beyond all races and nations of past times. It would seem preposterous to compare the Englishman of the days of good Queen Bess with the Englishman of today, and still more with the American of the ever-expanding West. Let any Englishman or American consider what the next few months will bring to him, in what degree he will have occasion to take advantage of the developments of modern civilization, and the idea will seem absurd that a race which knew nothing of these developments might, nevertheless, have been a far more cultured and humanized race than our modern Anglo-Americans. If this idea would seem absurd, how much more absurd would the idea seem that the ancient Greek or Roman, even the ancient Hebrew, Egyptian or Chaldean might have been a more fully developed man than the modern Englishman or even the modern Americans. Poor Cicero could not send a telegraphic despatch. Neither Pericles nor Alcibiades ever travelled by the fast express. Amos and Isaiah, to say nothing of Aaron and Moses, would have been appalled at the suggestion of tram cars and elevators, corners in grain, or boring for mineral oil. Yet it is not altogether clear when we consider the matter aright that the modern drummer who enjoys all these advantages is superior to the ancient Greek or Roman, Hebrew, Egyptian or Assyrian.

The fact has in reality been that because evolution has carried the human race, in its more civilized branches, in a certain direction, it has been assumed without sufficient inquiry that this direction is that of advance—as though evolution

Always Meant Advance.

Evolution means always a constantly increasing fitness for the surroundings—but by no means improvement and advance, for the surroundings may absolutely require deterioration and coarsening, not merely for success, but for bare survival. If a race of cultured philosophers were by stress of circumstances compelled to make their abode in a wild and savage community, or if (which would come to precisely the same thing) a wild and savage community, surrounded and encroached upon a community cultured and civilized and softened to the highest degree—which among the members of this community would have the best chance to survive and therefore be in Spencer's sense the fittest to survive? Would it be the most philosophical? On the contrary they would be without a shadow of a chance. They would be, as a matter of fact, what Henry Labouchere has called them by way of insult, the Leprachauns of society and would perish incontinently, whereas the rougher and least sensitive would not only survive but thrive. But without going so far as to consider a savage, take a business community, say a community of English commercial men, or American drummers: would tenderly poetical or profoundly philosophic men have have a better chance than men who can face out their part, neither poetical nor philosophical?—men who can persuade their fellows that they want a supply of shagreen spectacles, when in reality all the requirements of their highly cultured minds would be well satisfied without any such coarsely material products of commerce? We know well that it is not the gentle and tender, not the philosophic or scientific, but the obtrusive and vulgar who have the best chance of survival in the struggle for wages—and in our day the struggle for wages is no other than the struggle for life.

"By their fruits ye shall know them." It is thus we must

Test Ages and Races

and nations. Take where possible the most advanced development of any race or nation, or where as yet such development has not been reached, take the manifest tendencies of the development of a still advancing race or nation, and compare works and deeds and thoughts—so may we recognize whether there has been improvement or deterioration in the leading races and nations of the world.

When we do this thoughtfully and without prejudice, it does not appear altogether clear that lapse of time has led to the true advancement of man in what constitutes his real dignity, in what really differentiates the human race from animal races. I am not a pessimist by nature, rather I think I err on the optimistic side, seeing that among my own surroundings I feel always hopeful of improvement and am ready to recognize improvement where it has been effected. But there are times when, contemplating the ways of those races which are regarded as most civilized and cultured, I recognize a scarcely intended accuracy of differentiation in a reply given recently by a young girl in a middle class examination in England (or, very likely, the original story was American). "The brute," said she, in explanation of the distinction between brute and man, "is an imperfect beast; man is a perfect beast." And truly, when we find a nation which rejoices to proclaim itself loyal to its monarch, rejoicing to find the aspirations of its monarch wholly warlike, and consider what war means, we cannot but see tokens of the "perfect beast" in that nation. When we find even a republic turning all its most earnest thoughts towards revenge for past defeats in war, claiming to be at the very head of civilization yet

Diligently Sharpening Claws

and teeth for a struggle with an equally war-lo[illegible]cription once a[illegible]ce, half monk[illegible]tory because [illegible]ould not be a "[illegible]r home, seeing [illegible]s in all direct[illegible]d and a repeat[illegible]r these repea[illegible]the description [illegible] certain Europ[illegible]ely brutal on[illegible]n to no other [illegible]wer, the taunt [illegible]it Gracchos [illegible]s for another [illegible]a great republ[illegible]he others, b[illegible]ead of civiliz[illegible] for its leadin[illegible]hen the strang[illegible]es with wonde[illegible]ocially, politic[illegible]ionally.

Is t[illegible]ead the philos[illegible]ure and civiliz[illegible]y as surpassin[illegible]proaching th[illegible] ancient Athen[illegible]m British to[illegible]g her at the he[illegible]t, however, [illegible] have a strong[illegible]nst her, like O[illegible]w most faults[illegible]ost confident[illegible] average Athen[illegible] the nation's [illegible]ng her teache[illegible] of the Pollo[illegible]

Midst of London

and sh[illegible]en carried to [illegible]ation in Engla[illegible]nd rural popula[illegible]g points of mod[illegible]ief exhibitio[illegible]tc., is it quite [illegible] opinion hones[illegible]nd has gone f[illegible] remem-branc[illegible] is your scienc[illegible] philosophy i[illegible]ture is highe[illegible] present noble[illegible] our religion [illegible]ght and justice [illegible]ent, old Athen[illegible] slang I think [illegible] taught me "is [illegible] modern Engla[illegible] would say n[illegible]

Eve[illegible]a there were [illegible]ially in the m[illegible] some of our bo[illegible]rogres-sions [illegible]gyptians and A[illegible] put the forces [illegible]e have, but w[illegible] earth's garne[illegible] by the well d[illegible] forces, and t[illegible]han we have [illegible] their achie[illegible] powers, with [illegible]al and iron, s[illegible] regards science there are things we might still learn from builders of the great pyramid, and of those grand Ninevitish edifices whose remains even are more impressive by sheer massiveness than the greatest building of our day. Of the religion of the ancient Assyrians we know little but through symbolisms which probably we have wholly failed to interpret. But of the religion of the Egyptians we know enough to feel assured that it was full of beautiful teachings. Its morality was far higher than that of the early Hebrew religion. Its ceremonial was not less complex, its sacrificial system not less repugnant to modern ideas of what is fitting for the worship of the God of the universe; but ceremony and sacrifice in Egyptian worship, though in all essential respects the same as ceremony and sacrifice in ancient Hebrew worship, were superior in this, that they had a definite meaning, whereas in the Hebrew system we find new meanings foisted upon old observvances by legislators who, though they were learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, had not been taught the esoteric significance of Egyptian religious ceremonial. In ancient Persia, India, China and Japan, on this side of the Atlantic as on the other, races and nations existed in the past whose highest developments, were they fairly and justly compared with the highest developments of existing races, would not seem inferior except one in certain material advantages not intrinsically significant. RICHARD A. PROCTOR.

RICH FIND OF PLUMBAGO.

No Mine in America Can Produce as Fine Black Lead as the New One Discovered in the Town of Adams.

NORTH ADAMS, Oct. 24.—Last April H. D. Ward of North Adams discovered in the south part of Adams, called Tophet, outcrops of plumbago promising rich returns. He secured control of a large tract of land covering the deposit, interested three others in the scheme, and began sinking a shaft. At the depth of 20 feet they have uncovered what appears to be a large vein or deposit of rich plumbago, similar in quality to the Siberian black lead used in pencils. Samples have been sent to New York, where the quality is pronounced the best of any plumbago found in the United States, and equalled by the product of only one mine in the world.

A miner who worked for years in Dixon's graphite mines at Ticonderoga and in five similar mines in the United States, was shown samples while in town recently and declared that the mines in which he worked showed nothing equal to them. The indications are that the lode is from 20 to 50 feet in width. Further investigations must be made to ascertain the extent of the deposit and if satisfactory the discovery of the mine will doubtless lead to a new and larger industry for the town of Adams. Abundant capital is at the command of the owners as soon as they can establish the actual value of the mine.

LOCKED IN ICE.

Another Arctic Horror Threatened—Thirteen Whalers in a Death Grip—Distress of Friends of the Seamen in New Bedford.

SAN FRANCISCO, Cal., Oct. 28.—News of what in all probability will prove to be one of the greatest disasters in the annals of Arctic sufferings and horrors was brought here yesterday by the whaling bark J. A. Howland, which arrived from Fox island.

She reports that information was brought to Fox island by the whaler Lucretia, Sept. 27, that 13 whalers were caught in ice floes in about lat. 74° north, long. 174° west, and that there was little chance of their extrication unless most favorable weather occurs.

The vessels have between 500 and 600 men aboard them.

Six of the vessels are from San Francisco as follows: Eliza, Hidalgo, Rosario, Hunter, John P. West and Sea Breeze. The first three are owned by Wright, Brown & Co., and with their catch as last reported, are valued at $120,000. Sea Breeze is owned by James McKenna, and valued at $50,000. The other two vessels are valued at $80,000, making a probable loss to San Francisco owners of $250,000.

There is little or no insurance.

The other seven vessels are from New Bedford, Mass. They are: Andrew Hicks, Lancer, Mars, William Bayliss, Ohio II., Reindeer and Ocean.

The first four are owned by William Lewis. His probable loss is $185,000.

Ohio II. and Reindeer are owned by Aitkin & Swift and are valued at $40,000.

Ocean is owned by G. N. Bartlett. Value $50,000.

Total valuation of vessels and catch is $520,000.

The vessels have only an ordinary season's provisions on board, and unless they are soon succored or released the crews will suffer from hunger.

A relief party has been fitted out at Fox island. It will sail on two of the Pacific Steam Whaling Company's vessels, and will take provisions enough to last 500 men from the Arctic to San Francisco. An ample supply of clothing will also be taken. News of this party is awaited here with utmost concern.

The dangerous predicament is due to a dull season which caused them to venture farther north than usual, rather than return with a small catch.

A government relief party may be organized to leave this city.

Other vessels are shortly expected from the North, when further news of the endangered vessels will be learned.

They captured 70 out of 136 whales thus far reported as total catch.

The news caused great excitement throughout the city and particularly in shipping circles.

It is stated that the captain of the Andrew Hicks would have ordered his crew to desert the vessel and take passage on the Lucretia had he been sure the latter would get out of pack ice, which she finally did.

The vessels are hemmed in about 20 miles from Herald island and in the vicinity of where the Jeannette was broken up.

No information comes from the Okotsk fleet, which usually reaches here ahead of other Arctic vessels.

It is related that when the imperilled vessels reached the grounds where they are now locked up, they had clear a space 100 miles in diameter. In two days this was reduced to 45 miles. Ice was still closing in when Lucretia left. She was the last to leave the pack ice.

WHITE GHOST AND 200 SIOUX

To Re-enforce Standing Rock Indians in Their Rumored Fight with the Crows.

MINNEAPOLIS, Minn., Oct. 28.—The Journal's Pierre, Dak. special says: "About 200 Sioux Indians under White Ghost, from the Lower Brule Agency, passed up Bad river yesterday to re-enforce the Standing Rock Indians in the rumored coming fight with the Crow Indians. It is expected that Charger, with about 300 Indians, will join them at Cheyenne. The Crows are out in force and expected to strike the blow, while the Sioux chiefs were at Washington, but they are late, as the latter have returned.

DRUMMERS NEED NO LICENSE.

The Supreme Court of the United States So Declares.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 29.—In an opinion rendered by Justice Bradley in the drummer tax case of William G. Asher vs. the State of Texas, the Supreme Court of the United States today declared unconstitutional all State laws imposing a license tax upon commercial travellers, not residents of the State, imposing the tax. Asher was a resident of New Orleans, and while selling goods by sample in Texas was arrested for violation of the State law making it a misdemeanor for any person to do business as a commercial traveller without having first taken out an occupation tax. Asher contested the constitutionality of this statute, taking the ground that it was repugnant to the clause of the Constitution giving Congress the exclusive right to regulate inter-State commerce. The State court decided against him. Asher appealed the case to the Supreme Court, which today gave a decision in his favor.

HIS ANNUAL MESSAGE.

Cleveland Will Consider It After His Return from New York.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 24.—Colonel Lamont said today to THE GLOBE correspondent that it was not likely that the President would take another vacation this year.

After his return from reviewing the parade in New York next Saturday he will commence to consider the subject of his annual message. Of course the President as yet has not given the matter any attention, but from what he said regarding it to callers at the White House it will contain another very able and vigorous chapter on the tariff. The history of the administration generally will be reviewed and special attention drawn to some of its most notable achievements. The progress of the work on the new navy, the redemption of the public domain from land grabbers, the operations of the pension bureau will all, it is understood, come in for a share of the President's attention. Naturally the tone of the message will depend on what happens on the 6th of next month.

FELL INTO A TRAP.

Continued from the First Page.

extradition of persons charged with malicious injury to property whereby the life of any person was in danger, if a crime by the general laws of both countries. It was so amended as to make malicious injuries to persons or property by the use of explosives an extraditable offence."

"Now, Mr. President," said THE GLOBE correspondent, "may I ask you if any demand has been made on the British government for the recall of Lord Sackville, and if not, have you received any assurances that his government will order him to leave Washington?"

The President hesitated for a minute, and then he said:

"I cannot tell you at this time just exactly what has been done. This is a matter of the greatest delicacy. It concerns our relations with a foreign power. We must do these things with all due dignity and in accordance with the amenities which must prevail between two governments on friendly terms with one another. There can be no unseemly haste. I say the same thing to you that I told General Collins. The people must be patient, and they must be assured that everything has been done that we consistently could do. I never yet have discussed matters of state with the outside public, nor can I do so now."

This I told General Collins, and I am sure that he understood my motives."

In speaking of the Sackville letter, the President seemed to feel keenly the extreme delicacy of his own position in relation to the affair. On the one hand he is confronted with the duty which he owes the people to maintain the dignity of the United States as its executive and properly to resent the insult of the British minister's letter. He realizes on the other hand that should he take prompt and vigorous measures in the settlement of the affair, he will be subject to the charge on the part of his political enemies of using his high office for the political advantage of the party to which he belongs. Though speaking with the utmost discretion and reticence on this point, he did not fail to make it clear that no consideration either of person or party would deter him from doing his full duty in the matter as he conscientiously sees it.

The correspondent asked the President if he thought the publication of the Sackville letter would be likely to have any effect on the

Result of the Election.

The reply of the President was very guarded.

"It is quite impossible," said he, "for me to judge accurately. But I have every confidence in the intelligence and good sense of the people of the United States, and I do not think they will be misled by an episode of this character."

The President here turned interviewer and asked whether Murchison's identity had been fully established, saying that he had not read the papers very carefully in this connection, and when informed by your correspondent that Murchison is the admitted nom de plume of the writer of the letter, and that there is a grave suspicion that Murchison and Harrison Gray Otis, editor of the Los Angeles Times, are one and the same person, the President slightly smiled and it was evident from his manner that he also entertained the same opinion.

Discussing this phase of the case, the President intimated that the public at large would very readily see through this transparent subterfuge, and thus whatever effect it was intended to have would be entirely lost.

"If it is a fair question, may I ask, Mr. President, what is your opinion of the propriety of the British minister's writing this letter?"

The President paused a moment before replying, and then said, choosing his words carefully:

"I do not think I care to criticise the action of the minister in this matter. Our estimation of it is a matter which has been officially communicated by the State Department to the British government."

"There is another question, no less delicate, which I should like to ask you. What motive impelled the British ambassador to so transcend ordinary diplomatic usages?"

The President hesitated some little time before replying, and when he did he did not make a direct answer, but he said:

"I do not understand how any one with the least intelligence could not have understood the full intent of the letter of inquiry. It contains a trap in every line. Compared to it the Morey letter was nothing."

"By the way," said the President, laughingly, "I have received an intimation that

Another Campaign Trick

is being prepared with the intention of springing it upon the voters of the country upon the eve of the election. While I do not give much credence to the rumor, it might be as well to head it off in advance. I have been informed that it is proposed that I shall receive a day or two before election a series of engrossed resolutions or some other acknowledgment of the sort, purporting to come from some English club of the Cobden order. This testimonial is to come in the nature of a compliment to the administration for its course upon the tariff question."

The President appears to keenly enjoy the ludicrous features of this rumor, and he went on to observe that unfortunately for the complete success of this enterprise the Sackville and Murchison correspondence would have the effect of rendering the public extremely suspicious of any further attempt to impose upon its credulity.

HANDS UP!

Stage Robbery in Texas—Everybody Made to Undress.

PENA, Tex., Oct. 28.—The Pena and Rio Grande stage was robbed about 20 miles from here, this morning about 3 o'clock, on the Randaro place. The robber was a short, thick man.

Sergeant Fulmer and William D. Wyunte of the United States army were among the passengers, as was also Fred W. Fruitt of J. L. Angles & Co., New Orleans. These gentlemen were made to hold up their hands and were searched. The robber got $35 from Mr. Wyunte, besides other valuables.

The driver was compelled to get down from his seat and was robbed.

All the occupants were made to take off their wearing apparel.

The robber had a pistol and a Winchester rifle. He was an American.

He opened Mr. Fruitt's watch to find the time and then put it back.

One passenger saved a roll of bills by concealing them in a soiled handkerchief, which he offered to the robber.

SHE KNEW.

Of Course She Knew, and She Wasn't Going to Get Fooled About It.

[Lewiston Journal.]

All sorts and conditions of females travel on the road. A curious one bought a ticket at the Upper Maine Central, Friday. She walked out to the platform where the 4.30 train was waiting and said to the conductor, "Mister, does that train go to Biddeford?" The conductor said that it was the train to take. She walked out to the end of the depot, looked at the engine and came back. Then she asked the same question of the brakemen. Then she asked another man. Then she walked into the waiting-room and said that she would not be imposed on and cheated and made fun of in any such way.

One or two of the bystanders sympathized with her and told her that she had better board the train, but she would not, and the train went away and left her. Afterwards she told the ticket agent that they had tried to fool her. She knew in what direction Biddeford lay. "It lies up that way," she said, pointing out toward the fair ground, "and there was the engine hitched onto that end. S'pose I was goin' to get aboard o' that train?" And she didn't; and the consequence is she was left.

How Is It?

[Atlanta Constitution.]

Figures don't tell the truth all the time. See if they do.

Take a single link of a ship's cable-chain cable. It is exactly like a letter "O" turned thus:

M

(link)

N

Only there is a short iron bar, a "stud" the sailors call it, joining the sides together, as from M to N.

Now, the result of careful experiment shows that the addition of the "stud" adds one-quarter to the strength of the link. See "Luce's Seamanship," page 282.

Another rule, the result of equally careful and thorough experiment, shows that to take out the stud decreases the strength of the link only one-fifth. See Luce, page 283.

Now, if putting the "stud" in increases the strength of the link five-twentieths, and taking the "stud" out decreases the strength only four-twentieths, the difference is evidently a gain in strength, and yet the link is exactly as it was in the beginning.

If, now, it increases the strength of the link by one-twentieth to put in a stud and straightway take it out, why can we not go on increasing the strength of the link indefinitely by putting the stud in and taking it out, and repeating the operation?

Luce's rules are accepted as infallible, and yet the conclusion you have arrived at does not look like common sense.

What's the matter with it?

DR. PIERCE's Favorite Prescription cures "female weakness" and kindred ailments.

CURRENTS OF COMMERCE.

Moderate Activity in Most Branches of Trade.

A Slow Movement of Dry Goods—Bad Weather the Principal Cause.

Local Quotations for the More Important Food Supplies.

Election is at hand, and yet trade is generally active. This puzzles the politicians. Though there is no special boom, things are going well. The movement of dry goods is light, but values are generally sustained. The woollen mills are doing fairly well. Leather is firm though quiet. In the boot and shoe business interest centres in the effort of manufacturers to get an advance of 2½c to 5c per pair on account of the higher cost of their material. Buyers are conceding the advance in some instances, but yet most of the contracts so far closed have been at last year's values. Wool is in good request and very firm. In the lumber market trade holds about the usual volume for the season.

The leading features of general trade throughout the country, as reported by wire to Bradstreet's, indicate an unusual number of favorable features. The distributive movement, while less at Philadelphia, New York and St. Louis, is on the whole quite equal to that of former years, and at some centres it is in excess thereof. Merchants appear to be pursuing a conservative policy in all lines, though more confidence is shown in raw wool and boots and shoes than in any other. There is even some speculative buying of wool by those who look for advanced prices after election. The exports of merchandise for nine months of the calendar year are smaller than in any previous year since 1882, but the imports are larger than in any preceding nine months since 1882.

DRY GOODS.

A Light Movement, but Prices Generally Sustained—Print Cloth Firm.

The movement of dry goods was rather light last week. Prices, however, are well maintained, and the weather is undoubtedly the cause of slack trade, as the opinion is general that a week or two of good weather would place matters on a satisfactory footing. It is rather singular that both agents and jobbers should be unanimous in blaming the weather instead of the approaching election for their lack of customers; such, however, is the case.

Brown sheetings and shirtings are moving slowly, but deliveries on old contracts continue to be made, and as stocks in first hands are only light the market is firm. There is only a quiet demand for bleached goods, but holders are not disposed to force trade by making concessions.

Print cloths are very firm, and the recent advance in cotton has given strength to the market. Stocks are ruling lighter, and are held with confidence.

There is not much doing in prints, but agents are not expecting any activity before the end of next month, when the new spring styles will be ready. Prices are unchanged. Some large orders have been placed for ginghams, and agents and jobbers are looking forward to a successful season.

There is not much activity in woollens. The mill managers are only running enough machinery to fill orders, and the outlook is not very promising. The holders of heavy goods and blankets are firm in their views, and goods move very slowly.

Sales of clothing during the past week have been light, but there has beeen some trading right along, notwithstanding the political excitement and the wet weather.

IN LEADING MARKETS.

Quotations of Staple Products in New York, Chicago and St. Louis.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—Cotton quiet; sales, 187 bales; uplands, ordinary, 6 3-16c; good ordinary, 8¼c; low middling, 9 7-16c; middling, 9 3-16c; gulf, ordinary, 6 5-16c; good ordinary, 8⅜c; low middling, 9 7-16c; middling, 9 15-16c. Flour, receipts, 24,377 pkgs; exports, 2814 bbls, 16,530 sacks; strong, good demand, 5@15c higher; sales, 15,900 bbls; low extra, $3.60@4.25; city mill, 5.25@5.65; city mill patents, $6.40@7.50; winter wheat, low grades, $3.60@4.25; fair to fancy, $4.35@6.35; patents, $5.85@7; Minnesota clear, $4.85@5.25; do straights, $5.75@6.85; do patents, $6.25@7.50; do rye mixture, $4.65@4.85; superfine, $3.05@3.90; fine, $2.35@3.50; Southern strong, quiet; sales, 550 bbls; common to fair extra, $3.65@4.25; good to choice do, $4.35@7.15; rye flour steady; buckwheat flour weaker; State, $2.85@3. Corn meal dull. Wheat, receipts, 46,550 bush; exports, none; sales, 19,000 bush; 1½@2c higher; very dull; No. 2 red, $1.13½@1.13¾ elevator, $1.15½@1.16 afloat, $1.15@1.16 f. o. b; No. 3 red, $1.05; No. 2 Chicago, $1.15 store; No. 2 Milwaukee, $1.11¾; No. 1 white, $1.12½@1.13½; No. 1 red, $1.18½@1.19. Rye quiet; Western, 67@72c. Barley steady. Barley malt nominal. Corn, receipts, 51,300 bush; exports, 34,174 bush; sales, 161,000 bush irregular; closing steady; No. 2, 49½@49¾c elevator, 49@50¾c afloat; No. 2 white, 50½c. Oats, receipts, 59,000 bush; exports, none; sales, 102,000 bush; easier, quiet; No. 3, 29½c; do white, 32⅜c; No. 2, 30½@30⅝c; do white, 33¼@33⅜c; No. 1, 32c; do white, 40c; No. 2, Chicago, 31½c. Coffee, Rio, quiet, steady. Sugar, raw, dull, nominal; refined quiet, unchanged. Molasses nominal. Rice stong, quiet. Petroleum quiet, steady; united, 85¾c. Tallow quiet, steady. Rosin dull. Potatoes moderate demand. Turpentine quiet, 45@45½c. Pork quiet. Beef unchanged, quiet; beef hams steady; tierced beef dull. Cut meats slow, unchanged; middles quiet. Lard firmer, quiet; Western steam, 8.62½c; city, 8c. Butter steady. Cheese quiet, steady; Western, 9@10c. Freights stronger. Grain per steam, 4¼d. Pig iron quiet, firm. Copper dull. Lead quiet, healthier tone. Tin quiet, easier; straits, 23.10c. Spelter neglected.

CHICAGO, Oct. 27.—Flour quiet, firm and nominally higher, millers in some instances asking 15@25c advance. Wheat firmer, No. 2 spring, $1.15½@1.16; No. 2 red, $1.15½@1.16. Corn easier; No. 2, 40⅞c. Oats neglected; No. 2, 24⅜c; No. 2 rye, 56½c. Mess pork, $14.50; lard, 8.12½c; dry salted shoulders, 8@8.25c; short clear sides, 8.12½@8.25c; whiskey, $1.20. Receipts—Flour, 20,000 bbls.; wheat, 41,000 bush; corn, 168,000 bush; oats, 150,000 bush; rye, 17,000 bush; barley, 114,000 bush. Shipments—Flour, 11,000 bush; wheat, 19,000 bush; corn, 301,000 bush; oats, 84,000 bush; rye, 6000 bush; barley, 59,000 bush.

BOSTON MARKETS.

Produce.

BOSTON, Monday, Oct. 29.

BUTTER.—The amount of business transacted during the week has fallen off from a week ago. There was a good demand for fine fresh-made grades and prices are well sustained. Strictly extra fall creamery butter is firm.

We quote: Creamery, Northern, extra, 26@27c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 22@24c; do, Western, extra, 23@25c; do, 1st, 20@21c; do, choice, 22@24c; Franklin Co., Mass., extra, ..@25; do, good to choice, 21@24; Dairy, extra, ..@24; do, Northern, choice, 19@20; do, fair to good, 16@18; Western dairy, good to choice, 15@16; do, imitation creamery, 19@20; do, ladle-packed, choice, 15@16; do, fair to good, 12@14. Trunk butter, ¼ lb or ½ lb prints, fancy, 23@24; good to choice, 20@22c ℔ lb.

CHEESE.—There has been a quiet trade the past week and prices are easier. Liverpool quotations are now 51s.

We quote: New York extra, 11@11½c ℔ lb; do, good to choice, 9½@10½; do, common, 8@9; Vermont extra, 11@11½; do, good to choice, 9½@10½; do, common, 8@9. Western extra, 11; do, good to choice, 9½@10; Sage, extra, 12½@13; Skims, 2@4c; part skims, 6@8c.

EGGS.—Strictly fresh-laid eggs continue in rather short supply, but with this exception the market is liberally stocked. Extra Eastern eggs are scarce and are in steady demand.

Quotations: Near by and Cape, ..@25; Eastern extra, ..@24; do, firsts, 22@23; do, Aroostook, 21@22; N. Y. and New Hampshire extra, 24; New York and Vermont, firsts, 21@..; Michigan, extra, ..@23; do, first, 21@22; Western, fresh, 21@22; Canadian, 21@22.

BEANS.—There have been large receipts of New York pea and medium beans the past week and the demand is light. Yellow Eyes are scarce and firm on good lots. Red Kidneys have advanced.

Quotations: Pea, choice Northern hand-picked, $2.40@2.60 ℔ bush; do, New York, hand-picked, $2.15@2.25; do, screened, $1.70@1.70; do, 2ds, $1.40@1.60; German, pea, $....@....; do med., $1.55@1.65; Medium choice, hand-picked, $2.00@2.00; do, screened, $1.75@1.80; Yellow Eyes, choice, $3@3.10; do, flat, $2.45@2.75; Red Kidneys, $2.25.

FRUITS.—Fruits of about all kinds are quiet. Apples show no particular change from last week. There was a good demand for grapes early in the week, but at the close the market is heavily stocked and the demand is only fair.

We quote: Gravenstein, $2.25@2.50; River, $1.50; common, $1.00@1.50.

Evaporated apple, 9½@10; do, fair to good, 8@9½; Sundried, sliced and quartered, 6@7½.

Cranberries, $8.00@8.50.

Grapes—Delaware, 5@5½c ℔ lb; Concord, 2½@3; Salems, 4½; Niagara, 6@7; Isabellas, 2½; Catawbas, 2½@3.

VEGETABLES.—There has been a steady demand for vegetables of all kinds the past week. Sweet potatoes are not so plentiful and the market will probably go higher.

We quote: Native, $....@1.75. Sweet potatoes, yellow, $1.62@1.75.

Tomatoes—Native, 50@75. Onions—Native, $1.60@1.75; Western, $1.75@1.80. Cabbage, ℔ 100, $3.00@4.00. Squash—Marrow, 50@60. Turnips—Russia, 50.

HAY AND STRAW.—The market is steady and all grades are moving well, though less active than they have been. Rye straw is firm.

We quote: Choice, $18.00@18.50; do, fair to good, $16.00@17.00; Fine, $14.00@15.00; Swale, $9.00@10.00; Poor, $14.00@16.00; Rye straw, $18.00; Oat straw, $10.00@10.50 ℔ ton.

Groceries.

COFFEE.—The market is not materially changed from last week and the strong tone noted then continues. Receipts of Rio coffee at both Rio and Santos are not equal to the demand. Mild coffees are firm, in sympathy.

We quote: Java Pad'gs, pale, 21@25c; do do medium brown, 20½@21c; do do fancy brown, 21@22c; do Timor, 19½c; do Palembang, 17½@18c; do Malung, 17½c; do Ankola, 22½c; do Holland bags, 19½c; Mandhelings and Ayer Bangies, 22½c; Mocha, 28@30c; Rios, prime, 18@19c; do fair, ..@18; do ordinary, ..@16½; Maracaibo, 16@17½; Laguayra, 16@17; Costa Rica, 17@19c; Jamaica, 15¾@17; Guatemala, 17@18; Mexican, 16@17; Hayti, uncleaned, ..@15; do, cleaned, ..@16; Manila, 17½.

FRUITS AND NUTS.—There has been a fair demand for Lemons the past week, and Oranges are moving well. Figs and other dried fruits, as well as nuts, are in increased request.

Quotations: Raisins, London layers, new, $2.60@2.85; Muscatel, new, $1.80; Sultana, 8@15. Currants, 6½@8. Citron, Leghorn, 19@20. Dates—Persian, new, 5@6; do, skins, ..@..; do, frail, 4½; do, fard, new, 6½@9. Figs, layers, 12@24; do, keg, 6@8. Prunes, French, case, 10@18; do, Turk, new, ..@4½; do, 3¼@3½. Lemons, Sicily, $3.00@6.50. Oranges—Florida, box, $....@....; do, Rodi, $7.50@8.00; do, Valencia, case, $..@... Bananas—Aspinwall, $1.50@3.00; Port Limon, $1.50@2.50; Red, $1.25@2.00; Jamaica, $1.50@2.00. Peanuts, hand-picked, 5¾@6; Filberts, 9@11; Almonds, 15@17.

SUGAR.—The demand for refined sugar is but fair and the market is quiet.

We quote: Powdered, 8c; Pulverized, 8½c; Granulated, 7 9-16@7⅝c; Confectioners' A, 7¼@7⅜c; Standard A, 7¼c; Extra C, 6⅞@7⅛; C, 6⅝@6¾c; Yellows, 6¼@6½c.

Flour and Grain.

FLOUR.—We quote the range for large and small lots:

Fine Flour, $3.00@3.50; Superfine, $3.75@4.25; Common extras, $4.25@4.50; Choice extras, $5.50@5.75; Minn. bakers, $5.00@6.25; Michigans, $5.30@5.50; Michigan roller, $5.50@5.75; New York roller, $5.50@5.75; Ohio and Indiana, $5.40@5.65; do, do, strai't, $....@....; do, do, patent, $6.52@6.65; St Louis and Ill, $5.40@5.65; do, do, patent, $6.25@6.65; do, do, clears, $5.65@6.00; Spring wheat patents, $7.00@7.25 ℔ bbl.

CORN—We quote: Yellow, 59@60c ℔ bush; High mixed, 58@59c ℔ bush; Steamer Yellow, 58@59c ℔ bush; Steamer Mixed, 57½@58c ℔ bush; No Grade, 56@57c ℔ bush.

OATS—Fancy, new, 37@39c; No 1 white, 37½@39; No 2, 35@36¼c; No 3, 34@35c; No 1 mixed, ..c; No 2, mixed, 32c; rejected mixed, 30@31c; rejected white, 32@33c.

Fish.

FISH.—Small orders from New England dealers have been quite numerous the past week and the volume of trade is fairly satisfactory, when an allowance is made for the great scarcity of mackerel. There have been large receipts of codfish and they were distributed quite freely.

Mackerel—Extra Bloaters, mess, $36.00@37.00; No 1, do do, $33.00@34.00; No 1, shore, $27.00@28.00; No. 1 Bay, $25.00@26.00; No. 2, large, $24.00@25.00; No. 2, medium, $21.00@22.00; No. 3, plain, large, $20.00@21.00.

Codfish—Dry Bank, large, $5.25@5.50; do, do, medium, $4.50@4.75; do, N. S. Shore, $6.00@6.25; Pickled Bank, $4.50@4.75; Georges, $5.00@5.50; Shore, $5.00@5.25; Hake, $2.25@2.50; Haddock, $....@2.75; Pollock, pickled, $2.50@2.62½; do, slack salted, $3.50@4.00; do, English, $3.50. Boneless Hake, 4@4½c ℔ lb; Boneless Haddock, 4@5c; boneless Cod, 6@7½.

Miscellaneous.

HOPS.—The market is quieter than for some time past, but prices are unchanged.

New York, 1887, prime, 27@30c; do, 1886, 20c; do, 1885, 10@12c; English, 1886, nominal; California, 1886, 10c; German, 20c.

Canada malt, $1.15 ℔ bush; 6-rowed State, $1.05; Western, 95c@$1.00.

HIDES AND SKINS—Following are the current prices: Brighton steers, 6@6½; New Eng. steers, 5½@..; do, do, cow, ..@5c. Calfskins—deacons, 25@40c; 6@6½lbs, 60@70; 8@9lbs, 65@75c; heavy, 75@85c. Galveston dry, 11@11½; Texas kips, 11; Dry-salted Texas, ..@8; Buenos Ayres, 18@18½; Rio Grande, 17@17½; Montevideo, 18@18½; Calcutta slaught., cow hides, ..@10; do, dead green, ..@8½; do, buffalo, 5@5½; Sierra Leone, 17@18; Bissao & Gambia, 11@13.

SEEDS.—The market is quiet but firm, with a slight movement in Timothy.

We quote: Clover, West, 10@11c ℔ lb; do, North, 11@12; do, white, 16@18; do, Alsike, 12@13; do, Lucerne, 22; Red Top, West, ℔ sack, $3.00@3.10; do, Jersey, $3.10@3.25; R. I., bent, $1.85@2.00; Hungarian, $....@....; Gold Millet, $....@....; common Millet, 90c@1.10; Orchard, ℔ bush $1.50@1.75; Blue Grass, $1.25@1.50 ℔ bush; Timothy, West, $2.25@2.35 ℔ bush; do, North, $2.50@2.75 ℔ bush; American flaxseed, $2.00@2.50.

SALT—Quotations are as follows: Liverpool, in bond, hhd, $1.00@1.15; do, duty paid, $1.40@1.55; do & W'th'ns, $1.10@1.15; Liverpool, sacks, 75@85c; Cadiz, in bond, $1.87½@..; Trapani, bond, $2.00; Turk's Island, hhd., $2.25@2.40.

STARCH—The quotations for starch are: Potato starch, 4@4½c; Corn, 2¾c; Wheat, 5@5½c; dextrine, 4⅜@5c.

TOBACCO.—The market is steady and unchanged and prices are firmly held.

We quote: Havana wrappers, $3.00@6.00; do, fine fillers, $1.10@1.30; do, good fillers, 75c@$1.15; Yara 1 and 11 cuts, 85@1.00; Kentucky lugs, $2.50@6.00; do, leaf, $8.00@14.00; Havana s'd wr's, 30@45; do, 2ds, 11@14; do, binders, 9@12; do, seed fill, 5@11; Conn and Mass fill, 8@12; do, binders, 13@16; do, 2ds, 13@18; do, fair wrappers, 17@22; do, fine wrappers, 22@34; Penn wrappers, 20@35; do, fillers, 10@12.

TALLOW—Following are the quotations: Tallow, prime, 4½@5; Country, ..@4¼; Bone, 3¾@4; house grease, 4@5; grease, tanners, 1½@2; do, chip, 1½@..; do, naphtha, 1@1¼; do, hard, 3¾@4½.

WOOL.—The receipts of the week have been 9542 bales domestic and 1050 bales foreign, against 6202 bales domestic and 2286 bales foreign last week and 5261 bales domestic and 2471 bales foreign the corresponding week in 1887.

WATERTOWN CATTLE MARKET.

Arrivals of live stock at Brighton and Watertown for the week ending Friday, October 26, 1888:

Western cattle, 1516; Eastern cattle, 223; Northern cattle, 716. Total, 2456.

Western sheep and lambs, 880; Northern sheep and lambs, 8968; Eastern sheep and lambs, 470. Total, 10,318.

Swine, 30,226. Veals, 814. Horses, 487.

Prices of beef cattle per hundred pounds, dressed weight, ranged from $4.00 to $8.00.

PRICES OF WESTERN CATTLE.

Extra quality	$6.12½	@6.50
First quality	5.75	@6.00
Second quality	4.75	@5.62½
Third quality	3.75	@4.62½
Poorest grade coarse oxen, bulls, etc.	3.00	@3.50

PRICES OF HIDES, TALLOW, SKINS, &C.

	Cents ℔ lb.		Each.
Brighton hides..7½@..		Lambskins....	50@$1.00
Brighton tall'w. 4	@..	Dairyskins....	15@35
Counntry hides..6	@6½	Shearedskins.	..@..
Country tall'w..	@3½	Woolskins....	50@$1.00
Calfskins........5	@6		

Latest Quotations....................3 P. M.

LAND STOCKS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Aspinwall	7½	7¾
Bar Harbor	—	2¼
Boothbay	—	2¼
Boston	6½	7
Boston Water Power	5¾	6
Boylston*	2½	3¼
Brookline	4	4½
Campobello	—	3
Cutler	—	1¾
East Boston	4½	4¾
Frenchman's Bay	7⅞	8⅛
Lamoine	—	2
Maverick	2¼	—
Newport	—	3
Payson	1¾	—
Penobscot Bay	2	2½
San Diego	27	—
Sullivan Harbor	—	2½
West End	22	22¼
Winthrop	—	2
Wollaston	75c	87½c

RAILROAD STOCKS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe	62⅞	63
Atlantic & Pacific	8⅝	8¾
Boston & Albany	198½	199
Boston & Lowell	158½	159
Boston & Maine	190	195
Boston & Providence	245	—
California Southern	29½	29¾
Central Massachusetts	15½	16
Central Massachusetts preferred	30½	32
Chicago, Burlington & Northern	45	—
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy	109½	110
Chicago & West Michigan	34	36
Cincinnati, Sandusky & Cleveland	22¼	22¾
Cleveland & Canton	9½	10
Cleveland & Canton preferred	30	31
Connecticut & Passumpsic	110	—
Detroit, Lansing & Northern pref.	—	85
Eastern	81	86
Eastern preferred	—	127
Fitchburg preferred	74¼	—
Flint & Pere Marquette	35	—
Flint & Pere Marquette preferred	100	101
Kan. City, Ft. Scott & Mem	—	70
Kan. City, Mem. & Birmingham	44	48
Maine Central	—	133
Mexican Central	13¼	13½
New York & New England	45½	45¾
New York & New England pref.	110	—
Old Colony	173½	175
Oregon Short Line	39	41
Rutland	4½	6
Rutland preferred	35	—
Union Pacific	64⅛	64⅜
West End preferred	—	78
Wisconsin Central	17	18
Wisconsin Central preferred	38½	39½
Worcester, Nashua & Rochester	—	130

MINING STOCKS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Allouez	5½	5⅝
Arnold	—	50c
Atlantic	18¾	19
Bonanza	1⅝	1¾
Boston & Montana (copper)	68¾	69
Breece	27c	—
Calumet & Hecla	—	310
Catalpa	17½c	—
Crescent	—	10c
Dunkin	—	95c
Franklin	18	19
Huron	7¼	—
Kearsarge	13½	14
Lake Superior	55	—
Minnesota	2½	—
Napa	1¾	2
National	8¾	8¾
Osceola	22¼	23
Pewabic	4½	5½
Quincy	87½	—
Ridge	—	2⅝
Rockland	1½	—
Tamarack	178	179

TELEPHONE STOCKS.

	Bid.	Asked.
American Bell	225	225½
Erie	35	—
Mexican	—	87½c
New England	44¼	—
Tropical	—	1

MISCELLANEOUS.

	Bid.	Asked.
Boston Gas Light	1000	1025
Eastman Car Heater	3½	3¾
Lamson Store Service	58¼	—
Pullman Palace Car	167	168

*Assessment paid.

Elephants Drink a Locomotive Dry.

WILMINGTON, Del., Oct. 24.—There was a circus at Chestertown, Md., one day last week, and with it seven elephants. Their car was run alongside a locomotive. One of the elephants put his trunk out through a crevice in the car, reached over to the tender of the locomotive, lifted the lid of the water tank, and helped himself. The other six elephants did the same, and in a short time the tank was dry. The train hands did not see the performance, and only when the engineer tried to start his engine did he find that the water was gone.

CHECKERS.

All communications intended for this department must be addressed to the Checker Editor, lock drawer 5220, Boston, Mass.

New England chess and checker rooms, 767 Washington street. Open from 10 a. m. to 10 p. m. All are welcome.

For Sale.

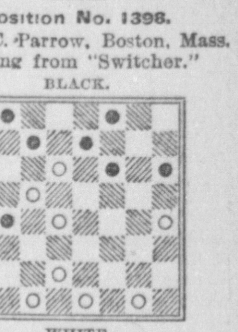
Any of the following-named works will be sent postpaid on receipt of price: Schaefer & Kelly's "Paisley," 25 cents; "Single Corner," 25 cents; "Ayrshire Lassie," Part I., 25 cents; Ayrshire Lassie," Part II., 25 cents; Baker & Reed's "Alma," $1.25; Spayth's American Draught Player," $3; "Game of Draughts," supplement to the above, $1.50; "Draughts for Beginners," 75 cents; Sweet's "Elements of Draughts," 50 cents; Barker's "American Checker Player," a new edition, including the Barker vs. Martin match games, $1.25; "Match Games" between Barker and Martins, 25 cents; McCulloch's "Guide to the Game of Draughts," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same bound in cloth, $1; "Gould's Book of 1000 Problems," stiff paper covers, 50 cents; the same bound in cloth, board covers, $1; Gould's book of "Match Games," from Anderson and Wyllie in 1847 to the present time, bound in cloth, board covers, $1; "Special Copies" of the same, a really handsome book, being bound in bevelled board covers, gilt back and sides, also gilt edges. It contains the photographs of the two great champions, the late R. D. Yates and James Wyllie; price, $1.50; Strickland's "British Draught Player," valuable books for the amateur: Part I., "Old Fourteenth"; Part II., "Single Corner"; Part III., "Ayrshire Lassie"; 20 cents each, or the three for 50 cents. Subscriptions received for the American Checker Review; six months, $1; per year, $1.50. Blank diagrams (2x2 inches) for recording positions, 30 cents per 100, 12 for 25.

Position No. 1398.

By W. C. Parrow, Boston, Mass.

Ending from "Switcher."

BLACK.



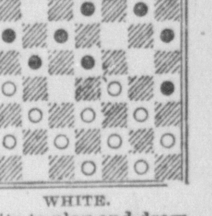
WHITE.

White to play and win.

Position No. 1399.

By T. W. Grimley, Greenford, C

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and draw.

Game No. 2389—Switcher.

First game in the match between Messrs. H. Z. Wright and W. C. Parrow for the New England Association championship medal. Wright's move.

11..15	6..22-B	11..15-F	22..18	18..14
21..17	30..26	18..11-G	24..20	8..3
9..13	5..9	14..18	16..19	14..18
25..21	26..17	23..14	20..16	32..28
8..11	9..14-2	16..30	19..23	6..10
24..19	17..10	21..17	16..11	28..24
15..24	7..14	30..26	23..26	10..14
28..19	29..25	11..7	7..3	13..9
11..16-A	4..8	3..10	26..31	14..17
22..18	25..22-C	14..7	3..7	3..7
13..22	8..11	26..22	31..26	18..14
26..17	31..26-D	17..13	11..8	9..5
10..14	2..6-E	12..16	26..23	23..27
17..10	22..18	27..24-H	7..11	24..20
				Drawn.

NOTES BY THE CHECKER EDITOR.

A—11..15, 17..14, 15..24, is the usual line of play at this point.

B—The same position occurs in the second double corner, as follows:

11..15	28..19	11..16	22..17	6..22
24..19	8..11	25..22	9..13	26..17
15..24	22..18	10..14-1	17..10	13..22

C—Spayth's "American Draught Player" gives this as a losing move.

D—At the third move of variation 18 A. D. P. James Ash plays 32..28 at this point and allows black to win.

E—Quite clever.

F—A pretty combination.

G—The best move.

H—In the match played between J. Wyllie and the late R. D. Yates the game was continued as follows, Yates playing the black side:

7..3	7..11	7..3	7..10	18..9
16..19	19..23-I	6..10	14..17	13..6
3..7	11..7	3..7	10..14	23..26
22..18	1..5	10..14		Drawn

I—If 18..22, 11..15, 19..23, 27..18, 6..10, 15..6, 0..10, drawn.

(Var. 2.)

The following neat variation is by R. A. Davis;

16..20	28..19	1..6	21..17	14..18
22..17	8..11	15..11	14..21	23..15
10..14	29..25	10..14	8..4	3..8
17..10	11..16	11..8	5..9	11..7
6..24	25..22	14..18	26..22	2..18
32..28	7..10	22..15	9..14	4..11
4..8	18..15	9..14	15..11	6..9
				Drawn

(Var. 1.)

The subjoined variation is from Barker's American Checker Player:

9..13	25..22	16..20	15..6	25..30
17..14	8..11	21..17	14..21	22..18
7..10	22..18	5..9	6..2	30..26
14..7	2..7	32..28	7..11	28..24
3..10	31..26	11..16	2..7	3-26..22
29..25	1..5	18..15	21..25	3..8
4..8	26..22	9..14	7..3	Drawn

(Var. 3.)

11..15	26..22	16..19	12..28	22..26
18..11	19..15	23..16	27..23	23..18
				Drawn—Durgin

Checker News.

The usual checker gossip has been unavoidably omitted lately, but will appear as heretofore in the future.

The weekly team matches, which are played at the headquarters on Saturday evening, are in full swing for the winter, and a jolly good time is generally had on these occasions. Last Saturday the following teams played:

Bailey	0	Parrow	1	Drawn	3
Bushby	1	Grover	0	Drawn	3
Burille	0	Smith	0	Drawn	3
Maynard	0	Durgin	4	Drawn	0
Dakin	2	"Doctor"	1	Drawn	1
Puffer	1	Glass	2	Drawn	1
Totals	4		8		11

Mr. Murray has challenged Parrow for the championship medal.

New Boston Music.

Oliver Ditson & Co. have a new set of melodious and easy waltzes. "Carroll Waltzes," by M. D. Thomas; 40 cents. Their latest vocal music includes: "The Warrior," C. Pinsuti, a powerful song for barytone or bass, in A minor; it is one of the best for concert singers to show voice and secure popularity; 60 cents. "Woman's Love," J. Baumschiedl, is very pleasing in sentiment and air: 30 cents. One of Corinne's most charming songs in the opera "Monte Cristo, Jr.," is the comic Irish song "Bally-Hooly"; 40 cents. "I'll Watch O'er Thee" is a familiar English song for contralto, in F, by Edith Cooke; 30 cents.

White, Smith & Co. have another of their valuable and inexpensive collections of music for piano players. It is No. 2 of the "Artists' Repertoire," and has 18 pieces, including Beethoven's "Rondo, Op. 51, No. 1," Handel's "The Lion Hunt," Liszt's "Rhapsodie Hongroise" and "Dance of the Gnomes," Wagner's "Train of Sylphs," Godard's "Second Mazurka, Op. 54," etc. The selections represent the very best work, and must be known to every accomplished player; 161 pages for only 50 cents. They publish the remarkable transcription of "Home, Sweet Home," by J. M. Wehli, for the left hand only. This is to be sought for practice, whether or not one expects to master; 60 cents. The development of the melody, "Con Amore," by Beaumont, is brilliant and of medium difficulty; 40 cents. The "Ransom Guard Waltzes," C. S. Brainerd, are original and taking; 50 cents. Frank H. Russell's "Crystal Slipper Schottische" is one of the staying ones. Easy and melodious; 35 cents.

Two new nines of "New Arrangements of Old Melodies," Paul Keller, are "The So Pure," Flotow, and "It is Better to Laugh," Donizetti. Each has illustrated title-page and is 40 cents. "Father in Heaven" is a rich trio for contralto, soprano and bass. C. C. Stearns; 50 cents. The Folio is ready for November, and is full of choice music and reading matter; 15 cents.

Five Whole Days Wasted.

[Lewiston Gazette.]

Guilford always bears away the prize for pushing, go-ahead men, but one man there has just broken the record. He was introduced to a lady Friday, the next Monday their intentions were filed in the town clerk's office, and the following Friday they were married. It took just a week to do the business, and five whole days of that time were wasted by the stupid Maine statutes.

IN THE GREAT SHAFT.

By Elevator to the Top of the Washington Monument.

Queer Sensations While Rising 550 Feet in the Air.

Impressive View from the Top—Does the Shaft Move?

[Washington Star.]

The programme of tourists who visit Washington has had an important addition made to it during the past week by the opening of the Washington Monument to the public. At the rate at which the visitors have been carried to the top since the opening on Tuesday last, it would seem that not only the visitors, but the residents of Washington have been seized with a desire to see the city from aloft, the passengers averaging from 400 to 550 a day. The car has made steady, regular trips up the shaft every half hour, beginning at 9 o'clock in the morning and continuing, with an intermission at noon, until 4 o'clock. A trip up, with the car loaded, occupies about 10 minutes. Ten minutes are spent at the top to give the visitors a chance to look out of the windows, and then those who wish to go down are taken back to the lower regions, about nine minutes being occupied by the descent. Those who wish to remain above, however, are permitted to do so, but they must wait for the next downward trip of the car, since no visitors are allowed to ascend or descend by means of the stairway.

Notwithstanding the fact that over 30 passengers can be carried by the elevator at once, hundreds of people have gone away from the monument disappointed at not being able to ascend the shaft. A reporter paid a visit to the shaft Thursday morning and found the space in the monument around the elevator well filled with shivering pilgrims half hidden in the darkness. A moment later and the electric lights were started, shining with a soft brilliancy in zigzag course up the shaft until the vision was shut off by the towering walls. Two red cables on the left-hand side of the well were slipping silently down into the floor and the eyes of those waiting below were following them with eager anticipation. Presently some one, pressing his face against the lattice work that protects the well, exclaimed: "Here she comes!" pointing to a descending shadow that cut off the electric lights one by one. A moment more, and the shadow could be distinguished as the floor of the elevator silently and cautiously crept back to terra firma. The shiverers behind the walls and in the corner eagerly crowded around the door of the elevator cage. Presently the floor of the elevator came in sight below one of the crossbeams, and then the car, with its load of passengers, stopped at the floor of the monument. Inside a faint succession of sighs was heard, and the door was thrown rattling back to let the relieved passengers get out, rather timidly, upon the temporary steps that have been put at the door. In a minute the car was empty and in another filled again, the most eager and the most fortunate securing seats on the two benches that run along the north and south sides of the car, the others standing in the centre.

At last word was given, the door was shut with a bang, and the conductor, with a glance around the car, pulled the hand-cable downward several times in succession. There was a slight tremble or shake as the car was lifted from the floor, and then the heads of the watchman and the floorman and the square doorway full of light seems to slip down, down, until they were lost. The car moved noiselessly and smoothly as it slid up the longest elevator shaft in the world. The eye, turned instinctively upward, winked at the immense vista, through which the strong, stiff red cables—twins they looked like—spin themselves up and over two great wheels in the roof, 500 feet overhead. The light from the incandescent lamps filtered through the grated roof and sides of the car, giving a spotted appearance to the passengers. On either side were the rough, uneven courses of the old masonry, the stones ragged and the seams zigzagging without regard to uniformity.

The eye had about tired of the monotony of the surroundings when some one exclaimed at the appearance of the first of the celebrated memorial stones set in the walls. This first series occurs on the thirty-foot level. By the way, everything in the monument is located by "levels." The bottom is called the ground level, and every landing is known by the number of feet of its elevation. On this thirty-foot level are the stones of Maine, Delaware, Arkansas and the National Grays of Washington. From this point to the half-way level the trip is full of interest, the attention being drawn to alternate sides of the car to note the various tablets and inscriptions. A good plan to follow is to take one side going up and the other going down, paying strict attention to each in its turn. The level at 40 feet contains the stones from Nashville, Tenn., Louisiana, Colorado, Alabama and the Columbia Typographical Society. Thence the States and all sorts of societies and military companies are intermingled. On the 60-foot level is an old square tablet, so badly weather-beaten that it is illegible from the car. On the next level is a magnificent stone from Massachusetts and one from Connecticut. The latter is worn so on the left-hand side that some of the raised lettering is very indistinct, while that on the other side is sharp and clear. The city of Washington's tribute to her godfather is a neighbor of the stones from Virginia and Maryland on the 80-foot level. On the 200-foot level is one of the handsomest collection of stones in the monument. The tablet from Bremen is a rich piece of dark stone, highly polished, standing out two inches from the wall, with rounded edges. The lettering is elegantly gilded on the surface. In the centre of the landing is a stone, in relief, from a Turkish temple. The rich Oriental ornamentation is in sharp contrast to the simplicity exhibited in the majority of the stones, and attracts instant attention.

To the right, under the Bremen stone, is a large tablet from the Swiss federation. This shows to a greater extent than any other stone in the shaft the vandalism of visitors that finally forced the now extinct monument commission to close the shaft to the public. Five or six of the large raised letters on the stone have been bodily removed and the tablet otherwise injured. In many instances the stones have been blackened permanently by the close application of candle flames. This occurred when every visitor was obliged to carry with him a candle or a lantern to light the way up the steps through the Egyptian darkness of the shaft. Michigan is represented on the 210-foot level by a solid block of copper, suitably inscribed, and 10 feet above is the gem of the collection, a stone from Nevada, bearing the name of the State in letters of solid silver, set into the block flush with the surface. On this same level is a stone from Salt Lake City, with the characteristic beehive carved on the front. These tablets extend to half way up the shaft. The last ones are on the 240-foot level. Of these the highest is that from Wales, a handsome black stone, highly polished, and bearing an inscription in the outlandish tongue of the land of the Cardiff Giant.

The car has long ago passed through the old portion of the shaft, and is running as smoothly as at the start through the neat, exact masonry of the new work. The dark surface of the granite is checkered with white squares, the faces of marble blocks that extend entirely through the walls, acting as a bond to the masonry. The corners of the shaft in this new portion are neatly rounded, instead of being square, as below. At every 50 feet from the floor to the roof there is an elevator landing, the floors of levels being extended to meet the car, and guarded by a high latticed gate. These occur on alternate sides, and, the car having a door in both the east and west sides, exit from the car is thus provided in either direction. At 460 feet the smooth walls are broken by the projection of twelve buttresses, three on each side. These are the rib stones which support the roof of the monument. At the bottom they extend about six inches, leaning out more and more as they go up, until at the top they project about five feet. The middle ones on each side are a little in advance of the others, narrowing more rapidly to form an arch for the support of the capstone. The light from the incandescent carbon is by this time beginning to be dimmed by that from the outside, drifting down from the windows in the roof. The great wheels that have been devouring the cables seem to be falling upon the car, and suddenly the conductor gives a long upward pull on the handrope, and the car comes to a stop in the midst of a sheet-iron cage. The air is chilly, and as the passengers step timorously over the threshold they button their overcoats and turn up their collars.

This upper landing is a cold, lonely place, the abutting ribstones cutting it up into angular spaces, and the bare floors and shining white walls tending to give it a lonesome air. On each side two oblong windows give views into the atmosphere and down upon the flattened earth. The world looks bigger than one thought it to be; it stretches away on every hand to a melting blue horizon, faintly outlined, with here and there a hilltop intruding its sharp point as if in claim of recognition as a part of the scene.

The spectators are awed, surprised, chilled into silence, and they occasionally glance upward at the maze of stones in the roof, the converging arches, and the seemingly light, airy mode of construction, and then shudder slightly and hurry into the car. Some take off their hats and put their heads through the windows, exclaiming at the dwarfed appearance of the workmen on the mound below, and then, looking up toward the capstone, wondering at the multitude of lightning rod points which cover each of the four triangles of the roof. The aluminum tip looks like a dark spot fringed with points. Then the heads are withdrawn with a sigh of relief.

At last the conductor shouts for all to get on the car who wish to go below, and the visitors huddle themselves inside and the down trip is begun. In about nine minutes the passengers emerge from the shaft, into the outside atmosphere and mentally congratulate themselves upon their good luck in safely returning to the earth. Then, glancing upward along the face of the shaft, which seems to be falling over upon them, they shudder slightly and go away to boast that they have been to the top of the highest artificial structure in the world.

Is the elevator safe? has been asked hundreds of times during the past week. This question is hard to answer, for almost all elevators are a matter of some slight risk, even under the most favorable circumstances. Yet it can be said with truth that the element of danger has been eliminated from the trip to and from the top of the great shaft as far as human skill can go. The machinery has stood the hardest tests for years without a break. The cables have been tested to a capacity of over 10 tons, and the car and machinery fitted with the best of safety appliances. Under these conditions it is safe to say that the elevator is as safe as any other, and much safer than the great majority of hoisting machines, the immense length of the shaft notwithstanding. The drum of the elevator is located under the floor of the monument, and is reached by means of traps in the iron flooring. It is a great red iron cylinder, six feet in diameter, and contains, when the car has been hoisted to the top, 1064 feet of cable, which is wound around it in opposite directions from the centre. The ends of the cables are secured to the drum through holes in the surface, and inside are tied to great cross-beams. A governor attached to the starting and stopping machinery operates by stopping the car when it drops too rapidly. On the car itself are two dogs that catch on the corner columns at the northwest and southeast corners of the elevator shaft.

Great care is taken to note the movements of the shaft, for it does move. The law of contraction and expansion of material by heat and cold operates here as well as elsewhere. When the sun shines full on the eastern face in the morning the stones on that side expand and throw the shaft slightly to the west. Then the sun goes around to the south and the apex of the monument makes a corresponding swing to the north. As the orb creeps about the sky to its final setting in the evening the glittering point on top of the monument makes a contra movement around half a circle, gradually settling back to its normal position after the rays of the sun have lost their power. This movement has never been calculated, but it is undoubtedly very slight. The wind, too, has an effect upon the structure. From the centre of gravity of the shaft, located 174 feet and 10 inches from the floor, is a cross beam from which is suspended a fine steel wire, protected by a galvanized iron tube about four inches in diameter. This hangs to the floor at the northwest corner of the elevator well. At the bottom is a plumb-bob weighing twenty-five pounds, suspended by means of the wire, and hanging in water. An iron cylinder protects the instrument from injury, and a little iron house about four feet high keeps off the draught. Through the cylinder is a telescopic eye-piece, in one end of which are two vertical wires about one-quarter of an inch apart. When a candle is held at an opening in the side of the box, and the eye is applied to the outside end of the tube, the plumb line can be seen—a fine line between the vertical marks. Any movement in the shaft is recorded by a corresponding movement in the line. When the structure is at rest and in its normal position, the line hangs still, midway between the others; but when the shaft is disturbed by the action of the wind, it sways back and forth like the pendulum of a clock, always coming to rest in the centre. This is observed every day, and if the custodian should ever notice the line hanging still at any point outside of the two cross lines, he will then know that the monument has been permanently moved from its level position. Until then, however, no one need be alarmed by the oscillations of the shaft from the action of the wind or the influence of the sun.

HONESTY PAYS AT CARDS.

The Story of a Man Who Cheated Himself Out of $10,000.

[St. Louis Post-Despatch.]

I took my paper and tried to read, but I lost all interest in reading, and drew my chair close to the table to watch the game. I looked on for a while, and became perfectly disgusted with the players to think what chumps they were. Why, they didn't know how to play. Here was another evidence of my luck. If I hadn't sworn off I might have won a couple of hundred dollars. I watched their game so long that I thought I would risk $50, and if I lost that I would quit, and—well, $50 more or less for expenses wouldn't cut much of a figure. So I went to the captain and bought $50 of "corn." They used corn in those days, having no chips as we do now. I started in to play, and after a while lost all the corn I had. It was not my bad playing, but simply hard luck. I thought I couldn't always lose, so I invested $100 more in corn, and to make a long story short, I lost that. After losing $150 I became desperate and played with great recklessness. I invested the balance of my money in corn, and had lost all but five or 10 grains, which I had in my coat pocket, when the boat whistled for a landing. The first mate arose and said:

"Gentlemen, I am very sorry, but we have to take on some wood at this station and my services are needed. You gentlemen can continue the game or wait till we get under steam again, and I will join you."

After awhile we agreed to wait for the mate. I thought I would take a stroll on deck and get some fresh air. I walked down the gangplank and where the boat had landed there was a great large house. I could not tell what kind of a house it was, as the night was pitch dark. I walked up to it and felt that there were holes in the side, and imagine my surprise when I found it contained corn. I had accidentally run across a corn crib. I was not of a thievish disposition, but I thought if I took an ear of corn and won, why I would place in my pocket what I had taken an only cash what I had really won; but on the other hand, if I lost—well, it was like a drowning man catching at a straw. So I took the ear of corn and placed it in my pocket and commenced shelling it. In the course of half an hour the boat started down the river and we resumed the game. From the start I commenced winning. Everything I drew to I got. I won pot after pot. About 3 o'clock a. m. some one proposed that we have a jack-pot and quit for the night. Everybody agreed. There was something like $5000 in the pot and I won it. Everyone commenced counting their corn to cash in, and I commenced counting mine. I was winner over $10,000, when the captain said:

"Hold on there. I didn't issue any red corn."

There was a stir immediately. The captain wanted everybody searched, and in going through my pockets he discovered the ear of corn which I had taken, which proved to be red. In taking out the corn I had won, some of the red corn got mixed in with the white. Some of the men wanted to shoot me; others wanted to lynch me, but the captain said no, he would not cash my corn and would put me off the boat. Immediately he stopped the boat and sent me ashore without a nickel. I walked back until I had gotten as far as the crib of corn, and it proved to be a crib containing 75,000 ears of white corn, and the one I got was the only red ear in the crib.

A Lesson for a Dude.

[London World.]

The name of Harry Oakes is not yet forgotten in the army—a bluff, straight-spoken soldier, who some 20 years ago commanded the Twelfth Lancers. This is how he dealt with the point now so much at issue. A young officer complained that while in plain clothes a certain soldier had not saluted him. The soldier's excuse was that he had not recognized the officer.

"I'll take care you can't make that excuse in future," quoth Colonel Oakes. "Mr. —, you will walk up and down the barrack-square in plain clothes until Private — is satisfied that he would know you again."

The private gave the officer a benefit of about half-an-hour, and all he conceded then was his ability to recognize the former in the suit he then wore.

"If you are not satisfied," said the colonel, you will appear in the square for 10 minutes in each civilian suit you own, and whenever you get a new suit you will do the same, and let Private — know."

The young officer never complained again of not getting what he considered his proper due in the matter of salutes.

A Prayer-Book for a Nickel.

[Washington Star.]

The latest drop-r-nickel-in-the-slot machine turns out a hymnbook on one side and another nickel will furnish you with a prayer-book from the other. The idea is to place them in churches, mainly for the use of strangers, who would willingly contribute 10 cents for the use of the books. The machines are so constructed that the sexton can readily replace the books after service. The inventor, a Philadelphia man, offers to supply the outfit, books and all, and divide the profits with the church.

LIFE IN ICELAND.

Policemen Who Arrest Nobody and Write Books.

Glimpse of an Icelandic Farm—Sleeping in a Church.

Winter Life of the Icelander—A Universally Educated People.

[William H. Carpenter in October Atlantic.]

Reykjavik, poor little metropolis of 2000 inhabitants, has, nevertheless, its sights and sounds. Its houses, with but few exceptions of wood, consist usually of a single story, but in isolated instances rise to the dignity of two. Through the town runs a wide and tolerably straight street, on which live several of the dignitaries of the island, the bishop, the governor, the chief-justice, and other members of the government. Upon one side, surrounded by wooden palings, is the public square, in the centre of which stands the bronze statue of Thorwalsden, presented by the Danish government to the native country of the sculptor. At the farther end is the little cathedral, which contains a marble font by the artist himself. Around the different sides of the square are grouped the new Parliament House, the post office and a school for girls, which draws its pupils from all parts of the country. One of the most imposing buildings of the capital is the jail, and two of the most awe-inspiring of her citizens are the policemen, who in turn patrol the streets in felt helmets and uniform. It was not discovered, however, that they ever arrested anybody, because nobody ever so far forgot himself as to warrant arrest. The jail, consequently, is always empty, a fact that can be but imperfectly understood when one sees its manifest superiority to all other dwellings. One of the policemen exercises, in addition to his function of guardian of the public weal, that of the librarian of the Icelandic Literary Society, which was established as long ago as 1816 and has published many works. He is also an author, and has written at least one valuable book.

The streets of Reykjavik are unpaved, but at certain corners, wide apart, stand lamp-posts, whereon burn kerosene lamps to light the belated citizen to his door. One of the most characteristic of street sights is the long lines of ponies that almost continually come and go, bringing loads of dried fish, and carrying back the necessaries of life; and almost all of life's necessary demands in Iceland must be supplied from without. Even the wood with which the houses are framed come from Norway, and must be taken into the interior on the backs of horses. A frequent sight is a procession of ponies each with a board on either side, fastened at one end to the pack-saddle, while the other end is left to trail and bump along the uneven road. On pleasant mornings another kind of procession is often seen. It is composed of women and girls, each with a wooden tub, and all going to the warm springs to do the household washing. The water can be had at all temperatures, from boiling hot, where it bubbles out of the earth, to tepid, farther down the little stream formed from the overflow. Dipping up a tubful of hot water, the washerwoman puts her washing to soak, and then selects a convenient place upon the bank, near the water's edge, where she kneels and rubs and wrings piece by piece.

The buildings of a farm usually are under one roof and stand in a row, with their gable ends facing the court. They are peculiarly constructed; economy of timber and the exigences of the climate furnish, however, a key to their architecture. Ordinarily they are but one story in height. They are framed of wood, and their gables also are wooden; their sides and backs, which usually slope to the ground, are commonly of lava and turf; the roof always is thatched with turf, which quickly grows together and forms a continuous covering, through which wet and cold scarcely can penetrate. Seen from a distance a group of farm buildings bears the appearance of an irregular grass-grown hillock, upon which, to heighten the illusion, sheep are calmly grazing. The farmhouse proper consists of two or three gables; next it is the byre for the winter shelter of the cows, if the farmer is sufficiently well-to-do to possess any, and next the smithy with its forge and anvil; the Icelander in his isolation is thrown upon his own resources, and is obliged still to exercise, upon occasion, a calling that has descended to him from the immemorial past. Entering the house through the low doorway in one of the gables, you find yourself in a long straight passage, through which, even in broad daylight, you must commonly grope your way. The floor is sometimes of boards, sometimes of earth; on each side doors open into the adjoining buildings, separated from each other only by wooden partitions. Usually the door on one side leads into the common living-room of the house, which occupies the whole of the building in which it is situated. A quaint and picturesque interior meets your eye. It is a long, low room, lighted at either end by a square window. Above the beams are visible, and have been made the place of deposit for an indescribable variety of household articles. Along one side stands the low stationary bed which serves also as a lounging place by day; some square wooden chests are ranged along the opposite side; at the end, particularly in winter, several women are carding and spinning wool. This common room always indicates the thrift or poverty of the farmer. Sometimes it is scrupulously neat and orderly, and its furniture is good and substantial, if not costly. Frequently, however, everything about the place is of the most primitive kind, and comfort, convenience and cleanliness are unknown. The bed looks as if it were never made up, and dirt, fleas, children and dogs are distributed in equal, though inordinate, proportions.

If you enter the door on the opposite side of the hallway you find a smaller room, usually furnished with chairs and a table, and sometimes with a bed. This, in the larger houses, is the spare room of the house, and after the various saddles and Sunday garments placed here for safe keeping have been removed, it is assigned to the chance guest. If, instead of turning to the right or to the left, you continue your way along the passage to the end, you arrive at the kitchen, which usually is in a separate building. Its floor is of earth. In a fireplace flickers an uncertain fire of peat and over it hangs an iron pot from a crane. Everything is dark and smoke-begrimed, for much of the smoke does not escape through the open chimney, and the only light is from the fire. Perhaps an old woman with her black garments and her tasseled hufa bends over the kettle and stirs its contents. The unsteady light gives it all a weird appearance, and you wonder if the crone is not muttering an incantation. It is such an interior as Gerard Douw would have loved to paint.

Small as is the kitchen fire, it is often the only one in the house, for fuel in some parts of the island is exceedingly scarce, and must be used with the strictest economy for cooking purposes alone. It is customary to close the houses when the cold winter weather comes on, for then the atmosphere becomes at least warmer than the outside air, if not quite so well adapted for breathing purposes. The houses of the clergy are often better than those described in that they have more rooms or better accommodations; sometimes, however, they are worse, or the guest chamber already has been allotted, and in that case you retire to the neighboring church.

By November the winter had begun with all its rigor, and fierce storms swept over land and over the sea, which lost its blue and became dull and dark. One by one the ships left the harbor of Reykjavik; then the last mail ship sailed, and Iceland was cut off until spring from communication with the outside world.

Although the climate of south Iceland is cold, the winter is scarcely what one would be led to expect from the northern situation. There is not much snow. A few inches usually lay upon the ground, crisp and hard, but not the piled up drifts of a New England winter. Accordingly it was possible to make horseback excursions to the farms round about, and to see the winter life of the people in the country. This season for the Icelander is a time of comparative rest. As nothing can be done abroad he stays of necessity at home, but his life is no mere hibernation. He sleeps a great deal, for his house is insufficiently lighted and the nights are long, but by daylight he has occupations enough. He has boats to build and oars to shape; saddles and harness to make and to mend; or he sorts the wool which the women spin into yarn and then knit into stockings, or weave into coarse homespun or flannel, like wadmal. A busy sound of whirring wheels often greets the ear when you enter the farmhouse, and you find the women all at work at one end of the long room. Another duty devolves on the heads of the household at isolated farms. There are good elementary schools in many places throughout the island, but in remote districts the children must be taught at home. In summer the time is occupied with out-of-door work, but in the comparatively idle days of winter the father, or not infrequently the mother, teaches the children of either sex the common branches. Iceland is perhaps the best-educated community on the face of the earth; throughout the length and breadth of the land there is nobody who cannot read and write, and the general knowledge of some of these obscure fisherman-farmers is sometimes well-nigh appalling.

MANUFACTURING A VOICE.

Ingenious Application by an English Professor of Mr. Edison's Latest Invention.

[Julian Hawthorne, in Collier's Once a Week.]

Some years ago, at a meeting of the Royal Society in London, I was introduced to Professor Paxsal, whose ingenious attempts to reproduce the sounds of human speech by mechanical contrivances were at that time creating interest in the scientific world. The machine he then had in view, and a model of which in its simpler form was then produced for exhibition, consisted essentially of a rubber tube, one end of which was connected with a system of wheels and ratchets and a sort of bag of gold-beater's skin. The whole was set in a frame on which by a contrivance similar in principle to that of the typewriter short sentences composed of words in common use could be rapidly arranged. These sentences so affected the mechanism that, by merely blowing (or otherwise sending a continuous current of air) through the tube, the same sentence became audible as speech. The invention, ingenious though it was, was not considered practical, probably because of the preliminary necessity of arranging the sentence as aforesaid; and I remember that the sounds produced, though distinct and articulate enough, were too harsh, monotonous and metallic to be fairly called an imitation of the human voice. At all events, the machine has not been heard of since, and I presume that Professor Paxsal had given up trying to do anything more with it.

The evening I mention was made memorable, as it happened, by the first appearance in England of Edison's talking phonograph. It was then a rather different affair from the present instrument: the cylinder was coated with tinfoil instead of wax, and the voice-sound was squeaky and fantastic. But Professor Paxsal was deeply interested in the exhibition; and after the rest of the audience had retired, he and I stayed behind and experimented with the telephone for an hour or more. "It rather takes the wind out of my sails, doesn't it?" he remarked, with a laugh. "And yet," he added, "I don't know but there may be something for me in it, too." During the ten years, or thereabouts, that have elapsed since then the subject has never been revived between us; though our chance meeting has developed into a friendship which I highly value, and has led to a correspondence in which all the benefit is on my side.

The professor's letters, of course, were largely personal and private, and as such unfitted for publication. But I have lately received one which I have the writer's express permission to print, and since its subject will soon become generally known through other channels, and embodies what seems to me a charming idea, I will quote the passage containing it for the benefit of readers of Once a Week.

After alluding to the improved phonograph, he goes on to say: "It immediately struck me that the waxed cylinder might solve my problem; and here my experiments with photographs from the microscope, and also (by an odd coincidence) in engraving, stood me in good stead. I pressed all my friends and acquaintances into service, and in the course of a month from the time Edison sent me the machine, I had more than 500 cylinders covered with 'talk' from all manner of men's and women's voices, not to speak of musical instruments and other sources of sound. Then I spent two months in carefully examining all the records with a microscope, and making magnified photographs of many of them. By comparing these, I ascertained an important fact—that human voices, infinite though they be in variety of timbre, differ from one another according to a fixed law or ratio, very simple in itself. *The sound elements of any given voice can readily be analyzed or combined by this law.*" [The italics are Professor Paxsal's.] "Now comes my little invention. Of course, on the phonograph cylinder, sounds and intonations are represented by lines of varying depth, etc. I first studied and made tabulated diagrams of the alphabet—if I may so term it—of these lines. There are two constituents here—one, the line representing the word itself, as man, and the other, the modifications in that line affected by the timbre of voice of the particular person uttering it. My alphabet, as it turns out, is not nearly so intricate or long as you might suppose; the vowels of course are easy; the utterance we give to the consonants is more complicated; and then, as I said, the human equation is a separate consideration. All being ready, I imagined a certain voice, and then set to work to make it! Using the first sentence of Milton's 'Paradise Lost' as my corpus vilum, I constructed it (in the first instance) on paper, on a large scale, modifying the required lines according to my alphabet. I next made a fine etched copy of this on copper, using a large magnifying glass. As this was still too coarse I photographed the etching, to the proper scale on a sheet of wax, and then carefully rolled the wax on an ordinary phonograph cylinder. Upon fitting the cylinder to the instrument, and applying the recorder, I had the pleasure of listening to the words 'Of man's first disobedience,' etc., pronounced by a voice of which I was myself the manufacturer! Its correspondence with the voice I had conceived was almost exact. Afterward, I produced musical compositions by the same means; and it is, perhaps, in this direction that the idea will be chiefly practical. Instead of the ordinary notation, the composer may now actually write his music direct."

The rest of the letter has less general interest: but I repeat that this invention of audible writing seems to me charming, and opens out a vista of curious possibilities.

INVENTION OF THE SHOT TOWER.

The Idea of Its Construction Revealed in a Dream!

[Chicago Mail.]

There was once a mechanic at Bristol, England, who had a queer dream. Watts was his name, and he was by trade a shot-maker. The making of the little leaden pellets was then a slow, laborious and, consequently, costly process. Watts had to take great bars of lead and pound them out into sheets of a thickness about equal to the diameter of the shot he desired to make. Then he cut the sheets into little cubes, which he placed in a revolving barrel or box and rolled until the edges wore off from the constant friction and the little cubes became spheroids.

Watts had often racked his brain trying to devise a better scheme, but in vain. Finally, after an evening spent with some jolly companions at the alehouse he went home and turned into bed. He soon fell into a deep slumber, but the liquor evidently did not agree with him, for he had a bad dream. He thought he was out again with the "boys." They were all trying to find their way home when it began to rain shot. Beautiful globules of lead, polished and shining, fell in a torrent and compelled him and his bibulous companions to draw their heavy limbs to a place of shelter.

In the morning, when Watts arose, he remembered the dream. He thought about it all day, and wondered what shape molten lead would take in falling a distance through the air. At last, when he could rest no longer, he carried a ladleful of the hot metal up into the steeple of the church of St. Mary of Redcliffe and dropped it into the moat below. Descending, he took from the bottom of the shallow pool several handfuls of perfect shot, far superior to any he had ever seen. Watts' fortune was made, for he had conceived the idea of the shot tower, which has ever since been the only means employed in the manufacture of the little missiles so much used in war and sport.

English and American Phrases.

[Prentice Mulford.]

The poorest Englishman has the luxury of burning soft coal, and his parlor or kitchen open-grate fire, with its playing flames, is, in cheerfulness, far beyond our glowing, but flameless, masses. They say over there "coals on sale," and not "coal for sale." There is, in some respects, quite a difference between the "King's English" and the "President's English." For our "livery stable" they hang out "cars on hire." A pitcher over there is a "jug," the word "tumbler" for a glass is Greek to them; baggage is "luggage"; a roasting piece of beef is a "joint," and a street car is a "tram." I asked a London "bus" driver once if he was going to the river, meaning the Thames. I do not think he had ever heard the word before as applicable to anything at or near London. The Thames in London is "Westminster," "Waterloo," "Blackfriars," "London," or some other bridge. They have forgotten there it ever was a river.

Of an Inquiring Mind.

[Merchant Traveler.]

"Keep away from that," said a restaurant keeper to an Irishman who was standing in front of a newly arrived box of turtles, holding his finger in evident pain. "What are you doing there anyhow?"

"I wor investigating."

"Investigating what?"

"I wor trying to see which was the head and which was the tail ov that baste over there in the corner ov the box."

"What do you want to know that for."

"I've a curiosity to know whether I've been bit or stung."

MASCULINE SHOPPING.

The Head of the Family Makes Some Purchases.

His Experiences With Coriolanus and Some Windy Tubes.

Pleased Into Buying Out the Shop and Paralyzing a Poor Policeman.

[Fred H. Carruth in New York Tribune.]

I had occasion yesterday to get a few "things" necessary in a well-regulated household. I went into a large store on the corner, where, as I gathered from their advertisements, they were more than satisfied if they made anywhere near a living profit. Unscrupulous so-called competitors, they claimed, were trying to undersell them, but, so far, these one-horse concerns had received only the well-merited scorn of a discriminating and long-headed public. I felt greatly pleased at getting on the track of a place the first thing where they were content to lose a fair percentage. I couldn't help feeling sorry for the small concerns that were struggling along and trying to keep up appearances, but then they should have known better than to have started in.

There was a wide stone sidewalk around the store, and besides the other people there were several coachmen standing along the outer edge wearing long, gloomy expressions on their faces. Personally, I arrived on the elevated road, which passes along but a few blocks away on somewhat shorter stilts, it seems to me, than it does further uptown. I went in and began to look around. I wanted to get a number of things, but all I could think of was two yards of felt, so I went over to a man who looked like Hamlet when Polonius is talking to him and asked where they kept their felt. He told me, but looked as if things were getting worse and worse in the State of Denmark.

I went to the place to which Hamlet directed me, and found fishing tackle and rubber dolls. Hamlet's advice to the purchaser is not satisfactory. However, I found the felt department at last, and sat down on one of the cloth-covered door knobs which stood along in front of the counter mounted on sticks. The young lady who had the management of the felts was very busy matching a piece of green felt to a blue sample for a customer, so I had time to rest. I didn't see anything more of Hamlet, but Coriolanus went past once looking for Volscians. Down the kid glove alley I noticed King Richard II. meditating on the melancholy fate of sovereigns and the probable relative demand that there would be next week for four and six button gloves respectively. Everything seemed to be intended for rest. They appeared to want to encourage people to stay with them and grow old with them. I saw that the idea so many folks labor under that life is short is a delusion. I sent word to the manager's desk by one of the cash boys that if there was any charge for sitting on that button after the first hour I would make it all right.

The young lady got around to me at last, however, and asked me what color I wanted. I didn't know that I had lost the sample while I was pawing around in the grass in the front yard before I left home looking for my street-car tickets. I told her I thought I wanted a sort of dark green, though. She said she didn't see what I could want of dark green felt. I acknowledged that I didn't know what I wanted it for, but I was pretty sure that that was the color. She said that if I had lost my sample she didn't see what I could know about what I wanted, and I had to admit that it was some so. Then she showed me some red felt, and yellow felt, and purple felt, and various other colored felts. My mind kept wandering back foolishly to the dark green, but if I tried to say anything about it she soon put me on the right track again, and spread out some light rose-colored felt before me. She was just ready to cut me off a piece of this when the crazy notion that I wanted dark green got the better of me again, and I told her that I must have it. I apologized for my freak, but I explained to her that I would never be happy till I got it and sneaked home with it under my overcoat, and hid it so that no one would ever know that I had bought dark green felt just because I wanted it when I could have got light rose-colored. She scattered slabs of felt right and left for a minute or so and dug a roll of the poor, crack-brained, dark green out of the bottom of the pile and cut off two yards. She said it came to $3.51, reduced from $3.73½, and I gave her a five-dollar bill. She gave the felt to a girl in a pigeon hole to tie up and put the money and a cherry little note to the cashier, saying that she had made a sale and hoped he was enjoying the same blessing, in a little round tin pepper-box, with a fur collar on each end of it, and dropped it down the end of a small brass eaves-spout which came up the side of the post office box the girl was in. She pulled a sort of a thing around over the top of the brass tube, and it began to hum a kind of a sad, subdued dance, and I judged that all was over.

I rested my elbows on the counter, and thought, and watched the end of that brass money digesting apparatus for a very long time. I saw my mistake now that it was too late. I had often been warned from youth up against putting my money in where I would never get it back, and this must be what they meant. I had often wondered when my financially sharp friends had told me that I must never put my money into anything where I was not certain of speedy returns, what they were referring to; this was evidently it. Time wore on, and the brass pipe hummed the same sad refrain down in its throat and refused to give up my $5. I wouldn't have cared so much if I hadn't been told so many times not to put my money into anything I didn't know anything about. Time went on and I hung to the one-legged stool, though I had long ago given up hope. I noticed that Cardinal Wolsey was preparing to go home, while Macbeth was having a boy take down the sample lace in his department. All at once the organ-pipe clucked and began to breathe hard. The girl pulled something and took out the pepper-box with the whiskers. When the young lady opened it and gave me my change, consisting of nine pennies and some other coins, I walked back from the brink of financial ruin as in a dream.

I then went down into the house-furnishing goods department to get a tin steamer. A good-looking young lady who wore eyeglasses showed me one with a lot of holes in the bottom, and I was starting for another store when she called me back and told me all about steamers. I told her I would take it, and she also wrote a few lines to the proprietor, in the course of which she mentioned she had sold a steamer to a man from the back counties, and she hoped to have an increase in her salary, and shot it and my money through another brass tube. I suppose I might say here that time wore away, but it seems almost unnecessary. I improved it, however, by buying a tin cup, a towel-rack and a brass candle-stick. Then I branched out and bought an ash-can with wainscoting around the outside of it, and a carving knife and fork, with one of those round things that you pretend to sharpen the knife on before you begin to saw away at the chicken where there isn't any joint and finally land the fowl in your guest's lap and sit down and let your wife finish the job. When you tell a man that he can't sharpen a carving knife on one of those iron whetstones you touch him on a tender spot; he thinks he can, but he can't; the man who invented them couldn't. You might as well saw the chicken and playfully toss it on to the floor with the fork and get down and pick it up and get red in the face and apologize without any ceremony with the file. However, I always like to go through a little scalping exercise with the sharpening iron myself before I pull the trap and let the bird take a 10-foot rise and light in the gravy dish and then allow itself to be captured.

I also invested in a coffee-mill, an iron kettle, a long, slender, round-shouldered toasting fork and an ironing-board, with upholstering on one side of it. The brass tubes were kept pretty busy making change, as I paid for each thing separately, so as to hear them sing, and I had one pocket over half full of pennies. I came almost forgetting the cooky cutter, but remembered it at the last moment. I selected one that cut a cooky in the shape of a cow. This was a little idea of my own. The cutter hardly looks as if it will make a cow whose legs will be exactly the right proportion, but my idea is to encourage art even if it is somewhat disguised. I then gathered up my purchases and went home. The ash can with the board plaiting on the outside, was too large to do up in paper, and on the way home, without any desire to do so, I attracted the attention of the curious. I did not care for them, but it seemed as if the policeman who followed me most of the way might have been in better business.

Printing a Big Magazine.

[New York Truth.]

In conversation with an attache of Harper Brothers I learned a simple fact connected with the printing of the Monthly Magazine that appears almost incredible, and explains at the same time the extraordinary delay in the publication of accepted articles. The attache informed me that the Monthly is printed 18 months in advance of its publication date, and at the present moment the issue of April, 1890, is on the press. Of course one or two forms are left to complete each issue, that timely events may be treated of as they occur. At the same time my informant told me the Christmas issues of the weeklies are printed usually in the previous March or April.

COLLEGE CRIES.

Interesting War-Whoops of the Educated Youth of America Catalogued for Policemen's Use.

[New York Mail and Express.]

Nothing more definitely individualizes a crowd of college students than the "cry" which their college custom has ordained or college tradition handed down. As well as printed characters can convey sounds we reproduce below the distinctive slogans of the principal colleges, though cold lead type can but faintly convey the effect of the union of a hundred student voices articulating their own peculiar cry. Here they are—the rollicking huzza of California, the solemn war whoop of Dartmouth, the strident scream of Cornell, the explosive energy of Hamilton and Wooster, the bubbling effervescence of Boston, the vociferous orthography of Columbia, Union and Bowdoin; the sharp, quick cry of Harvard and the deep-lunged, longer-drawn-out "rah" of Yale. Each has an individuality of its own:

Harvard—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Harvard!!

Yale—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah! Ya-a-le!!

Columbia—Rah, rah, rah! C-o-l-u-m-b-i-a!!

Dartmouth—Wah, hoo, wah; wah, hoo, rah! Dar-d-d-Dartmouth!! Tiger.

Princeton—Rah, rah, rah; s-s-s-t, boom, ah-h-h!!

Rutgers—Rah, rah, rah; bow-wow-wow!!

Union—Rah, rah, rah; U-n-i-o-n, hikah, hikah, hikah!!

Williams—Will-iams, Will-iams, Will-yums, yams, yums! Williams!!

University of Vermont—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; U. V. M! Rah, rah!

Bowdoin—B-o-w-d-o-i-n! Rah, rah, Rah!!

Cornell—Cor-nell! I yell, yell, yell! Cornell!!!

Hamilton—Rah, rah, rah, Ham-il-ton! Zip, rah, boom!!

Amherst—Rah, rah, rah! Am-herst-i-a!!

Wesleyan—Rah, rah, rah, rah; Wes-ley-an-a! Rah, rah, rah!

Madison—Zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Mad; zip, rah, Madison!

New York University—Rah, rah, rah, N. Y. U.; siss, boom, ah!

Lafayette—Hoo-rah, hoo-rah, hoo-rah; tigar! Lafayette!!

Syracuse—Hip, hoo, rah; hip, hoo, rah; Syracuse! Syracuse! Rah, rah, rah!

Brown—Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Rah, rah! Brown!!

College City of New York—Rah, rah, rah; C. C. N. Y.!!

Wooster—W-oo-ster! Bang!!

University of Tennessee—Rah, rah, rah-rah-rah; Bim, bim, boom-boom-bah! Rah, rah, rah-rah-rah!!

Allegheny—Alleghe, Aleghe; Rah, boom! Allegheny!!

Adelbert—Rah-rah-rah; Ski-yi-yi; A-d-e-l-b-e-r-t!

Pennsylvania College—Rah, rah, rah, rah; Penn-syl-van-yah!

Tufts—R-r-rah; Rah-rah, rah, Tufts!

University of California—Hah, ha; Californiah! U. C., Berk-e-lee! Zip, boom, Ah!!

Dickinson—Hip, rah, bus, bis; Dickinsoni-en-sis! Tiger.

Boston University—Boston, Boston, bub-a-bub-a-bub; Boston Varsity, Varsity; rah, rah, rah!!

Colby—C-o-l-b-y, rah! C-o-l-b-y, rah! rah, rah, rah!!

Rensselaer University—C-o-l-b-y, rah! rah, rah, rab; rah, rah, rah, Rensselaer!

Swarthmore—Rah, rah, rah; rah, rah, rah; Swarthmore, Swarthmore; hoo rah!

Trinity—Trin-i-ty! Trin-i-ty!! (ad libitum.)

Racine—Ra, Ra, Ra-cine!

REMINISCENCES OF TRAVERS.

Here's a Dollar, and Always Lick the Other Fellow.

[Cosmopolitan.]

Mr. Travers was a kind and indulgent father, but was pleased to see his boys manifest ample pluck, like himself. Apropos of this characteristic, one of his boys came home one day with a big blacked eye.

"Where-w-w-where d-d-did you g-g-g-get th-th-that?" inquired the father, anxiously.

"In a f-f-fight, sir," replied the son, who had a similar impediment in his speech.

"D-d-d-did y-y-you w-w-whip the other f-f-fellow?"

"Y-y-yes, sir."

"Q-q-quite r-r-right. H-h-h-here's a d-d-dollar f-f-for y-you. Always w-w-whip the other f-f-fellow."

His wit, like that of Tom Hood, did not forsake him even in his last hours.

While on his deathbed at Bermuda a friend called to see him, and said: "What a nice place Bermuda is for rest and change." Travers replied: "Y-y-yes, th-the waiters g-get th-the ch-change, and th-the h-h-hotel k-keepers th-the r-r-rest."

The closing refrain of every friend of this famous wag always sounds the same: "We shall never see his like again."

A foppish swell, whose polished bald head was conspicuous in one of the clubs, begged Mr. Travers to advise him what character he should take in a coming masquerade.

"W-w-why d-don't you p-p-powder your head and g-g-go as a p-p-pill?" replied Travers.

Wanted to Stay.

[Arkansas Traveller.]

[Railway station in the backwoods of Kentucky. Old Zeb Trotter and his wife, who have come out a distance of 15 miles to sell two dozen eggs and three pounds of blue butter, are anxiously awaiting the arrival of the train, which, if the weather is good, makes two trips per week.]

Zeb—Mahaly, let's go home. That fetch-taked train ain't comin', nohow.

Mahaly—Oh, now don't be snatched. It'll be erlong atter while.

Zeb—Yas, but we've been a-waitin' putty nigh ever sense sun-up, an' it ain't come yit.

Mahaly—But it mout be along almost any hour. Do you reckon a body wants ter stay out yander in the hills an' work all the time an' not see nuthin'? Jest becaze you don't keer nuthin' fur the 'joyments an' 'citements o' this here life you think that nobody else do. Here I've been er 'layin off ter see these kyars ever sense last fall was six year ago, an' now that the good Lawd has give me the chance you wanter snatch it away frum me. I ain't a-goin' ter move er peg from here till that train comes.

Zeb—That terbacker ought to be suckered.

Mahaly—Don't keer ef it do.

Zeb—An' I bet the chickens air scratchin' up the inyons.

Mahaly—Let 'em scratch.

Zeb—Old Miz Buck will git her soap made 'fo' you.

Mahaly (much excited)—Git the horses, Zeb, an' les hurry on home.

On Art Business.

[New York Sun.]

Young Artist (to clerk)—I desire to see Mr. Wabash on an important matter connected with the coming exhibition of paintings. I understand he is chairman of the art committee.

Clerk—Yes, sir. Just at present he is up in the slaughtering department; he will return shortly, or you can go up stairs and see him there. Our hog receipts today were very large.

Young Artist (faintly)—I think I'll wait here.

Suspicious.

[Terre Haute Express.]

Mrs. Bachbeit—It's just awful, I think, the way that Mrs. Golding lets young Hardup dangle around after her day in and day out. But it's to be expected, I suppose, when an old fool like Golding marries a giddy young girl.

Mrs. Polly Gist—You oughn't to talk that way about her. She's awfully good to the old fellow, they say.

Mrs. Bachbeit—Yes? Almost too good to be true.

Knew That Sponge Was Necessary.

[Judge.]

Wife (just commenced housekeeping)—Algy, will you get a small sponge at the drug store before you come home tonight?

Algy—Certainly, ducky.

Wife—And, Algy, ask the clerk how much of it he mixes with dough for three loaves of bread.

Thought He Could Stand It.

[Chicago Tribune.]

"You would be sorry to lose your sister, wouldn't you, Jimmy?" asked the visitor suggestively to the little boy who was entertaining him in the drawing-room.

"Nope," replied Johnny, "I guess I could stand it, Mr. Hankinson. Maw says I've got to wear short pants till after Ireue's married."

A Sure Sign.

[The Idea.]

Pulsifer—Young Watkins is very attentive to your daughter, isn't he, Hungerford?

Hungerford—Yes, calls three evenings a week.

Palsifer—Are they engaged?

Hungerford—No, but they will be soon; my gas bills are getting smaller every month.

MR. AND MRS. BOWSER.

Mr. B. Gives His Life Lessons in the Culinary Art.

His Mother's Way of Making Biscuit and Parboiling Steak.

Success Spoiled by Feminine Jealousy—Putting Poison in the Flour.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Mr. Bowser came home the other afternoon just in time to meet the cook going away with her bundle, and he rushed into the house to inquire:

"I suppose you've gone and done it again?"

"What?"

"Abused and maltreated the girl until her sense of justice has compelled her to leave."

"I hadn't anything to do with her leaving."

"Then who had? She looked heart-broken as I passed her just now."

"Did she? Poor thing! She got a letter this morning from her aunt in Canada, telling her that she had been left $5000 in cash, and advising her to come home and marry a man who owns three farms. She must feel very sorrowful!"

"Humph! And you didn't put too much work on her?"

"No."

"Nor make her feel her position?"

"No. Her position was in the parlor about half the time."

"Well, it seems very queer to me that so many of our girls leave. Everything will be upset now for a week, I suppose."

"Oh, no. You can cook, you know, and you are such a sympathetic soul that you ought to be willing to go into the kitchen for a day or two. I shall depend on you, Mr. Bowser."

"Oh, you will? Not satisfied with driving a dozen poor souls to distraction, you want a rub at me? I wouldn't have your spirit for all the money in the world!"

He went away with that, but he was home an hour earlier than usual, and when I inquired the cause he said:

"What for? Why, the child and I have got to have something to eat, haven't we, and whose to cook it if I don't take hold?"

"I can cook."

"Mrs. Bowser, I've long felt it my duty to give you a few lessons in the culinary art. I have held off, hoping your pride would force you to take hold, but the limit has been reached. The time has come when I must sacrifice my business to enter my kitchen and prevent my child from feeling the pangs of hunger."

"Please don't."

"But I will! I'm driven to it. I've got a wife who can't cook the northwest end of a last year's turnip, and who can't keep a cook over a week at a time. I've put up with it too long—much too long, Mrs. Bowser. I must sacrifice my dignity to preserve the life of my child."

"Shan't I help you get supper?"

"Not a help. You'd only be in the way. Just sit down in the rocker, Mrs. Bowser; put your feet on the lounge, get a cud of gum in your mouth, and sit and chew and chew and think what mean things you are going to say to the next girl to drive her away. When supper is ready I will call your royal highness."

He disappeared with that.

When he reached the kitchen he took off his cuffs and coat, pushed up his sleeves, and kindled a fire. His confidence began to desert him at this point, and he seemed to be studying deeply as he filled the teakettle even full and set it to boil. I had some fresh beefsteak in the ice box and he got it out, scratched his head in a thoughtful way, and laid it on the kitchen table. Then he went down cellar after the hatchet, wiped the head of it on his right leg, and pounded away until a good share of the steak had gone into the board.

Mr. Bowser's next move was to hunt behind the pantry door for a spider which we had never used. He carried it to the kitchen towel, gave it a wipe and then placed it on the stove. He had heard that grease was necessary, and he put in some butter, dropped in his steak and soon had it sizzling. Then he started in for the biscuit. He got down the dishpan, filled it almost full, and then reflected for a moment. I took advantage of the occasion to open the door and remark:

"Mr. Bowser, you needn't figure on an elaborate supper, under the circumstances. Just make us a cup of tea and we'll get along."

"Mrs. Bowser, you ought to know by this time that there is no half-way work with me," he replied, with great frigidity. "You can afford to neglect the comfort of this family, but I cannot. Please return to your gum and your novel."

Then he went ahead just as any other husband would.

He had heard about soda and shortening in biscuit, and he mixed the flour with cold water, put in pepper and salt, slashed off half a pound of butter and stirred it in and then remembered the baking powder. There was nearly a quarter of a pound in the box, and the whole of it went in.

How Mr. Bowser managed to get a grease spot between his shoulder blades, flour on his hair and baking powder in his hind pocket I do not know, but it was probably while he was rolling that mass out. He didn't trifle with the mixing board, but used the spot where he had pounded the beef. I heard the mass of dough fall to the floor three different times with a dull thud, but he wasn't a bit discouraged. He got it rolled out at last, cut some biscuits with a teacup, and presently the oven door shut on his tins. He had just 40 biscuit.

By this time the steak had burned black on both sides, and he set it down behind the stove and prepared the tea. To two quarts of water he used one teaspoonful. Ten minutes later he summoned me to the banquet. He had the tablecloth on criss-cross, the butter on a pie plate, the cake in the cheese dish, and his beefsteak was placed in the centre of the table on a pie tin.

"Anything wrong?" he asked as I sat down.

"Oh, no. You have done splendidly."

"I am aware of it. This table has never looked so homelike before."

His biscuits were raw in the middle, while top and bottom were so wonderfully and fearfully made that I had to laugh.

"The biscuit; you can't beat 'em. Wait till you taste one!"

I didn't taste, but he did. I was watching him, and a look of horror came over his face at the first mouthful. He wouldn't give in, however, but crowded a whole biscuit down and pretended to enjoy it.

"I wouldn't eat any of that steak, Mr. Bowser," I said, as he eyed it suspiciously.

"Wouldn't you? Perhaps you want it all yourself?"

"I don't think it is properly cooked."

"Well, I do! If that isn't a nice steak then we never have had one in this house."

He ate at least a quarter of a pound, though every morsel choked him. I offered to wash up the dishes, but he put me out of the kitchen and went ahead. He washed everything together in the flour-pan, wiped them on whatever he could find loose, and it was a week before we got the pantry in order again. That night, after bragging of what a breakfast he was going to get, Mr. Bowser was taken with chills and colic, and when the doctor came and I showed him the beef and the biscuit he said:

"Mr. Bowser, if you hadn't the stomach of a shark you'd have been dead an hour ago. You'd better quit this sort of nonsense if you want to live the year out."

And as soon as we were alone Mr. Bowser turned on me with.

"Don't expect me to shield you again! Your jealousy prompted you to put poison into that flour while I was down cellar! If this thing occurs again I will send you to the gallows!"

They All Do It.

[Americus (Ga.) Recorder.]

A pathetic scene was witnessed at the ladies' window in the post office yesterday. A pretty little miss of 16 entered with a neatly wrapped parcel, which she handed the clerk to be weighed. When it was returned to her she carefully unfolded it, disclosing to the eyes of the reporter, who was watching her from the outside through the window, a package of half a hundred old letters, a ring, several bunches of faded flowers and a photograph of a male being. Her pretty eyes were swimming with tears as she cast a long, lingering glance at her treasures, and with a gulp in her swan-like throat, hand them over to the cold-blooded clerk again for transmission through the mails. They had busted, and she was sending "him" back his things.

You Can Travel on Your Trunk.

[Indianapolis Journal.]

"Do you know that if a man has a heavy trunk he can sometimes travel a long distance on a railroad without a ticket or any money?" said a young man yesterday, who had recently made his way back from Texas with but a few dollars. "When I reached St. Louis I had but five cents in my pocket, and I did not know a man there I could ask for a loan. I went to the ticket agent, and, making known my condition, asked him how I could get to Indianapolis. 'Have you a trunk?' he asked. I told him I had, and he said he would introduce me to the conductor. When the conductor came up I was introduced, and he asked me for the check to my trunk, which I gave him, and he then gave me a small ticket, which he said would get my trunk in Indianapolis. I asked him how much the trunk would cost me when I went to get it out, and he said $7. Well, I got through all right, but when I presented the ticket for the trunk, it cost me $9, instead of $7. I have been wondering ever since who got that money, but I didn't care, for I was glad to get back to Indianapolis even on those terms."

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Their Parting.

[Chicago Saturday Evening Herald.]

"Good night," I'd say; good night—good by!"
"Good night," from her, with half a sigh—
"Good night!" "Good night!" And then—
And then I do not go, but stand,
Again lean on the railing, and
Begin it all again!

A Marital Failure.

[New York Sun.]

If I had lived a bachelaire
And of my money taken care,
I might have been a millionnaire.
Instead I wed a damsel fair
And purchased various jewels rare,
To ornament her arms and hair,
The former often left quite bare
To be admired beneath the glare
Of an electric chandelaire.
We prove an ill-assorted pair,
And now, with little cash to spare,
That little I with her must share,
And look for more, the Lord knows where.

A Settler.

[Z. W. C. in New York Graphic.]

"How much is this silk a yard, sir?"
A blushing damsel asked
Of a gay and gushing salesman,
Who admiring glances cast.
"Only a kiss," he answered,
With an audacious air,
As he unfolded the fabric
Before the maiden fair.

The blush on her cheek drew deeper,
And her dark and lustrous eyes
Became more fascinating
As promptly she replies:
"If you please, I'll take ten yards, sir,"
For a moment his heart stood still,
Till the cruel creature added,
"And grandma'll settle the bill."

To Patty.

WITH APOLOGIES TO Q. H. FLACCUS, ESQ.

[T. P. Sanborn in Puck.]

Why, Patty, do you shun me so—
Like fawn that trembling seeks its doe,
When tired hunters menace?
You will not share my light canoe,
Too long for one—just right for two—
Nor be my mate at tennis.

Shy fawn, the murmur of the breeze,
The subtle woodland mysteries,
The squirrel by the briar,
Send tremors through your heart and frame
And *you*—you shudder just the same,
Nor glow with Love's sweet fire.

Ah, Patty! do not shun me so;
I'm not a raging lion, no
Wild tiger is my brother.
There comes a time when maids may wed;
Then love and follow me instead
Of following your mother.

Then.

(Rose Terry Cooke.)

I give thee treasures hour by hour,
That old-time princes asked in vain,
And pined for in their useless power,
Or died of passion's eager pain.

I give thee love as God gives light,
Aside from merit or from prayer,
Rejoicing in its own delight,
And freer than the lavish air.

I give thee prayers like jewels strung
On golden threads of hope and fear,
And tenderer thoughts than ever hung
In a sad angel's pitying tear.

As earth pours freely to the sea
Its thousand streams of wealth untold,
So flows my silent life to thee,
Glad that its very sands are gold.

What care I for thy carelessness?
I give from depths that overflow;
Regardless that their power to bless
Thy spirit cannot sound or know.

Far lingering on a distant dawn,
My triumph shines, more sweet than late,
When, from these mortal mists withdrawn,
Thine heart shall know me—I can wait.

Distiches.

[John Hay in Nebraska State Journal.]

I.

Wisely a woman prefers to a lover a man who neglects her.
This one may love her some day, some day the lover will not.

II.

There are three species of creatures who when they seem coming are going.
When they seem going they come: Diplomats, women and crabs.

III.

Pleasures too hastily tasted grow sweeter in fond recollection.
As the pomegranate plucked green ripens far over the sea.

IV.

As the meek beasts in the Garden came flocking for Adam to name them,
Men for a title today crawl to the feet of a king.

V.

What is a first love for, except to prepare for a second?
What does the second love bring? Only regret for the first.

VI.

Health was wooed by the Romans in groves of the laurel and myrtle.
Happy and long are the lives brightened by glory and love.

A Ballade of the Modern Novel.

[N. M. L. in Judge.]

Profusion of passionate thrills
And an ardor drawn out to excess,
A succession of fanciful ills
Such as lovers find hard to suppress;
There's something fantastic in dress,
And the actors strange notions betray;
There's no sin that one dare not confess
In the novel that's written today.

You must notice the fervor that fills
The romantical maid in distress—
With a wealth of fine words that distills
All the flowers of speech, more or less,
She sweeps on like a rapt poetess,
Then she falls with much tragic display
At his feet with praiseworthy finesse,
In the novel that's written today.

Then in turn with a language that thrills
With a warmth only lovers can guess,
He declares that her coldness quite chills
His exuberant love; then a tress
Of her hair makes him mad; a caress
Drives him wild, and a kiss, by the way,
Doth occasion no end of a mess
In the novel that's written today.

ENVOI.

O, ye scribblers, pray will you digress
From the super-fantastical stray?
Give us something to boast of and bless
In the novel that's written today.

Little Women.

[A Sermon by a Priest in 1343.]

I wish to make my sermon brief to shorten my oration,
For a never-ending sermon is my utter detestation.
I like short women—suits at law without procrastination—
And am always most delighted with things of short duration.

A babbler is a laughing-stock; he's a fool who's always grinning;
But little women love so much, one falls in love with sinning.
There are women who are very tall, and yet not worth the winning,
And in the change of short for long repentance finds beginning.

To praise the little women Love besought me in my musing;
To tell their noble qualities is quite beyond refusing,
So I'll praise the little women, and you'll find the thing amusing:
They are I know as cold as snow, whilst flames around diffusing.

They're cold without, whilst warm within the flame of love is raging;
They're gay and pleasant in the street—soft, cheerful and engaging;
They're thrifty and discreet at home—the cares of life assuaging;
All this and more; try, and you'll find how true is my presaging.

A pepper-corn is very small, but seasons every dinner,
More than all other condiments, although 'tis sprinkled thinner;
Just so a little woman is, if Love will let you win her.
There's not a joy in all the world you will not find within her.

If as her size increases are woman's charms decreased,
Then surely it is good to be from all the great released.
Now of two evils choose the less, said a wise man of the East;
By consequence, of woman-kind be sure to choose the least.

TOWNSEND'S LETTER.

Prophetic Remarks About Railroads.

Phases of American Nature Suggested by a Woman Violinist.

Also the Remarkable Muscular Control of the Arm in Bowing.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—In 10 days more everything will be settled down, and may be easier than at the death of the father or mother in a family, when, in the course of two days, events are adjusted to every individual therein, from the grandmother down to the baby. Defeat is often the elevating alternative to both individuals and political parties. It is seldom that on the highway of exultation any great artistic work is done or original thinking and research developed. It was when the French State was at its lowest ebb that Lavoisie began to improve the manufacture of its gunpowder, and thus was led into his splendid nomenclature and investigation of general chemistry, wherein he leads all chemists. The discoveries of other men, which they half understood themselves, this Frenchman, distressed about the condition of his country, qualified and explained. When Mr. Milton had been driven out of political power and was hiding around Bartholomew Close he wrote the "Paradise Lost," which was worth all his politics.

The Republicans have at least enough confidence in the pending election to vote their entire following, and that is about all that can be expected from canvassing and combining. What votes they will get from the limbo region they hardly know themselves. Here and there a Democrat comes along who has taken a panic, and from him the Republicans draw exaggerated confidence. I have heard, from time to time, about a great revolution coming, and yet I am unable to see it. In two ways one anticipates a revolution; first by his observation, next by his information. Revolutions which give no sign of themselves are generally in the nature of conspiracies.

The Democratic Confidence

in the present contest is, first, in the stability and good acquittal of their candidates; next, in the larger number of votes; and third, in the comparatively-inconsequential change of the revenue system which may be carried out if Cleveland is re-elected.

As to the larger number of Democratic voters, Stephen Elkins told me four years ago that he believed there were more Democrats than Republicans in the country, and had been since 1872, but that the Republicans had been able to draw upon this Democratic supply through their investment of the offices and patronage, their relation to the labor system, etc.

Of course the vote around the mills and shops is undefined. But some of the mill owners are apprehensive that they are going to have more trouble in this country with the labor than with the tariff, and at this very moment the railroads discern with foreboding a comprehensive union of all their engineers, firemen, switchmen, brakemen, etc., thereby bringing on the next move in the checker-board of railroad civilization, which is the extermination of the locomotive engineers and their respective brotherhoods. That brotherhood was a peg above any other labor combination in this land in quality. What happened in the Burlington strike is painfully manifest to the stockholders thereof in the loss of four millions to five millions of dollars by the operations of an artificial strike, and is a stupefying thing to those who sit at home and watch the mutations of their investments.

Unquestionably the sharper the labor combinations are made and the more comprehensive they are, the more thorough will be the association of the employer element. We have seen during the past week, what was predicted to me by John G. Moore last Thanksgiving day, or thereabout—the lease of the Georgia Central railroad, probably the best thing in all the Southern States, by the Richmond Terminal Company, is a step toward what Mr. Moore outlined when he said that finally there would be not more than

Half a Dozen Railroad Systems

in the whole country. He thought that these systems would be continental systems, and that the economy now demanded to run railroads in order to make them pay, was greatly subserved by their consolidation. For example, the rolling stock of the railroads is now all mixed up, as a car is sent from one system to another and there kept over time and it hardly gets home under a month or two. The first important step taken towards this consolidation was a uniformity of gauge which followed the obliteration of slavery and the restoration of the Union. Omitting the narrow gauge railroads, most of which will ultimately be made broad gauge if they are maintained at all, there is now a general gauge throughout the country, and consequently the facility of consolidation is to that extent greater. In the Southern States are now only two important railroad combinations east of the Mississippi river: in the first place the Louisville & Nashville concern, and in the next place the Danville combination. With both of these the Pennsylvania railroad enjoys intimate relations, and therefore gets the flower of the whole Southern business, whether it comes in by Richmond or by the line of the Ohio river. Mr. Moore thought that the Southern Pacific system and the Missouri Pacific system would take hold of about everything in their respective territories, including the Union Pacific railroad, and that the Northern Pacific system might become the appendage of the New York Central system. I apprehend that our American railways will have to come out of their speculative stage and go seriously to work to educate and

Make a Fixed Civil Service

of their employes. Too much has been sacrificed by railways to attain an artificial standard on the stock exchanges, and at the same time to expand their systems through a childish jealousy of every other system, so that at one end they are trying to appear nine feet high and at the other end are endeavoring to be a thousand miles long. Mr. Jewett remarked to me last winter, before the present fusses began, that if the railroads west of Chicago did not stop their extravagant extensions upon the great plains they would destroy their original credit and the value of their stock. Why are these people constantly cutting each other's throats? Because they have not yet reached the degree of perfect civilization, and are yet in the barbarian condition of various tribes which menace each other while the white man is steadily advancing upon them all. The white man at the present time is the threatened disorganization of labor, or rather its excessive organization, which will one day bring up the question whether man need labor at all; whether he had not better haul off about a month in the year and let things go to pieces, while he reflects and enjoys himself.

Labor is the great uncertain, obstructive quantity now intermingled with our American system. In nine cases out of 10 the employers are more energetic than the employes. You will take any house-builder who is under contract, and you will see him doing more work in the course of 10 hours than any three men he has set at a job. Some things in a great city like New York are appalling when a householder comes to face them, such, for example, as having your front door painted. It has been a full month since I applied to have my

Front Door and Vestibule Painted

and grained and the iron paling in front given a coat. The boss said he would send right up within two days and begin it. A man appeared in about a week and worked two days, and then left his paints, varnishes, etc., and was seen no more for eight days. After this interval a grainer was scared up, and he stayed one hour, and remarked before he went away that persons in his trade were getting to be very scarce, and that he ought to make $15 a day. Nothing has been seen of the varnisher since. More than a month has been wasted, and I think I shall put on my night shirt and a paper hat and go out there and paint my own premises.

I went up to the residence of Colonel Calvin Brice last Wednesday night to hear a violinist whom I saw depart from that same family six years ago—a Miss Madge Wickham of Indiana. Her mother and Mrs. Brice were friends at the town of Mansfield, O. In the course of time the daughter of Mrs. Wickham showed such talent with musical instruments, picking up their art and practice herself, that she was sent to the Cincinnati Musical College, where she was something of a wonder for her apprehension. The faculty there wanted her sent to Europe to be a violinist, and I suspect that Colonel Brice and his wife had something to do with the child going abroad. She dropped down at Berlin, went to the high school of music, and then had the best private instruction until about a year ago. When she had become generally known through Germany a manager took her for concerts throughout that country and to Italy, Austria, England and southern France. She gave a concert at Covent Garden, London, not long ago. Upon her return to this country,

Mistress of the Violin,

it was seen that she had become a handsome woman, tall, healthy, strong, natural, capable of great endurance and still passionately in love with her art. Colonel Brice was down at the Democratic national committee undergoing the slavery of eight or nine hours work after he had spent the day at his business office down town. For some time he has been arriving at the uptown headquarters about 5 o'clock, and never quitting them till from 1 to 2 o'clock in the morning. He was therefore unable to be present, but the parlor was filled with musical critics, generally Germans. In spite of the fairly well diffused musical instruction of this country, we always look fresh and raw when we are brought face to face with the thoroughgoing, learned person or trained artist. At this little reception concert you could look among the seven or eight personages there and see the foreigners, who were either Germans or Hebrews, who had come to test the young lady's power, standing perfectly still, looking, measuring, and so continuing by the half hour at a time. The American element was hoping for something popular, like "Home, Sweet Home," while the young woman, who had been up and down the gamut of the difficult compositions, was determined that the critical folks should hear these and these alone. I marvelled at the proficiency of that right arm which did not lean upon the bow and the bow lean upon the fiddle, but from the tendons and muscles that held the arm to its socket, down to the tips of its fingers, you could see that this arm was an entity, almost a separate existence, keeping its connection with the brain which directed it, rather than with the maiden trunk to which it seemed merely attached. In bowing,

The Forearm and Muscle-Arm

seemed sometimes to be two creatures. There are few persons in this world who ever master either the full skill and power of their fingers, their arms or their legs. I once was at an exhibition of a man who was exposing spiritualism, and he could make a muscle under his foot crack to his will, within his boot. I have no doubt that by the same exertion one could make his ear gesture, like a donkey's. We have got to that state in America when we know what is called enough, and then jump the remaining processes and settle down to a comfortable self-esteem. That is why there are so many critics in this country and so few authors; a thousand have learned just enough to know it all, and only one has come within half a mile of knowing how to originate something. The tendency of American inventions is not toward perfection but toward saving some steps. The tendency of real education is to take every step and to consider it inartistic and slipshod to imitate a single one. Hence you see at the present day processes invented, both here and abroad, to multiply paintings instead of keeping down to the artist nature and giving an account of every flake of color. I understood that the violinist, who had just come from Germany, was a little homesick for that country where music is the common possession of the well educated, not merely of the daughters, but of the mothers. Mrs. Brice remarked at one time:

"It makes me feel distressed if I allow myself to hear what is said in New York about the difficulty of getting a hearing in this country for one who has worked as hard as that girl and has been so well appreciated in Europe."

I felt, myself, the comparative barrenness of the field, when I found myself about to suggest some social method of taking this talent and introducing it. To call in fashion to put clothing upon music is the height of patronage and the hunger of appreciation.

GEORGE ALFRED TOWNSEND.

INSURRECTION IN PORT AU PRINCE.

Fearful Execution on the Night of Sept. 28, When 800 Were Killed and Wounded by the Palace Guns and Forts.

NEW YORK, Oct. 24.—Advices from Panama state that the steamer Moselle, which arrived at Aspinwall on the 10th inst. from Hayti, brought particulars of the insurrection in Port au Prince on the 28th ult.

The night of the 28th was dreadfully dark, the heavens being a mass of black clouds, with an occasional flash of lightning. Revolution was abroad. The firing commenced at 7.30 p. m., and the cannon and gatlingguns of the palace did dreadful execution, as did also the shots from the big guns on Fort Alexander, which crashed clear through the buildings, destroying everything and everybody with which they came in contact. The firing lasted up to 6 a. m. of the 29th.

These advices say that as far as had been ascertained 300 persons were killed and over 500 wounded, including many women and children. Among the notable persons killed besides General Seide Telemaque, were MM. Charles Borno and Ducasse.

NEITHER POOR NOR PROUD.

A Miser Found Drunk and Ragged in New York—$15,000 Found in His Inside Pockets and $100,000 in Louisiana State Bonds.

NEW YORK, Oct. 26.—Patrick Skelly, a miser, woke up in the Tombs prison this morning, while Warden Osborne had $15,636 and some odd cents in safe-keeping for him. Patrick is about 60 years old. His hair is gray and thick, and so is his moustache.

His face is rough and scarred with wrinkles. He is below medium height. He has $100,000 in bonds in the State of Louisiana, but dresses worse than a vagrant.

Skelly is an Irishman, and came to this country with his mother, two brothers and two sisters just after the war. Land was cheap in the South then, and Patrick bought a sugar plantation of 1200 acres at Thibodeaux, La., at about $5 per acre. His brothers, sisters and mother bought separate plantations for themselves about four miles outside of Thibodeaux.

The brothers and sisters married, but Patrick lived alone. Money was his idol. He loved gold for the pleasure of having it. He became noted for miserliness. Recently his health broke down, and he sold his plantation for $80,000 last July.

Then he came to this city, en route to Ireland, whither he was going for the benefit of his health. Incidentally he meant to buy some land in the "old dart," and pass the remainder of his days there, if he saw any place to suit him.

He was found intoxicated in a city street, and astonished the police by displaying something like $17,000 that he carried about in his clothing.

He finally went to Ireland, and finding no place to suit him there, he came back here, and arrived on the Aurania 10 days ago.

He stopped at Martin's Hotel, corner of Hudson and Morton streets. He kept to himself, and no one imagined that he was wealthy.

Policeman Lyna found him drunk in the street and took him to the Oak-street station. When searched he was found to have three $5000 gold certificates, a $500 bill, $160 in $10 bills and $3.47 in change. Total, $15,663.47.

Besides this he had a valuable gold watch and chain, a pocketbook and some papers, a penknife, an old umbrella and a well-worn necktie.

He denied being drunk and claimed that he was paralyzed. The officers said he was paralyzed, indeed.

Skelly was committed to the tombs, where Warden Osborne will take care of him until some friend who has been telegraphed for arrives from the South. Patrick could not get $2 for the suit of clothes he wears, including hat and shoes.

MANITOBA A UNIT

In Opposing the Canadian Pacific—Preparing for the Lifting of the Injunction.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 27.—Yesterday was spent in legal battle in the courts, all the leading talent in the city being engaged in fighting the case. The arguments had not been concluded when adjournment was reached, but there is little doubt that the injunction will be dissolved. The government has made full preparations for this contingency, and has a large force of special constables and volunteers from different parts of the Province, prepared to rush to the scene and lay the tracks. In addition to the local force, 400 navvies, working on the Northern Pacific, are reported to be approaching the city on a special train. Sympathy continues to run constantly in favor of the government's position. The Canadian Pacific authorities declare they will resist the crossing, even should the injunction be dissolved. The struggle cannot last much longer, and a crisis will soon be reached. The opinions of the majority throughout the Province go to show that the Province is a unit against the Canadian Pacific.

Eyeglasses on His Ear.

[Chicago Herald.]

A new use for the right ear has been discovered in Chicago. The other night an old gentleman, who wears gold-rimmed pince-nez glasses when reading or witnessing a stage performance, came into the Grand Opera House and stalked down to a front seat in the parquet with his glasses hung over his ear. When he had settled himself in his seat he reached up, pulled them from their temporary perch, adjusted them on his nose, and proceeded diligently to study the front row of the "happy, happy chorus." This new eyeglass rest is safe and handy, though the effect of its use may detract somewhat from a man's personal beauty.

CAUGHT ONE OF HIS OWN PETS.

THE FIRST "WICKED DEMOCRAT" TURNED OUT TO BE A RHODE ISLAND REPUBLICAN.

Detective Leahy—I have come for that $2000 reward, Mr. Quay. Here is the victim all convicted and sentenced—a Rhode Island Republican.

Boss Quay—H'm! Blast it all! Two thousand dollars for a pesky Rhode Island Republican.

The above cut and dialogue explain the big joke on Matt Quay, boss of all Pennsylvania Republicans. Some time since he stated that he had $25,000 to give for information resulting in the arrest and conviction of any persons registering illegally in New York city, promising to dole the cash out at the rate of $2000 per head. Of course he expected to catch wicked Democrats, and of course he was mistaken. He has kept his word, and handed out the first instalment for the conviction of a Rhode Island Republican. In New York Tuesday George Gordon, 44 years old, pleaded guilty before Judge Cowing in the General Sessions to a charge of fraudulent registration. He was arrested on Saturday last. He registered at 149 Madison street from 143 Madison street. He also registered at other polling places. His real residence for three weeks past has been at 12 Pell street, and before he lived in Pell street he lived in Rhode Island. He says he is a Republican.

ODD ITEMS.

A Wisconsin man recently married his mother-in-law.

Queen Victoria has announced her belief that marriage is not a failure.

The amount of strength exercised in an ordinary hand-shake is 11 pounds.

Hudson, N. Y., has a Stingy Club, whose members pledge themselves neither to treat nor to accept a treat.

"Long" John Wentworth (he was 6 feet 7 inches in height) filled the largest coffin ever used in Chicago.

William H. Burnhiser of Harrisburg, Penn., has lived in bed 29 years, in consequence of a spinal injury.

A Kentucky girl measures 7 feet 3 inches around the waist, 3 feet 6 inches around the arm, and weighs 672 pounds.

There is a dog at Seymour, Ind., who will look at a clock and then put his paw on the exact hour as marked on a card.

An endless railway train, consisting of 400 platform cars, is to be one of the attractions at the Paris exposition.

Mrs. Crane Washington, a colored woman living near Charleston, S.C., has given birth to five children during the past year.

The Emperor of Austria is a great smoker, but he prefers a bad cigar to a good one. He uses the cheap cigar the Vienna cabmen affect.

"Donjohn Demijohn Upjohn St. John" is the name of a Western baby whose father wanted to please all parties and satisfy everybody.

Kentucky has raised a tomato this year which just fits into a four-quart measure, while Missouri produces a pumpkin which wouldn't go into a washtub.

The housekeeper of Warwick Castle in England, who died recently, left a fortune of $350,000, all of which had come to her in the shape of fees from visitors.

There died in Havana a few days ago, at the age of 114 years, a negress, Marcelina Campos. She leaves a 60-year-old son, and a 12-year-old great-great-grandson.

Editor Burbanks of the New Orleans Picayune has 11 children, seven horses, a pack of dogs, a pet camel, six parrots, a steam yacht, an orange grove and $2,000,000 in bonds.

The ghost which haunted a New Hampshire sawmill turned out to be a young woman, who used to go spooning around there to imagine she was in a ruined castle on the Rhine.

Paris receives 100,000 francs by the will of a citizen who was run over and killed in that city. He bequeathed the money to erect bridges over the streets at the most dangerous points.

A Scot, being shown Niagara, was asked if he had ever seen aught so beautiful and strange. He replied: "Weel, for bonny, I'll no say, but, eh mon, for queer, I ance saw a peacock wi' a wooden leg at Peebles."

A demure-looking servant girl in Brooklyn, who shed tears because she killed a spider, poisoned 13 dogs and 22 cats inside a month, and had a dose fixed up for the milkman when accidentally discovered.

Amos Church, a Rhode Islander, was struck by a locomotive and flung 182 feet into a field. He got up and walked off without a limp, saying he would lick that engineer if he had to live a thousand years to do it.—[Detroit Free Press.

Mrs. Sorrenson of Manistee, Mich., sat in a rocking-chair across the path of the track-layers for an obnoxious railway for more than a day and a night, only to be arrested and sent to jail in the end for obstructing the march of improvement.

The sight of a negro butler carrying a coin on a silver salver to an organ grinder in the front yard of one of Springfield's finest residences the other day showed that Springfield is not to be outdone in a matter of formality.

An envelope that can not be opened and resealed without showing that it has been tampered with, has been invented in England. The flap is cut so long that it laps over on to the front side, and after being sealed, the postage stamp is put over the end of the flap.

A young woman of Charlestown, Ind., is said to have made an original election bet with a gentleman friend. She has agreed to marry him in case Harrison is elected, but, in the event Cleveland is successful, he is to relinquish all his matrimonial claims and make her a present of $100.

David Wingrove, a marble worker of Baltimore, not long since found a valuable diamond imbedded in a big block of Italian marble, and has had the gem set without cutting in a heavy gold ring. Lapidaries say that though such finds are unusual, this is by no means the first on record.

While searching through his father's effects, Ticket Agent Moffett of Knoxville, Tenn., found a gourd over 100 years old. It contained many old papers, among them a note from Davy Crockett, payable to William Moffett, for one shilling and three pence for a barrel of whiskey and a keg of cider.

A toad has been found in England which is puzzling the scientists. He was discovered some scores of yards under the earth's surface, imbedded in clay. His limbs were perfectly limp, and he was stone blind. The local savants could not guess its age accurately, but they reckoned it somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000 years.

"You'd be surprised," says a New York safe manufacturer, "at the number of sham pasteboard safes in New York, and they're made so well that any ordinary person would be deceived. They have a business-like appearance and give an office a thrifty look, all for $5 or $6, whereas the real article would cost something like $100."

During the supper following a Japanese wedding in New York on Tuesday evening, a servant in gorgeous livery appeared, carrying a kettle. It had two spouts, and the bride and groom knelt and drank simultaneously, each from a spout. The bride then lifted her veil. Her father thereupon came forward and presented the groom with a gift, and the groom's father did likewise with the bride.

The Christian at Work prints a list of sensational topics announced by American preachers, and says they compare favorably with dime novel titles. Here are a few of the sermon titles: "Boycotting the Dead," "The Great Oil," "Straight from the Shoulder," "Hell, and the People who are Going There," "Taken by the Throat," "Use Your Eyes," "Off Goes the Roof," "Up Comes the Man."

Only one Bible has ever been translated into English; but many translations have been made, some from the original Hebrew and Greek, some from other translations. An English version of the Psalms was made in 1290; Wickliffe translated the New Testament in 1380, and the Old Testament in 1384. John Purvey revised Wickliffe's translation in 1388, and in 1525 William Tyndale printed his version of the New Testament. Coverdale's Old Testament came out in 1535. Matthews' Bible, Cranmer's, and the Great Bible followed. In 1560 and 1576 appeared the Bishops' Bible; in 1611 appeared the old version, and in 1880 the revised New Testament, followed in 1885 by the revised Old Testament. The Douay Bible was finished in 1609.

Gold was first coined in Christendom in 1320.

A cat in Lincoln has been taught to play on a piano.

In Europe it is customary to leave visiting cards on the graves of poets.

Wood can be sawed in veneers only one two-hundredths of an inch thick.

An Indiana man carried an egg in his pocket until the chicken was hatched.

A German officer cannot marry an American woman without Bismarck's consent.

Winifred Fruick, a schoolmistress in Amador county, Cal., recently killed eight quail at one shot.

The diamond tiara presented to his bride by the Duke d'Aosta cost $85,000 and contains 1150 stones.

The oldest and largest tree in the world is a chestnut near the foot of Mt. Etna. The circumference of the main trunk is 212 feet.

One million dollars of gold coin weighs 3685 pounds avoirdupois, and $1,000,000 of silver coin weighs 58,920.9 pounds avoirdupois.

A physician of Missouri announces that he will not take a female patient unless he can order the costume as well as the medicine.

In Berlin heavy wagons are not allowed on certain streets. In Paris any cartload of rattling material must be fastened till it can't rattle.

Silver dollars to the number of 23,300,000—they weigh about 700 tons—have just been stowed away in the new treasury vaults at Washington.

A turkey gobbler at Darlington, S. C., sat upon some guinea fowl eggs, hatched a brood of chickens, and is now taking proper care of them.

It is said that there are now orders ahead in the shops of Paris and London for all the golden hair that can be purchased in the next five years.

Henry G. Raworth of Augusta, Ga., is the oldest railroad engineer in the country. When he first handled the throttle 12 miles an hour was considered good time.

Employes of the Central railroad at Macon, Ga., are a good deal disturbed over the ghost of an immense Newfoundland dog that roams around in the rear of the Union depot.

At the end of his next transatlantic voyage Captain Samuel Brooks of the Arizona will have made 600 trips across the Atlantic, and will have sailed 1,830,000 nautical miles.

Mrs. John A. Markle of Fond du Lac, Wis., who had not spoken above a whisper in 12 years, went out shopping last Monday, and while examining some goods her voice returned in full volume.

An elderly New York woman who for six months spent her time while riding to work in knitting a costly shawl, forgot the garment, which was almost completed, in the cars the other morning.

A sparrow with white wings leads a flock of 100 of the brown species at Rondout, N. Y. It is treated with great deference by its companions, who follow all its movements at a respectful distance.

The postoffice at Hancock, Md., enjoys a distinction which is different from any other in the country. It has box-renters from three different States—West Virginia, Maryland and Pennsylvania.

Eldora has a Republican club of 75 girls, who it is said have vowed to remain single until Harrison is elected. And in the same town a club of 75 young men have vowed never to marry till Cleveland is elected.

Twenty-one apples picked by a New Holland, Penn., farmer completely filled a half-bushel measure. The smallest weighed exactly one pound, and the largest one pound and five ounces. The entire lot tipped the scales at 24 pounds.

On a lonely road near Sag Harbor, L. I., lives a man who claims to be a brother of General Boulanger. He has been a hermit for years. He is a handsome, courteous Frenchman, who seems to have known the world well in other days.

A Chester policeman who undertook to confiscate a flock of geese which he found running at large, was fiercely attacked by one of the number—a gander—and finally fled, leaving the pugnacious bird and its companions to roam at will.

Jeff King, a colored man who died at Nannie, Ga., last week, was 128 years old, the old slave records of the King family of North Carolina proving his great age. He had wives without number during his lifetime, and his children were so numerous that he never attempted to count them.

In various parts of China there is a belief that the souls of very atrocious criminals who have either been executed or died in prison are sent back from Hades by Yenlo, the judge there, to undergo a further term of imprisonment, one death not being enough to expiate their crimes.

There's a young woman in Athens, Ga., who objects to being looked at. She had a negro arrested the other day for looking into the window as he was walking by the house, and she followed that up by writing to a prominent young man of the town, threatening him also with arrest if he didn't quit looking at her when he met her on the street.

In cleaning out the lower levels of the caves at Dordogne, in France, there were found a great many oyster shells piled in such a manner as to show that the Neanderthal man used the bivalve as a common article of food. The oyster is thus demonstrated to be the oldest domesticated delicacy known to man. These relics are estimated to be over 60,000 years old.

The average watch is composed of 175 different pieces, comprising upward of 2400 separate and distinct operations in its manufacture. The balance has 18,000 beats or vibrations per hour, 12,960,080 in 30 days, 157,680,000 in one year; it travels 1 43-100 inches with each vibration, which is equal to 9⅓ miles in 24 hours, 292½ miles in 30 days, or 3558¾ miles in one year.

Trained fleas are exhibited from time to time. A healthy flea will cover 200 times its own length at one jump. They are plucky fighters, and will stand on their hind legs and strike at one another till they lose legs, antennæ and life. A single flea has been known to draw a silver cannon 24 times its own weight, and to show no fear at the discharge of gunpowder from the cannon.

The most powerful war ship afloat, the Benbow, has just been completed and joined the British Mediterranean fleet. She carries two 111-ton guns besides other smaller guns. A shot from one of them weighs 1800 pounds, and when propelled by the full charge of 850 pounds of powder, it can tear its way through a whole yard of iron armor. The gun is 43 feet 8 inches long, and the projectile is over 41 inches long and nearly 1 foot 5 inches in diameter.

W. C. Vaughn, Dayton, O., has a photograph of an old oak tree, or what might more properly be called a miniature oak tree, growing from between the crevices of a court house spire, built of solid masonry of limestone, at a height of some 80 feet from the ground. The strange production draws its life principally from the air, as there is but little cement used in the building of the spire. The dwarf is 20 years old.

A Yuma squaw and a Chinaman have been married in San Bernardino, Cal.

A Mott street, New York, hand-organ man is teaching his monkey the art of boot-blacking.

The women of America expend $8,000,000 annually for paint and powder for their faces.

Ed Davis of Lexington, Ind., died recently of lock jaw from a snake bite. He was bitten by a black snake.

An East Portland, Or., fruit grower raised a peach that measured 11¼ inches in circumference.

The latest addition to Withlacoochee, Fla., fame is a hen which hatched and raised to the size of partridges 16 chicks from 15 eggs.

A lawyer in Utica, N. Y., who cleared a criminal that he knew was guilty, has become so conscience-stricken over the fact as to twice attempt suicide.

It has been found that a goose can stand the weather until the thermometer goes to 64 below zero. Then her feathers won't save her. Wild ducks can go 12° lower and come out on top.

In Westchester county, N. Y., a young lady and her beau have bet on the rival White House aspirants and the loser of the bet is to attend church wearing the clothes of the opposite sex.

Aunt Til Ruley, a colored woman who lives in Marion county, Kentucky, is said to be 121 years old. She recently walked from her home to Lebanon and back, 28 miles, to attend a circus.

Twenty young men in a Pennsylvania town formed a football club. In three months 14 of them had broken bones, three were crippled for life, and one druggist sold them $18 worth of ointment.

Rev. C. A. Johnson announces that as a result of much study he decides that "in just 32 years from now the electricity stored in the earth will come in contact with the heated matter inside and blow the whole world up."

Some of the New York liquors stores have recently put on sale glass whiskey holders made in size and shape like an ordinary revolver and closed by a screw cap at the muzzle. They are hollow clear down to the butt, and hold nearly a half pint.

A party who ascended Mt. Lassens, Cal., recently, became electrified, the hair of their heads standing straight out, and sparks of electricity flying from the ends of their noses and fingers. The phenomenon was occasioned by an electrical storm.

An ingenious inventor has devised a new screw—half nail and half screw; two blows of the hammer, two turns of the screw-driver, and it is in. Its holding power in white pine is said to be 332 pounds against 298 pounds, the holding power of the present screw.

Olympia, W. T., was visited recently by a heavy rain and wind storm. About 2 o'clock in the morning Mount Rainier, 60 miles distant, became visible and presented an incredibly grand appearance. The entire mountain was lighted up by electricity, and seemed to be one huge mass of fire.

George Rentalingshdkfshouerush is one of the names which a Brooklyn correspondent of America says was copied from the owner's naturalization papers to the election register of the fifteenth ward of that city last week. It was impossible for the clerks to take it from the owner's speech.

A curious ferryboat is building for the River Clyde at Glasgow. Instead of requiring movable landing stages or bridges to meet the rise and fall of the tide, the deck of the boat will be movable, carried on six hydraulic elevators, by which it can be raised or lowered. The boat will be a double-ender, 150 feet long.

The highest point at which regular meteorological observations are made appears to be in the Andes in Peru, at a height of 14,300 feet. Harvard College has a weather observatory on Mt. Lincoln, in Colorado, at a height of 14,297 feet; and part way up the mountain is another station, 13,500 feet above sea level.

Joe Patrick of Delevan, Wis., married his mother-in-law, Mrs. Casperwich, the other day and brought about a very complex state of things. He thus becomes stepfather to five of his brothers-in-law, the stepson of his present wife; being the son, he becomes the brother of the old lady's daughter, (his former wife) and also a father-in-law to himself.

Bernard Meyer of Omaha recently felt a slight pain under his left shoulder. The pain soon became intense and a doctor was sought. An examination of the spot revealed a hard substance, which, on being extracted, proved to be a needle in good condition. Meyer had no recollection of a needle having entered his body, but his mother says that it occurred when he was an infant, 54 years ago.

People Over 100 in France.

[Nature.]

A paper was recently read before the French Academy of Sciences by M. Emile Lavasseur on the "Centenarians Now Living in France." The first reports collected gave the number of persons who had attained 100 years and upward at 184, but on these being thoroughly sifted no less than 101 were struck out, leaving 83, but even of these there were no fewer than 67 who could not furnish adequate proof of their reputed age. In 16 cases, however, authentic records of birth or baptism were found, including that of a man born in Spain and baptized Aug. 20, 1770. His life was spent almost wholly in France. All the other centenarians were reputed to be between 100 and 105 years of age, with the exception of a widow claiming to be 112 years old. Of the 83 persons said to be centenarians women formed a large majority, the proportion being 52 women to 31 men. There were but few married couples, 6 male and female celibates, 23 widowers and 41 widows. One of the latter was Mme. Rostkowski, 103 years of age. She enjoys a pension of 60 francs a month, allowed her by the French government in consideration of her late husband's military services. More centenarians exist in the southwestern departments than in the rest of the Republic, while the basin of the Garonne, from the Pyrenees to the Puy de Dome, contains as many as all the rest of France put together. M. Lavasseur finds that the chances of a person in this century reaching 100 years of age are one in 18,800.

Imposter Doing the Country.

An imposter and swindler has been "working" the country districts of this State considerable of late. Reports have been received from many places, the latest complaint coming from Cochituate, where he has swindled several families. His modus operandi is to appear at a farmhouse with a box of envelopes, each one containing an order for a prize. He collects 25 cents and allows the lady of the house to draw a prize. The prize is a printed slip, good the week following, if presented to the agent of the company, who will call. The agent that they look for never comes, and the swindler works the next town.

SERVANT GIRLS.

The Topic of the Times Treated.

Mrs. Ewing Says the Fault is With the Mistress and Not the Maid.

Where Instruction in Domestic Economy Should Begin.

Mrs. Ewing's lecture at the School of Domestic Economy Thursday afternoon was upon "The Servant Girl Question," that subject which to women who are housekeepers is the most interesting of any which may be presented.

Mrs. Ewing spoke substantially as follows:

Women unacquainted with the routine of housework expect far too much of their servants. I believe I do not exaggerate in saying that a large majority of mistresses expect a servant to do every day three times as much work as she is capable of doing, and to do it also in a satisfactory manner. Is it any wonder then that so much complaint is made about inefficient servants? There is no denying the fact that servants are terribly inefficient and worthless, but under existing circumstances it is almost impossible that it should be otherwise. In every department of industry, except that of the home, labor has been systematized, and the methods of doing it have been so improved upon that as much can be accomplished in one day now as could be accomplished a few years ago in twice or thrice that length of time. In the household the reverse has been the case. While the changed conditions have vastly increased the amount of housework essential to home comfort, the methods of doing that work have been permitted to remain unimproved, if not to retrograde. There never was a time when thought and intelligence were more needed in the performance of household labor than now, and there never was a time when less of both were put into it. Our houses are full of complicated machinery and decorative ornaments that require much time and gentle handling for their preservation and adjustment, yet the entire management of a house equipped with modern conveniences, together with the cooking, washing, ironing, etc., for a large family will be left to a couple of raw, uneducated, recently-arrived servants, while the mother occupies herself in benevolent and reformatory enterprises and the daughters spend their time in crocheting or cultivating society.

Housework Must be Lifted Up.

The profession of housekeeping is one of the noblest that can engage the hands and heads of women. There is scarcely another occupation in which men and women earn their daily bread that has less drudgery or monotony in it, or in which there is a wider range for thought, and a broader field for investigation. A housekeeper is an important factor in every home, and has services to perform that have a direct bearing upon the integrity and well being of the home, services that have as positive a value as the services performed by the superintendent or manager of a farm, a factory, a railroad or any other branch of productive industry.

Why should such duty be thrust upon untrained and overworked servants? Why should they be expected to carry that burden as well as to perform the routine work of the household? Why should the head as well as the hands of a servant be overtaxed?

Now the question arises, shall the millions of young women who are to preside over the future homes of this country be left to pick up as best they can sufficient knowledge of the home arts to enable them to become home makers, or shall they be taught that knowledge as they are taught other branches of knowledge, by competent, well-trained, practical instructors?

To me the question seems supremely absurd. But in a catalogue of Holyoke Female Seminary it is said: "Home is the proper place for the daughters of our country to be taught domestic work, and their mothers are the proper teachers." And when I wrote to the president of Vassar College a few years ago, asking if any instruction in domestic economy was given in that institution, his reply was: "The education of students in domestic economy we are obliged to leave to the care of their parents." Most colleges for women hold to the creed of Holyoke and follow the example of Vassar; and our present wretched household system is the result. With all due respect for those who control and manage our colleges for women, I ask, why should any institution of learning be obliged to leave the instruction of students in domestic economy to the care of their parents any more than it should be obliged to leave the education of students in geography, or grammar, or history, or a dozen other things to the care of their parents? Is not the number of parents very large who are equally as incompetent to teach domestic economy as to teach any of these things? And if it is necessary to leave special branches of education to the care of parents, what reasons exist for drawing the line at domestic economy? Why should students be taught, at school, the size and location of the various towns and rivers in different sections of the globe and not be taught the nature and properties of the various articles of which their daily diet is composed? Why should they be taught at school how to conjugate verbs and decline nouns and not how to roast meats and boil vegetables? Why should they be taught to draw, to paint, to play on the piano and not be taught how to cook, to sweep, to build fires and to manage a household? Is it not as desirable for the average man or woman to acquire practical domestic knowledge as to acquire knowledge in any other direction? Mothers perhaps ought to give their children

Instruction in Domestic Economy,

but since a large portion of them are not qualified for doing so is it not important that some provision should be made for teaching the various branches of this science in our schools? It is easy to say our schools cannot teach everything, and that a majority of pupils do not have leisure to study all the branches now included in the regular course of any school or college. Admit it, and what then? New branches are being continually added to the curricula of our educational institutions. Why should not domestic economy be among them? Is it wise that domestic economy should be excluded and all other branches admitted? In my judgment, no institution of learning that is obliged to leave the instruction of pupils in domestic economy to their parents is fully abreast the advanced thought of our progressive age; or is thoroughly equipped for supplying the practical educational requirements of the nineteenth century. I hope to live to see the day when Wellesley, and Smith and Vassar, and every other college for women in the country will give as thorough a course of instruction in domestic economy as they give in any other branch of education. That day, I venture to predict, is not far distant. About two years ago Congress passed a bill appropriating $15,000 annually to each agricultural college in the United States organized under the act of July, 1862. A great deal is said in the bill about the colleges that receive the appropriation making experiments on the physiology of plants and animals, the adaptation and value of grasses and forage plants, the digestibility of different kinds of food for domestic animals, and for researches bearing directly on the agricultural industry of the country; but no mention is made of any experiments regarding the nature and value of grains and vegetables for human food, or the digestibility and nutritive value of various food stuffs for men and women, or for researches in the benefit of our kitchen interests. I believe that under a liberal construction of the act a portion of the annual appropriation might be devoted to the uses of domestic economy. But I presume no portion of it ever will be. The three or four agricultural colleges that have departments of domestic economy connected with them have not allowed any of it to go in that direction. And I have no idea that Congress intended any of it should be expended in schools of domestic economy. I am quite positive the author of the bill making the appropriations doesn't know what domestic economy means, and has never heard of a school of domestic economy. But I don't blame him. The average congressman doesn't generally know much more than other people, and very few people, even in Boston, know a great deal about domestic economy. Why should a member of the national Congress know more about household affairs than a member of the American Association of Women or Woman's Congress? Is it the business of the national Congress to look after the advancement of woman's work when the Woman's Congress fails to look after it? Since the organization of the Woman's Congress how many papers have been read before that body concerning improved methods of cookery, housekeeping and home-making? Or how many have been read relating to household topics and domestic economy generally? A few have barely touched the outer rim of these subjects, and they are the papers that have received the least attention from that intelligent body of women. Why should we expect men to be earnest in the movement for reform in household matters when women are such laggards? When I asked the trustees of the Iowa Agricultural College to permit me to organize a school of domestic economy as one of the regular schools of the college, they unanimously granted the request, some of them expressing surprise that the request had not been made sooner by some other woman. And I have scarcely a doubt that, if women will interest themselves in this matter, and will ask Congress for an annual appropriation to enable a school of domestic economy in each State to make investigations and researches on various lines in their field of labor, it can be obtained without much effort. Will they do it? Each school of domestic economy that is established needs aid, and each dollar invested in schools of domestic economy will help to solve the servant-girl question.

PUDDINGS.

Mrs. Ewing Says the Simplest Are the Best, and Proves It.

"Puddings" was the very attractive title of a very interesting lesson given at the School of Domestic Economy. What Mrs. Ewing said is set down with more or less exactness below; but the delicious puddings she made while she talked, cannot, unfortunately, be translated into cold type, which is only capable of making "pi," and even the printers don't like that. "In regard to puddings, a foundation principle should be to have the character of the pudding and the character of the sauce quite unlike. Thus a sweet pudding should never be served with a sweet sauce, and so on.

Many of the most delicious puddings are at once the simplest and least expensive. The most of those of which I shall speak today could be made for a family of six at a cost of perhaps 20 cents each.

The first pudding we will make will be a

Banana Pudding.

Take an earthen pudding dish, or a tin mould, wet it with water, and line it across the bottom and around the sides (a row at a time in the latter case) with thin slices of banana cut across the fruit. Use a silver knife always for cutting and preparing fruit of any sort. Above the layer of cut fruit place a layer of good bread, rather stale, cut in thin slices, with the crust trimmed off. Above this place other layers of fruit and bread till the mould is filled, the top layer being bananas. Take the juice of one lemon and the juice of three oranges and sweeten to taste. Leave it quite acid, however, because the pudding is not sweet. Add to this juice gelatine in the proportion of a sixth of a box of gelatine to a pint of juice, or just one-half as much gelatine as one would use to make the same amount of jelly. The reason of this is that the bread in the pudding over which this mixture is poured will absorb a portion of the moisture. Set away on the ice to get thoroughly cold.

When cold turn out on a platter, and pile whipped cream around it; then serve.

Delicious puddings may be made by combining canned peaches with the bread, without the gelatine or the orange and lemon juice, the flavor being supplied by the juice of the peaches.

Stewed blueberries and bread also make a very nice pudding, improved a little if the bread is buttered lightly when put into the pudding.

An Apple Pudding.

Pare, core and quarter sour apples. If they have to stand awhile, put in an earthen dish and cover with a wet napkin or towel; never throw into cold water as some cooks do. Put a layer of these apples in the bottom of a buttered pudding mould and sprinkle over it a bit of salt. The salt will give as good a flavor as butter would give, and is less bother and expense. Above the layer of apples place a layer of stale bread, in slices or pieces (fragments may be used, or pieces of dry toast left over from breakfast), which have been soaked in water till they are moistened through. Continue this arrangement till the mould is full. Put over the top layer of apples a thick layer of stale bread crumbs soaked in melted butter. Sprinkle the top layer of crumbs with sugar and put into the oven to bake.

Cream some butter thoroughly, add fine sugar, and cream all together. Use one-half as much butter as sugar in this sauce. Add a tablespoonful of cream, and vanilla to flavor. Cream all again, and set away to get cold.

The butter and sugar creamed together makes the foundation for a great many sauces varied by flavoring, etc.

Mush Puddings.

For the foundation of this pudding use a well boiled thick mush of white corn meal; rice, farina, sago, tapioca or bread crumbs may be used in place of this. To a pint of mush add the same quantity of milk; add the liquid when the mush is warm, a little at a time, as it stirs in better then. If you are obliged to use skimmed milk add a little piece of butter to make up the requisite richness. Have three eggs beaten very light, and when the mush and milk mixture is cooled a little, pour in the eggs and stir them in thoroughly. The proper thing to flavor this is a little ginger, if the spice is good and pure, but it must be put in "gingerly." Stir the ginger (perhaps a tablespoonful) thoroughly into the sugar and add to the mixture. The latter must be added to taste. Put into a pudding dish and bake from three-quarters of an hour to an hour, depending on the size of the dish. It should cook till the eggs are nicely set.

Serve with butter or sweet cream.

This is the modern hygienic form of the old-fashioned baked Indian meal pudding.

This pudding may be varied in many ways. Bread soaked in water, wrung out in a napkin, beaten up with a fork, to which is added the eggs and milk with salt only (no sugar), would make a delicious pudding. Serve it with a sauce of creamed butter and sugar flavored with orange or lemon juice. The latter, with a good deal of salt, gives the character to the pudding.

For a rich pudding, like a plum pudding, where you wish a rich-looking sauce, without its being really so very rich, make a syrup of one cup of water and two of sugar, thickened very slightly with flour. Cook this, and pour while hot over an egg beaten very light, continuing the beating meanwhile. This makes a yellow, foamy, and very rich-looking sauce.

JEAN KINCAID.

STATE VS. CORPORATION.

Does the Canadian Pacific Own the Dominion?—Its Forces Capture and Destroy a Government Crossing.

WINNIPEG, Man., Oct. 26.—Additional interest was added to the railroad fight yesterday when it became known that the government had despatched a gang of Northern Pacific track hands and had put in a crossing at Headingly, where the Portage Extension crosses the Glenboro Branch of the Canadian Pacific road, or about 10 miles from St. James, the scene of the first crossing troubles. The citizens were congratulating the government that the Canadian Pacific had been outwitted for once, but news from Headingly states that the Canadian Pacific officials, with Superintendent Whyte and a large gang of men, appeared on the scene in the afternoon and soon tore up the diamond and crossing, conveying the rails by train to the city. A small gang of government constables had been left behind to guard the crossing. They fought pluckily, but were outnumbered ten to one by the Canadian Pacific men, and could offer no great resistance. All the constables sworn in by the government have been ordered to report for duty today.

General Superintendent Whyte of the Canadian Pacific said last night: "I can muster a greater force than the whole province. Within a few hours I can have 2000 men on the ground, and, if a stronger force is neccessary, I can soon reinforce them with 2000 more. For before the company will be beaten in this matter, all our men on the line will be brought to assist in the defence. My instructions are to prevent a crossing of our line being made, and until those instructions are cancelled, you can depend on it I shall do so."

A Morris special says that 300 Canadian Pacific men, headed by Superintendents Murray and Whyte, have arrived, and are building a fence across the Red river valley dump.

What the Old Hermit Forgot.

HIGHLAND LIGHT, Oct. 26.—Caleb Knowles, better known as "Uncle Cale," the Beach point hermit, bought an ancient mowing machine last week, and invited your correspondent to call and see him use it. He is 82 years old and lives alone, two miles from a house, where he takes care of his hens and cows. When the writer arrived he was just getting "under-way," as he expressed, "with jib and mains'l set." It was a mile to his hay field, which had nothing on it but beach grass.

After a long delay he at last said everything was all right, and started his old horse. But things were not all right, and after some searching he discovered that the connecting rod was unfastened. Then he started again, talking all the time to his horse or machine. He could not seem to make it work, however, so four fishermen, who had left their nets which they were mending near by, undertook to help the old hermit out. They procured a rope and fastened it to the horse's collar, and one led the horse and the others pulled on the rope ahead.

All went well for a few minutes, but something began to squeak, and so the team stopped, and one of the fishermen, who was somewhat of a machinist, said:

"You ain't oiled her, ole man."

"My gosh! so I aint. I forgot it."

CARE OF THE TEETH.

How to Keep Them White and Sound.

Something Everybody Should Know About the Formation of the Teeth.

Don't Use Gritty Powder and Don't Forget the Brush.

The teeth must be constantly looked after. It will not do to brush them today, forget it tomorrow and neglect a cavity from day to day, when it demands immediate attention, for if one so neglects his teeth they will soon desert him, leaving him prematurely toothless, or the wearer of artificial ivories, which have not the firmness heretofore possessed by the natural ones so firmly imbedded in what is called the alveolar arches, or the bone in which the teeth are planted.

Unfortunately for our day and generation, people who are scrupulously neat, who brush their teeth at least three times a day, yet who some time or other may have a pain in the region of the gums, will delay having that most ominous warning attended to until, perhaps, the tooth has decayed to that extent that much drilling, with consequent annoyance and cost, must be endured, when, if taken in season, much of these unpleasant experiences might have been averted. The enamel which covers the tooth is the hardest substance in the human body, and the bone, which composes the interior of the tooth, is still harder than the bone in the leg or arm, yet once decay has eaten its way through the surface it is only a question of a few days, comparatively, before an almost irreparable damage has been done.

In order that the general reader may understand clearly, the use of all technical terms are here dispensed with, and the writer will try to express himself in practical rather than technical phraseology. First of all the human being has two sets of teeth, the first set called "milk teeth," 20 in number, which drop out between the ages of six and 14.

Then the Permanent Ones Soon Appear.

Of these there are 32, 16 in each jaw. The four front teeth in each jaw are the dividing teeth, or, as they are properly called, the incisors; the next one is an eye tooth (cuspid); the next, small grinders (bicuspids), and the next are the grinders (molars). Later in life, say between the ages of 23 and 30, come the wisdom teeth.

These are the full adult set, but there have been known cases where adults have had but 30 teeth in middle life. Such cases, however, are very rare. In infants the teeth which, as has been said, form in the cavities in the alveolar arches, soon push their way up through the gums and force themselves up and beyond the elastic substance which surrounds them. In some cases the gums become very tender, and in the event of any deformity or decay the gums ought to be lanced at once. In such an emergency a doctor ought to be called in, as this work must be done skilfully. Many people have an aversion to having the gums of a child lanced, anticipating the pain that will be caused their offspring, but they should know that because of the substance of which the gums are composed, they suffer very little from lancing if it is done with a sharp instrument and by a skilful operator. As a matter of fact this should be done at once if the child manifests uneasiness, as it will suffer untold agonies sometimes when teething, which might in a great degree be lessened if the gums be lanced. When gum-boils make their appearance it is indicative of diseased teeth, and if it persists, a dentist who is a reputable man should be consulted. When the first set of teeth of the child begin to go, and the second lot are expected, and there is evidence of unevenness, the mouth should be attended to. Simply press upon the

Irregular Teeth,

and if this is done constantly they will fall into line, unless there be a deformity in the arches, in which case very permanent results cannot be hoped for. These deformities are sometimes hereditary. The reader should remember that neither the milk teeth nor those that follow can possibly be larger than the arch cavities from which they spring up, and unless these are deformed there will be no unevenness. It will do very little good to pull out the first teeth unless they are decayed to some extent, in which case they, being liable to fall out naturally in a short time, it is well to pull them out.

The greatest thing to be guarded against in young persons, and people in middle age as well, is insidious decay, which is caused by permitting extraneous matter to locate upon the teeth and by the use of drugs, particularly mercury. It is well to bear in mind that the very hard substance, called enamel, which covers the crown of the tooth does not extend down below the gums, and when masticated food sifts down between the teeth and lodges against those parts from which the gums have shrunk away decay will set in very quickly. Oftentimes too, this matter, if allowed to remain, becomes offensive, giving rise to suspicion that there is some internal disorder, when, as a matter of fact, there is nothing more serious than a lot of decayed substance between the teeth. Then, too, people have a habit of picking their teeth with a pin, or some metal substance, which in time penetrates through the enamel and destroys the teeth. Tartar which comes from the saliva gathers about the base of the crown, and unless removed will injure the teeth. For this reason a dentist should be visited at the very least twice a year, to cleanse the teeth and put them in order.

Sometimes Teeth Will Ossify

and decay, not giving any warning until there is a large cavity which burrows through to the nerve, and some day a particle of food will touch this delicate little organ, when, of course, a painful sensation is at once occasioned.

In adults sometimes it becomes necessary to destroy the nerve, which is done almost instantly by dentists who have perfected instruments. No attempt, however, will be made to do this if it can be avoided. Usually dentists will clean out a cavity in a tooth, and by packing gold filling about the sides of the cavity prevent it from touching the exposed point of the nerve and also keep food or any other matter from touching it. Tartar will also cause gum-boils, excresences and other disagreeable troubles. Sometimes these substances collect just as stallactites do on caves, and for a long time the person knows nothing about it. To always keep aware of the condition of the mouth and teeth every person should be provided with a dental mirror which would enable them to obtain a complete view of their mouths. The reader who possesses this dental mirror will be able to see his gums, which in a healthy state should have a pale color, and should adhere closely to the neck of the tooth. A brush will usually keep them in this condition, and when they adhere closely no substance can drop down below the neck of the tooth, at which point it will be remembered the enamel leaves of.

If these preliminary means are taken there will be very little trouble from toothache, and the teeth themselves will remain until such time as they decay and drop out from natural causes.

The Belgian Barrel Game.

Talk about American girls! Their modesty is a model compared with that of the Brussels ladies. It is just now all the rage in that land to ride on "the topsy-turvy railway." This consists of an enormous barrel, with arrangements for running on a set of rails, which slope in the centre. The barrel is open at the ends and has seats. Here the ladies enter with their skirts buckled fast about their ankles, and are also strapped about the waist and their feet, while with their hands they hold fast to the seats. The barrel is then set in motion, and goes down the decline and up the other side—the passengers going round and round with it. The barrel turns four times over in the passage, and then stops with the passengers right side up. The fun is said to be just too much for anything.

A Queer Habit of Little Girls.

[New York Sun.]

A girl never considers she is a full fledged young lady until she has a dress that is long enough in the skirt to lift in her hand when occasion requires. When crossing the street on a muddy day or going up and down stairs, if you watch a little girl, you will see that she copies her big sisters and lifts up her dress, no matter if it comes only to her knees.

An Awful Day.

[New York Sun.]

"Come right in the kitchen, Johnny," said Mrs. Brown, "and get your supper. Don't make the least noise, and as soon as you are through you must get right upstairs to bed."

"What's the matter, ma," cried little Johnny, putting his finger in his eye.

"Hush, dear," she replied. "Your father has been putting up the stoves this afternoon."

HOWARD'S PHILOSOPHY.

Humanity Chiefly Interested in Humanity.

Vanderbilt and James G. Bennett Furnish the Theme for Debate.

The Old Commodore and the Younger Generations.

NEW YORK, Oct. 27.—On the theory that men and women are interested in men and women more than anything else besides, it occurs to me that a glance over the audience assembled this evening in Palmer's Theatre to see Coquelin, who, in some respects, is almost as good as the late Mr. Sothern, in others approaches the late Lester Wallack, and again, in following his theorem idea, reminds us of our good friend Joseph Jefferson. By the way, did it ever occur to you, in watching Jefferson's marvellous delineation of quaint Rip Van Winkle, how exactly alike his gestures, his inflection, his modulations, his poses are, night after night? They remind you of the decorations of our railroad cars, or, for that matter, wherever you see stenciled picturings, you see the Jeffersonian-Coquelin idea emphasized. Having studied, and concluded that such a position is the proper one at a certain time they always take it; that a particular reading of certain lines is correct, they always give it, and so on.

The audience was there not only to watch and to listen to Coquelin, but to Jane Hading, who, without the fire of Sara Bernhardt or the genius of Clara Morris, is far ahead of the ordinary leading woman. She cannot be classed as a genius, she ought not to be placed as a star, but her charming personality, her exquisite grace, her wonderful facial control, and a most touching tone in her sympathetic voice, enable her easily to glide to the very front, standing before Agnes Booth, Rose Coghlan, Rose Eytinge, Ada Dyas, or any other ladies recognized as the leading women upon the American stage. Jane Hading is a good square English name, isn't it; but Jane Hading is anything but a good square English woman. She is a piquant bit of elegance, and French at that. She cannot stick us with parley voo pronunciation of Jane, but she does insist that Hading shall be pronounced as though written Adahn, with the n considerably in the background.

Well, as I was saying, it may pay us to take a glance through this audience, that as men and women we may enjoy other men and women. Following the eye of ninety nine in every hundred, I see in the right hand proscenium box two very plain-faced, simply-dressed ladies and two striking-looking men.

One is Willie Vanderbilt, the other James Gordon Bennett.

To my mind Bennett is the more interesting of the two, but the ordinary eye expands and the average heart beats faster when the thought occurs that the little man, with little side whiskers and a little smile in his little eye, is worth, at a very mild calculation, 130,000,000 of good solid golden dollars. There isn't the faintest suspicion of a moustache over his not particularly attractive and, at times, cruel-looking mouth. His hair is dark and curly, his bearing that of a gentleman. Conscious as he must be that everybody in the house has said, "That's Willie Vanderbilt," conscious as he must necessarily be that everyone in the house has looked at him and said something about him, he sits with his tremendous shirt bosom very badly rumpled and his little white tie turned rather nearer the left ear than is customary, as quiet, as decorous as any man of the world I ever saw. It is

A Good Thing About These Vanderbilt Men.

Heaven knows their origin was low enough, for if ever there was a thick-hided brute it was a man who was facetiously known as the founder of the Vanderbilt family—that is, the old commodore himself. Precisely why people should take it for granted that Cornelius Vanderbilt sprang, fully equipped, into life without the advantageous aid of papa and mamma, is something I could never understand, and it may be of interest for the world to know that the old gentleman was the son of a thriving farmer of the same name. He lived on Staten Island, near the quarantine grounds, a man of character, industry, prudence and reliability and raised produce on his property on Staten Island. In order that he might bring it easily to New York, he purchased a boat, on which, in the morning, he would bring his garden truck for sale, and a few neighbors as passengers, returning with the cash for one and the others in the evening. This, by the way, was the beginning of the New York and Staten Island ferry. Of this old man, Cornelius was the eldest son, born in the old farmhouse on the 27th of May, 1794. If I were the present set of Vanderbilts, I should be much more likely to start the race with the elder Cornelius, for the generally accepted Cornelius was not in his early days, nor in his middle life, either as boy or man, worth much consideration outside the line of enterprise and push and dash. He never appreciated the advantages of education to the extent of cultivating himself, but in his old age he demonstrated his recognition of literary attainments in a most practical and generous spirit. He left, as we all know, a fortune variously estimated, but probably about $100,000,000, which his son increased, some think, to $300,000,000, but at all events considerably over $200,000,000.

There is not a spendthrift in the family, there is not a scapegrace among them.

They are practical business men of sagacity and industry, and, recurring to the thought which branched out into this reminiscence, it is most creditable to the father and the mother that their children came to the front of financial possessions in this country exceeded by those of but one other family, the Astors, without yielding in the faintest degree to the thousand and one seductions, temptations which so easily capture the ordinary children of rich families. That Mr. Bennett should be carefully studied by many in that audience, you can readily believe. His father was a great man, who made the best use of every element in his nature. The present Bennett was born with an opportunity, and I remember when the Prince of Wales was here in 1860, saying to Mrs. Bennett, the mother of this Bennett, that there were but two men about my age in all the world whom I could honestly say I envied. One was the son of Queen Victoria, the other the son of James Gordon Bennett. No young man in our history was ever afforded so wide a field, so lofty a plane, such abundant ammunition as

James Gordon Bennett, Jr.

Great as the Herald was when the old man died, its present proportions are such that if he were to return and be carried suddenly into the pressroom, the composing-room, the long library, with its telegraphic, telephonic, electric equipments, he would imagine himself the victim of a delusion. He could no more appreciate the present physical conditions which obtain in the white marble building at the corner of Broadway and Ann street than he could understand the power of the Omnipotent or the wisdom of his Creator. Mr. Bennett spends the greater part of his time in Paris, although I presume he considers New York his home. It best suits his inclination, his temper, his tastes, to live away from the great engine, which might be made the most significant power on this continent, and in his dual life he illustrates the complex nature of intelligent man about as thoroughly as any one who has ever lived. By dual life I mean this—that while a certain sense of noblesse oblige impels him to give great attention to this source of income, to this possible power, 50 years of affluence, ease, comfort and self-seeking, persuade him, many a time and oft, to let the reins hang loosely in his hands, or be taken up temporarily by men who have no interest in the outcome. Very tall, very thin, very nervous, with a head well covered with fast silvering hair, with a bright, keen, beautiful blue eye, an aquiline nose, and one of the sweetest smiles I ever saw on man, scrupulously neat in his costume, Bennett is always a noticeable, and at times an attractive figure.

Next to Willie Vanderbilt, he was the most discussed man in the audience.

In a box on the other side sat a man old enough to be Bennett's father. A man whom New York loves to honor, a man upon whose shoulders rests a grief, whose heart is sad, and whose often moistened eye told the story of bereavement. John Gilbert, although hale and hearty for a man of his years, is aging visibly. He sat in Mrs. Abbey's box and gazed with earnest interest at the scene upon the stage. Now and then he bent graciously toward the fairy-like figure of Florence Gerard, as she whispered or chattered with effectionate courtesy, but he rarely glanced at the house, concentrating rather his entire regard upon the sturdy Coquelin or the attractive Hading.

Halfway back upon the centre aisle sat an American whose name is known in every home on this continent, and bids fair to be equally well recognized across the water. John Hoey has the longest and one of the baldest heads in the country. He is of Irish parents, and I should say was born here some 60 years ago. A more compactly built figure than his is never seen on Broadway. He is sturdity itself. In early life he struggled hard. He was a lad in Adams & Company's express office, and he worked with vigor and determination, not only for his employers but himself, until he became one of them, and gradually advanced, until today he is President of the Adams Express Company, with an army of men in his employ, with

Millions Upon Millions

of property in his control every day, an honored, respected man in the community, loved and esteemed by all who are privileged to know him. Some two months ago he and O'Brien went abroad on business connected with their company, and on his return, meeting him and being struck by the brightness of his eye, the elasticity of his step, and the heartiness of his manner, betrayed my surprise in my look, which he quickly understood, and said, "I have added 15 years to my life by the rest I had in crossing and recrossing, and by the change of thought and method of life, during the short time I was away."

Put a pin in there, boys.

Take a rest, run over and back, if you care to live. A sight of Hoey naturally suggested thoughts of the good lady who bears his name, and who for years was the leader of the notable dramatic group with which Wallack surrounded himself. As I thought of her, and of Madeline Henriques, who succeeded her, of Ada Dyas, of pretty Annie Robe and attractive Rose Coghlan, it was with increased interest that I looked at a handsome young fellow who sat immediately in front of Mr. Hoey, Clinton Edgerly, the Harvard lad, who discounted by his attentions the efforts of all young Gotham, and not only stole the heart, but the personality of Miss Coghlan, and took her off in triumph. He is a bundle of muscular activities, with a bright eye, a red face, and an on-driving, all-pushing energy, which ought to count in life, and, I don't doubt, will.

What a queer, strange oddity our own Senator Evarts is? William M. Evarts has been an ambitious politician all his life, a successful lawyer, an interesting entertainer, an intelligent public servant. In 1860 he led the Seward hosts to defeat in Chicago, when the wild shouts of Western throats literally hurrahed Abraham Lincoln's name upon the ticket, thereby defeating Seward's anticipated triumph, which meant the placing of Evarts in the United States Senate a quarter of a century earlier than he got there. Evarts is very tall, a mere attentuation in figure, an extraordinary-looking man, and one of the most widely esteemed in the service of the nation. The boxes during this French company's engagement have not blossomed out to any very great extent socially, but for all that they afford interesting studies in life, as, for instance, in the box next to that occupied by Vanderbilt and Bennett, sat the man who has succeeded Wallack in the management of the theatre, over which his name is printed in letters significant and suggestive.

A. M. Palmer is probably the best known man among the managers of the time, and his extended horizon has been justly won. He is of New England birth, a man of education and considerable literary attainment, superadded to more than ordinary ability. He is short, stout, with a large, well-shaped head, thickly thatched with silvered hair, with a very keen blue eye and a square face, shaded by stout whiskers. His tremendous jaw indicates stubbornness, decision, determination, and his entire look is that of force and vigor and earnest purpose. As manager of the Union Square Theatre he made a name as well as a fortune. He surrounded himself with a company the like of which has never been known. From the cast of the "Two Orphans" nearly every principal actor retired as a star. In the Madison Square Theatre Mr. Palmer has advanced along an entirely different line, with an entirely different sort of company and by methods in every way dissimilar. He long had his eye looking for a Broadway theatre, and now that he has purchased

The Handsomest and the Best,

with but one exception, Sanger's Broadway Theatre, he is content, and means to prove in other lines the wisdom of the favor in which he is held by the theatrical-loving public.

Called suddenly from the theatre on business, I looked for a moment on the crowd that swayed to and fro in the corridors of the Hoffman House. Standing near the cigar counter I noticed an extraordinary group, Ed Stokes, Dick Croker, John Scannel and Jere Dunn, each of whom, as readers well know, has been so unfortunate as to face a jury charged with the killing of a fellow-man. Mr. Stokes has become a figure prominent for many reasons in our affairs. He is not only one of the proprietors of the Hoffman House, but a vital force in the opposition telegraph company, and represents, in addition to his own means, capital of great magnitude, which is invested in affairs of pith and moment around the world. Dick Croker is the confessed leader of Tammany Hall. He was born an Irish Protestant, but is now a Catholic of most devout and pietic tendencies. His friends are fastened to him with hooks of steel, but his enemies regard him with suspicion, and speak of him with derision. Scannel is a man for whom I have great sympathy, and a species of regard. A modest, well-behaved, quiet mannered New Yorker. Dunn is a professional man of the world, who takes or gives thrusts as they come or go with equal coolness, bravery and disregard. Not far from them sat ex-Senator Dorsey, a handsome, well-preserved man of perhaps 50 years of age, the famous Star Route Dorsey, the celebrated famous Two-Dollar-Bill Indiana Dorsey, a man whose vocabulary is something enormous in its circumference and variety, a man who has more brains to the square inch than any 20 of his traducers to the square foot. At his right, puffing a tremendous cigar, stands Colonel Ingersoll, as cherubic, as rotund, as smiling as ever. At a table, with tablets in hand, sits Julius Chambers, talking earnestly and vigorously to three reporters. Chambers was managing editor of the New York Herald, a man with a record, a clean-cut, honest fidelian, who recognizes but one will, that of his employer, but one duty, that of making the next day's paper a success. He is a small, active, lithe, good-looking fellow, a favorite with all who know him. The place is all astir, and, as I pass through it, I see sitting at a table the everlasting self-advertising Buffalo Bill, with a broad-brimmed sombrero, and his long, black hair down over his rather narrow shoulders, chinning away with little Marshal P. Wilder. I like Wilder.

I don't particularly care for Buffalo Bill.

Wilder in his line is a notable and deserved success. He has made much of the small opportunity he had, thereby enlarging his opportunity, benefiting his fellow-man, and putting money, I am glad to hear, in the Wilderian coffer.

Senators, coroners, candidates of every sort and shade elbow each other, enveloped in huge clouds of tobacco smoke, cheered now and then by the gurgling fluid, strengthened here by an oyster, there by a welsh rarebit, and elsewhere with a chop. How busy, how active, how absorbed they all are—and how disappointed two-thirds of them will be at midnight of a coming November day!

HOWARD.

Train Wrecked in West Virginia.

CHARLESTON, W. Va., Oct. 27.—A passenger train on the Chesapeake & Ohio road jumped the track near here this morning, and Fireman Elkins was burned to death. The remains of a man, supposed to be those of Conductor Netherland, were found. He was last seen working between the baggage car and the tender, trying to extricate the fireman. The train consisted of four cars, including a sleeper, which were totally destroyed. All of the mail and baggage were lost. The cause was a misplaced switch.

TAKING COLD.

How Easy it is for People to Do This—After Getting It, What Should be Done to Get Rid of It.

The many causes to which colds are attributed do little mischief, except when brought to bear upon a system already prepared for them, by inattention to the laws of health regarding diet, bathing, exercise and other conditions requisite to secure the proper elimination of waste matters from the body. Too much "coddling" is unquestionably one of the most common causes of catarrh. One who is inured to hardships is able to endure exposures without injury, while one unaccustomed to like experience quickly succumbs. Air-tight houses, close and unventilated, overheated rooms, even the quantity of clothing required are active causes, preventing development of hardihood. As a result, colds and catarrh are universal maladies among civilized people.

Nearly every one knows how humiliating a thing cold in the head is; never quite so dangerous as "lung trouble," the misery is almost as great.

There are many varieties of colds; for instance, the orthodox cold, which begins after sitting in a draught, with chilly, creeping feelings up the back, culminating in a sneeze. Dr. Clarke calls it "a contest between the eyes and the nose to find which can run the fastest"—the running slackens, and the nose becomes stopped by the swelling of the mucous membrane, every little air is felt and sets the person sneezing.

Another kind will announce itself without a feeling, simply sneezing; and, again, some take cold first in the throat, and afterwards in the head. Then there is the catching cold, or "influenza," the cause of which is assigned to "ozone clouds."

The commonest way of catching cold is through draughts, especially if one is exhausted or overheated, getting the feet wet; and here let me recommend rubbing the feet with alcohol.

Some persons are sensitive in the hands, and if walking or driving on a rainy day without gloves forthwith develop a cold, sitting near a closed window on a cold day, the glass forming insufficient protection against the cold outside. There is also danger of catching cold, even on a warm day, by remaining a long time in a room where the sunlight is shut out, and windows kept closed for fear of dust.

Among ladies the habit of changing heavy garments on a cold day for something more fancy, just to satisfy a whim, often results in serious bronchial trouble. I have heard of young men washing their heads every morning in cold water to clear the brain, smooth the hair, then rush outdoors without waiting to thoroughly dry the hair, never stopping to think that nature makes us pay back all we exact of her.

Dr. Brown-Sequard considers the feet and neck the very sensitive parts. His theory is to blow a stream of air upon the neck by means of a bellows, the air at first to be slightly cold, increasing every day, until the neck can stand an arctic blizzard. The temperature of the foot bath to begin with 90° Fahrenheit, gradually reducing to 38° Fahrenheit.

For persons with vigorous health, good circulation and freely acting skins, nothing is more wholesome than

The Morning Cold Bath,

and scrub down afterwards with rough towels, it is strengthening to the spine and nervous system, and is the best preventive against cold. Those who cannot bear the cold bath might train themselves to it by right methods: these would be, to bathe only a portion of the body at a time with tepid water, in a warm room, drying themselves with the "hair glove" to toughen the skin, and get up a good circulation of the blood.

Persons whose skins are poor in the secretions of the sebaceous glands ought not to bathe too often, as they lose more of this sebaceous material than they can spare, thus leaving the skin hard and powdery, therefore susceptible to all the changes of temperature.

This can be counteracted by rubbing at night with "salad oil." A teaspoonful will be sufficient for the body. Then wear woollen night dresses and rub off in the morning with a dry towel. Take a hot bath once a week; this will be sufficient for cleanliness, as the skin purifies itself to a large extent.

Let me suggest here lung gymnastics. They are of undeniable utility to flat-chested people, to round shoulders, and to those in the incipiency of "phthisis." By these exercises (which must be properly learned) full inspirations are established, and the least available parts of the lungs—the apices—receive their full complement of air, and are stimulated to throw off any existing infiltated products.

For children liable to colds nothing is better than a good rubbing nightly with cod liver oil, wearing woollen nightgowns. Sponge them off in the morning, and no unpleasant odor remains. The effect is so beneficial that all objection to this treatment ought to be laid aside.

Wear woollen or silk underclothing (wool is decidedly the better, as it is porous), strong boots, rubbers always in wet weather.

In regard to cold-curing, nearly every one has his own treatment. A few suggestions, however, may not be amiss.

The "nightcap" treatment is often successful. Another efficacious remedy is hot onion gruel, and eating a quantity of highly salted food is good.

Glycerine with cream or whiskey will relieve a paroxysm of coughing. Another excellent remedy, on the first symptoms of cold, is to take on retiring four grains of Dover's powder and two grains of quinine in pill form. If this is not successful repeat the dose next night. Failing, the next best thing is to consult a good physician, remembering an "ounce of prevention."

Children may be given a few drops of sweet spirits of nitre, bathing the feet in hot mustard water, and copious drinks of warm lemonade.

Those unsightly things, "herpes," or cold sores, should never be rubbed, as the vesicles burst and crusts form. The application of a little "camphor ice," or fresh

Cold Cream, Will be Found

very soothing.

Cold rooms, for those with a low bodily temperature, are extremely undesirable. It is just as fatuous for those with constitutional weakness to occupy cold rooms as it is to get into a cold bath. These persons, and particularly females, should never dress in a room without a fire in winter, and, while some persons with robust natures can stand one of those damp reception rooms where people keep the blinds closed for fear of spoiling the carpets most persons will contract a severe cold during a half-hour's stay in such a place. If such a place feels damp, and one feels after entering that he has a chill—and a chill is almost always, though not invariably, the first symptoms of a cold, he should leave such a place, or insist on being shown into some other apartment. This may happen in the middle of summer.

There are many people who are apt to regard a cold as a mere trifle, and not worthy of any especial care; yet in the same breath, if you attempt to console them, they will assert that a cold is one of the most annoying maladies one could be subjected to. In its incipiency a cold is not a very dangerous thing of itself, but if allowed to remain it may be productive of serious results. A simple cold may result in bronchial trouble and gradually continue until consumption sets in.

Right here a technical definition of a cold by a prominent physician of London would be interesting. He says that the principal feature of a cold is a swollen congested condition of the mucous membrane lining the nostrils and the air spaces connected with them, and increased irritability of the membrane and increased congestion."

He Would Do Neither.

[Lewiston Journal.]

Don't judge a man by appearances wholly, unless you are prepared for surprises. Two men who started out from Fort Fairfield, a while ago, in search of oats, were set back. After going about a dozen miles they found a log house, whose owner, in reply to questions, stated that he had the required 150 bushels to sell. When the purchasers got ready to pay for the oats they could show only $40 in change and a $500 bill. "Now see here, Pat," they said, "we're in a fix. What will you do, take the $40 and trust us for the balance, or take back the oats?" "Begobs, I'll do naither," said Pat, "but I'll change the bill!" which he did.

Proud of His Position.

[Kansas City Star.]

In a Nebraska cemetery, which shall be nameless here forever more, there has been for years a gravestone bearing the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Anne, wife of John Smith, who died," etc. Not long ago Mr. Smith (which isn't his name by a long shot) was elected to office, and now the inscription on the gravestone reads: "Sacred to the memory of Anne, wife of John Smith, Justice of the Peace, who died," etc. The only merit this story has is that it is true.

FOR biliousness, sick headache, indigestion, and constipation, take Dr. Pierce's Pellets.

POLITICAL MOVEMENTS.

Continued from the First Page.

G. Thurman is a household word with the people, who love him for the record he made in his long life of honorable public service. For their sakes, therefore, as well as for the principle they represent, Cleveland and Thurman deserve, and I believe will receive, the approval of a free and intelligent people."

This seems to set at rest the question of Mr. Hewitt's support of Mr. Cleveland.

INDIANA CAMPAIGN CLOSING.

Veteran Joe McDonald Confident of Democratic Success.

LAFAYETTE, Ind., Oct. 25.—The campaign in northern Indiana is about drawing to a close and one large rally by each party will end these series of big meetings, which have been since August last held in this part of the State.

The Democrats never felt more confident, and the opinions are expressed by the most experienced leaders and politicians that the party never had a better organization or had accomplished more effective work.

Chairman Huston of the Republican State central committee, who has worked like a beaver, but without a proper regard for significant details, is not over confident of Harrison's election. "It will," to use his own language to Hon. Moses Fowler of this city, "be one of the closest contests which has occurred in Indiana for many years."

In some sections of the State the Republican party is not well organized as it should be, and Republican farmers are more dissatisfied with the platform of their party than ever before.

The tariff question has been discussed by every Democratic speaker, and at no time has the Democratic national committee sent such carefully prepared literature into the State.

A month ago the Republicans were claiming a majority of from 8000 to 15,000, now the number claimed is reduced at least one-half. The most sanguine Republicans only hope to barely carry the State, but to claim a majority is, or has already become, a political absurdity.

Senator Joe McDonald, who was in the city last night on his way to a neighboring city to attend a Democratic rally, in an interview felt confident, with the present splendid showing and the magnificent work the party had done during the past three weeks, that the State was sure to go Democratic and by quite a handsome majority. Never had the State been covered so successfully and never had the Democrats ever held such enthusiastic, such monster gatherings as during the present campaign. They have been simply glorious, and said the old veteran, I know from my long residence in the State they will bring forth good results. It must be so, it will be so. I think the Democrats never felt in better spirits or more encouraged than at the present time. I have been all over the State and the same feeling prevails everywhere that victory is ours.

Why, I was over in Illinois the other day, and the cry that Illinois is a doubtful State is well founded. I think the Republicans should not be too sanguine of carrying both the national and State tickets. I think General Palmer's chances of being elected over Fifer are excellent, and his stumping throughout the State has been one of the most remarkable pieces of political work ever done in Illinois. In 10 days after his nomination he took the stump and has been going night and day ever since. His health, instead of breaking down, was never better, and today he is rosy and fresh as a daisy, while "Private Joe," his Republican competitor, young and inexperienced in political stumping, is pale and careworn, looking like a physical wreck, unable to bear the burden and anxieties of the campaign longer.

Indiana is not a doubtful State, and it will be a surprise to many when the vote is counted to know the majority is so large.

P. T. BARNUM'S BLUFF.

Says He Will Sell His Property at a Discount if Democracy Wins.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 26.—Over 3000 people assembled at Gem Rink this evening to hear United States Senator W. P. Frye of Maine talk on the tariff.

P. T. Barnum made the opening address, in which he said: "I was never more in earnest and sincere in my life than in 1884, when I publicly offered to sell all my real estate in Bridgeport for one-quarter less than its value at that time in case Cleveland was elected president. He was elected, but fortunately a majority in the United States Senate was and still is opposed to the Democratic doctrine of free trade. Consequently the value of real estate here is not as yet decreased. Still, although I had for years built 20 or more houses each year, my dread of the probability of free trade has been so great I have not built a single house since Cleveland was elected four years ago, and I now make this offer in writing and will put up $50,000 in cash binding myself to sell every building and every inch of land around Bridgeport for 25 per cent. less than present prices if Cleveland and a Democratic majority in both houses of Congress are elected, and I will give $5000 to any man who will secure a syndicate before election that will put up a like sum binding themselves to accept this offer."

CAMPAIGN IN NEW YORK.

Orators Starting Out for the Last Week—Brice's Sincere Convictions.

NEW YORK, Oct. 28.—The last week but one of the campaign closed so far as this city is concerned, with almost all the commotion of enthusiasm on the Democratic side. We had an immense parade reviewed by President Cleveland, and for the afternoon and evening the Republicans were pretty nearly out of sight and hearing. But this is not the climax, for there is a week yet of earnest work, and it is to do some of it in New York State that 163 orators are starting out from town today and tomorrow.

It is calculated at the Democratic national headquarters that not less than 1200 Democratic mass meetings, not counting the ordinary assemblages of clubs and committees, will be held in New York State between the last two Saturdays of the struggle. It seems to have become a settled conviction among the opposing managers that New York State is the final battle ground. Therefore all the available forces are to be brought into this decisive engagement. Your correspondent asked Chairman Brice for his latest sincere conviction as to the result.

"The Republicans are making a desperate, adroit and powerful fight for victory in this State," was the reply. "They have exhausted all the resources of argument and now they seem to be going into a period of coercion, if not worse. We are getting accounts from all the manufacturing cities and villages of outrageous bulldozing of employes by their employers. There was something of this done in 1884, but it was as nothing compared with the extreme measures taken in some cases now by manufacturers. In not a few instances, threats of discharge from employment are made if workingmen disobey the mandate to vote for Harrison and Morton. While most employes are independent enough to defy such treatment, there is no denying that many will succumb to it. Another potent aid for the Republicans is their simply enormous campaign fund, a goodly portion of which is apportioned to New York State, and at least half of that part of the money, I am reliably informed, will not be expended until election day. Now, I don't like to make charges of criminality, and so you may infer what you please as to the retention of hundreds of thousands of dollars for use beyond the time when honest electioneering can be done. Notwithstanding these things, the Democrats will carry New York State for Cleveland beyond all question. That is my prophecy."

There would be few votes cast in this city at the election if all men who had made wagers on the result were to be disfranchised according to law. The rage for betting rises as time for voting draws near. One of the wagers of this week was attributed to Judge Martine and Police Commissioner French. The former was for a term district attorney, and is now one of the most dignified of our Supreme Court judges. The latter is one of the four commissioners of police.

"How is it, judge," was asked of Judge Martine, "that you and a police commissioner render yourselves liable, not only to be challenged at the polls, but to prosecution for violating the law against gambling?"

"Who said we had made a wager?" the judge replied, with a grave face. "We haven't done anything of the kind. If Cleveland should be elected Mr. French is to pay for all the clothes that I care to wear during the ensuing year. If Harrison should be elected I will do the same thing for him. We have come to that understanding, you see. But we haven't bet anything."

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll's absence from the Republican stump has given a chance for some gleeful comments by Democrats. The great infidel has been often quoted as making remarks derogatory to the Republican national committee. He hasn't been misrepresented in that respect. He regards Chairman Quay particularly as an idiot, and he says so as frequently as anybody asks him for his opinion. But the colonel's anger is wholly personal. Quay did not believe it judicious, in view of Ingersoll's eloquent championship of whiskey, to let him stand forth accredited as a speaker of Republican doctrines. Those who have tried to make it appear that he and Ingersoll were at odds on any other point are untruthful. Your correspondent asked Colonel Ingersoll if he was with his party on the tariff issue.

"I am, unreservedly," he replied promptly. "I would have liked above all things to go on the stump as a champion of protection against free trade. Indeed, I would have confined myself to that question, and left whiskey out altogether, but I wouldn't promise to do so. Quay wanted my word for it that I wouldn't say anything on the liquor question. The most that I would tell him was that I would use my own judgment. That didn't satisfy him, and so he didn't invite my services. That is the whole story."

NO POLITICAL HIPPODROMING.

The President Will Make no Speeches and Review no Parades.

NEWARK, N. J., Oct. 23.—President Cleveland has sent to Senator McPherson a notification that he will not stop here and review a parade on his way to New York, as he partially promised a few days since. He has concluded that it is better for him to decline all invitations to appear in public, outside of his New York engagement, as he does not consider it becoming, either in his position as President, or as a political candidate.

Political Notes.

Congressman Mills is making a tour of New York State.

New voters were made in the New York courts last week at the rate of 800 to 1000 a day.

The United German Democracy of New York city has indorsed Mayor Hewitt's candidacy.

The Democratic campaign canal boat has nearly completed its journey through the Erie canal.

Two hundred warrants are to be issued for the arrest of persons illegally registered in Jersey City, N. J.

The graduates of the Cooper Union Institute, New York, have called a meeting to indorse the candidacy of Mayor Hewitt.

Congressman McKinley addressed a large Republican mass meeting in New York city on Monday evening in support of the protective tariff.

Twenty-four Yale theological students made application to be made voters. The New Haven Selectmen, however, refused to register their names.

Mrs. Delia S. Parnell, mother of Charles Stewart Parnell, has addressed a letter to Irish-American voters, appealing to them to support the Democratic national and State ticket. She declares that all the Parnells have been and are Democrats.

The national Democratic committee has just sent out to government employes and others an urgent appeal for contributions to the campaign funds. The circular closes as follows: "The committee wants money, lots of it, and wants it badly and at once."

Hon. Roger Q. Mills, chairman of the ways and means committee of the Fiftieth Congress, spoke on the tariff question at Buffalo, N. Y., Wednesday evening. He received an enthusiastic reception by one of the largest audiences that has gathered in that city during the present campaign. Without any preliminary remarks he at once launched out into an explanation of the tariff bill which bears his name.

Alfred H. Love, president of the Universal Peace Union, American branch, who was nominated for vice president by the Equal Rights party, has declined the nomination on the ground that he could not hold office under a Constitution that recognizes war and bloodshed. He is proud to have been associated on the ticket with that noble woman, Mrs. Belva Lockwood, but for the reason above stated he is unable to accept the honor.

It is estimated that 7000 people were present Thursday evening at the Irish American protection mass-meeting in Madison Square Garden, New York. Patrick Ford presided, and a large number of prominent Irish American citizens acted as vice presidents and secretaries. Mr. Ford delivered a short address to the effect that Irishmen should favor protection. Patrick Egan, president of the Irish National League of America, then spoke, dwelling principally upon the Cobden Club and its nefarious work.

Mayor Hewitt sent a sharp letter to Henry D. Purroy, Richard Croker and Fitz John Porter, fire commissioners of New York, calling attention to alleged pernicious activity on the part of certain uniformed firemen in canvassing for Hugh J. Grant in his candidacy for mayor. The Mayor also takes occasion to tells Messrs. Purroy and Croker that they have acted in bad taste and set bad examples to their men by taking part in nominating conventions. He says "there will be no excuse for this state of things" after they get his letter.

There was a big Republican demonstration in Rochester, N. Y., Oct. 23, despite rainy weather. Fully 20,000 people, including 1000 uniformed men, were present from out of the city. Among the speakers were Mr. Blaine, Chauncey M. Depew, Senator Hiscock, Judge Thurston and General King of Maryland. In the afternoon 15,000 people gathered in Franklin square and there was speaking from two stands. Mr. Blaine spoke briefly. Mr. Depew said in his speech that what we want is a president who does not think he knows more than all the rest of the people put together.

Congressman Samuel J. Randall of Pennsylvania, in a letter to Nathaniel McKay, says, "I am still for the labor side of the tariff issue. In a sentence, I am unalterably in favor of preserving our American industrial system by covering by duties, as declared in the Democratic platform of 1884, the difference in the labor cost of production, and in this I believe my position is in accord with that of the founders of the Democracy. In my fealty to my party I yield to no man, nor will I quietly allow my Democracy to be questioned in my presence."

Fire Commissioner Croker of New York has made answer to the letter addressed him by Mayor Hewitt, reprimanding him for his pernicious activity in trying to defeat the Mayor for re-election. Mr. Croker said that one of his reasons for opposing Mayor Hewitt is the Mayor's relations with Jay Gould. He says that District Attorney Martine was induced to let the indictment against Jay Gould to rest long enough for Jay Gould to take a trip on his yacht away from the jurisdiction of the New York courts, and that Mayor Hewitt favors the Western Union, by enabling them to keep their wires above ground through his obstructive tactics in the subway commission.

Colonel Brice, chairman of the Democratic national campaign committee, said that all reports indicated a glorious victory. From Indiana the information was based on complete and thorough canvasses. Of Connecticut Colonel Brice said that ex-Senator Barnum, who knew all about every district in the State, was perfectly assured that it belongs in the Cleveland column. New Jersey the Republicans had given up entirely. Within the last 10 days the reports show that a tide is setting in in favor of the Democratic national ticket that will put the 36 votes of New York State into the Cleveland column beyond any doubt. Of Michigan he reported that the Democracy has a fighting chance, and in other Western States he reported the existence of a strong undercurrent in favor of Cleveland and Thurman and tariff reform.

The bustle and excitement which have characterized the campaign in Indiana, have been succeeded by a season of calm. This is termed the "business" stage of the contest and both sides are industriously at work. Both State committees have thus far taken two careful polls of the entire voting population of the State. One committee seems highly elated over their second poll, while the other professes itself satisfied with the showing. It is stated that a third poll is now being made by one of the committees. Never in the history of Indiana were these house-to-house polls taken with such frequency and care. The floating vote of the State is estimated at from 18,000 to 20,000, a large proportion of which is regarded as subject to "influences" at the last moment, and it is this floating vote that now occupies the chief attention of both committees.

Electoral College Tables.

Now is the time when the man with table showing how Harrison can be elected without New York, or how Cleveland can be victorious without New Jersey or Indiana, is in the full flood of his popularity. Poor indeed must the newspaper be which which has not made an entirely new table of States and enabled its readers to see how, by an unexpected defection of one, two or three States, all the calculations of the politicians may be upset, and the country be carried by Benjamin or Grover in a quite unexpected way. And it really is a fact that any presidential election may give us all a great surprise by reason of the turning over of not more than a couple of thousand votes in four or five widely-separated States. Our Electoral College is a wonderfully intricate piece of governmental machinery. Practically it is the keystone of our government. Each State has so many votes in it, proportioned to its population. Our own State has 14. Big New York has 36. Little Nevada has 3. But how many of our grammar school children could stand up and tell the number of each State's votes in the college that makes our presidents for us? Very few. How many grown-up folks can do it, indeed? Not very many. All these vitally instructive facts and figures, and the whole process of choosing a chief magistrate for the republic, are fully shown and easily stamped on the mind by playing a new parlor game, which has already attained wide popularity, and is evidently destined to be a permanent favorite. It is called the Game of Politics, or the Race for the Presidency, and can be found at all the leading toy stores, or will be sent, express prepaid, on receipt of $1.25 by the W. S. Reed Toy Company, Leominster, Mass.

The Man, However, Didn' Wait.

[Detroit Free Press.]

Iowa, after a discussion lasting five years, has decided that a man who feels a caterpillar crawling down his back during church service has a right to yell out a swear word.

THE NEWS IN BRIEF.

A cable-car strike is threatened in Pittsburg, Penn.

The Universalist general convention opened at Chicago on Wednesday.

A Denver despatch reports that a single Colorado mine recently yielded in one day $40,000 worth of gold.

It is reported that the new dynamite cruiser, the Vesuvius, has been disabled by a collision with a coal barge.

Hevinor Brothers' large dry goods establishment at Salamanca, N. Y., has been destroyed by fire; loss $75,000.

The railroad employes of the United States have combined in an association to protect their common interests.

Two soldiers at Jefferson barracks, Missouri, under arrest for desertion, escaped, after fatally assaulting two sentries.

J. M. Wilson, county and State tax collector at Atlanta, Ga., has been suspended because he was $20,000 short in his accounts.

Henry Guest, a wealthy farmer living north of Wilmington, Del., was robbed of $3000 Wednesday by three men who went to his place to buy the farm.

Indian Agent Briscoe at the Crow agency in Montana reports that there is no truth whatever in the story that a band of Crows are on the warpath against the Sioux.

District Assembly, No. 66, Knights of Labor, has sent a letter to the President petitioning him to recommend to Congress the passage of a law to make "gambling in the necessaries of life" unlawful.

The residents of Hull, Ont., are greatly alarmed over the withdrawal of all fire insurance companies from that city. The place has three times within the past six years been nearly destroyed by fire.

Miss Mazie Mount aged 21, a pupil of Miss Clara Baur's Conservatory of Music in Cincinnati, committed suicide Friday in her room by cutting her throat. Her father is Charles Mount of Connersville, Ind.

Men at work in the Silver King mine at Wakefield, Wis., Oct. 20, blew out a quantity of rock which experts say will assay the extraordinay sum of $8000 to the ton, and indications are favorable for an abundance of gold.

Congressman H. Finlay and Judge J. S. Tartar were returning home Friday from making Republican speeches in Wayne county, Ky., when their buggy was overturned in a swollen creek. Finlay swam ashore, but Tartar was drowned.

It is believed that the vessel property and real estate of Axworthy, the absconding city treasurer of Cleveland, O., will inventory nearly half a million, and the bondsmen are secured. The city will probably lose nothing, as the bonds are good.

A duel between W. T. McElmurry and W. E. Jones, both of Waynesborough, Ga., over a business dispute, was prevented Wednesday by the arrest of McElmurry by the Augusta (Ga.) police. Subsequently the difficulty was settled by mutual friends.

The yellow fever made a decided advance at Jacksonville, Fla., Thursday. There were 71 new cases and two deaths reported; total cases to date, 3974; total deaths, 349. Nine people are sick in Enterprise, six critically. McClenny Thursday reported seven new cases.

The Morgan line steamer Eldorado ran into a car float in tow of a tug on the North river, New York, on Tuesday of last week. Five cars were knocked off the float and drifted away. The float was able to reach her pier, and the steamer was not much damaged.

Fire broke out Oct. 20 in the premises occupied by Samuel Benjamin & Co., wholesale hardware merchants, Toronto, Ont. The stock was almost entirely destroyed by fire and water, and the building was completely gutted. The loss is estimated at about $80,000.

A Memphis (Tenn.) grand jury has returned indictments against Benjamin Gratz, Anderson Gratz, L. W. Jones, Joel Wood and Mr. Warren, the members of the firm of Warren, Jones & Gratz of St. Louis, the manipulators of the cotton trust, pool or combination.

It is understood that Secretary Fairchild will direct District Attorney Reed to take an appeal from the decision of the United States Circuit Court at Philadelphia, admitting silk ribbons (which have hitherto paid 50 per cent. duty) as "hat trimmings" 20 per cent.

The report from Fort Buford, Dak., that the Cheyenne Indians are in a starving condition is discredited by the Indian bureau officials. Each Indian on the reservation is now receiving daily three-fourths of a pound of beef, net, half a pound of flour, and occasionally coffee and sugar.

The comptroller of the currency has declared a fourth dividend of 25 per cent., payable Oct. 31, in favor of the creditors of the Vermont National Bank of St. Albans, Vt. This makes in all 67½ per cent. on claims proved, amounting to $397,704. This bank failed Aug. 9, 1888.

The total defalcation of Thomas Axworthy, the absconding city treasurer of Cleveland, O., is now stated at $470,000. The city has been left bankrupt until temporary arrangements can be made for raising money. Axworthy is reported to have sailed for Europe from Montreal.

The comptroller of the currency has declared 25 per cent. dividend in favor of the creditors of the insolvent Stafford National Bank of Stafford Springs, Conn., which failed Oct. 12, 1887, and interest, making in all 100 per cent. an interest in full on claims proved amounting to $247,920.

The Women's Christian Temperance Union superintendents concluded their labors in New York Friday. They decided to meet in San Francisco Sept. 28, 1889. The work will be extended into the Territories, and a department will be established at the Paris exposition. Miss Jenny Smith was re-elected superintendent of the work among the railroad men.

James Gordon Bennett has been served with the summons and complaints in three suits brought against him for slander by David A. Curtis, James H. Connelly and the Arrow Steamship Company for $50,000, $50,000 and $1,000,000, respectively, damages for defamation of character. The suits are the results of an article published in Mr. Bennett's paper denouncing the company as a stockjobbing fraud, and the parties named as swindlers and confidence operators.

John G. Whittier, in a letter to the secretary of the Howard Association of London, regarding the society's services, says: "I like practical Christianity and true following of the Master. I weary of creeds and dogmas more and more. I love the old ways of Grellet and Woolman, but I have no controversy with others. I am now in feeble health. My work is done. I wish it were better done, but I trust and am thankful that I cannot glory in myself. My sole trust is in the goodness of God."

A number of prominent Jewish business men of Chicago, held a meeting Wednesday evening and made arrangements for the temporary relief of the Jewish families who are perishing from destitution in Dakota. A committee was appointed to receive money and clothing, and forward them to the sufferers. A despatch from St. Paul says a large quantity of provisions, clothing, and a carload of coal were shipped to the destitute settlement from the twin cities yesterday, and that 10 carloads of wood and more provisions will be sent today.

The Atlas line steamer Atlas, from Hayti, laden with 11,000 bunches of bananas, 100 tons of logwood, etc., was run into Oct. 20 and sunk in the North river, New York, by the New Jersey Central Railroad's ferry-boat Plainfield. A panic occurred among the Plainfield's passengers, but the boat reached the pier in a damaged condition, and no lives were lost. The Atlas shows only the top of her smokestack and her topmasts above water. Her cargo is a total loss, but the vessel can probably be raised and repaired.

Elder F. W. Evans, the able leader of the New Lebanan, N. Y., Shakers, is an Englishman, who came to this country in 1820. He is now 80 years of age, but vigorous in mind and body. He has a large, square-shouldered frame, a thoughtful, gentle face, iron-gray beard, and keen, bright eyes. He is extremely industrious. Not only does he manage the affairs of the society which he has made so successful, but he keeps a close watch of the affairs of the world and is always pondering certain Utopian schemes for the relief of society's miseries. He is a logical thinker, and has a strong and striking way of presenting his views.

The New York police have discovered that the murderer of Antonio Flaccomio, near Cooper Union on Oct. 14, was Carlo Quararo, who is believed to be now in New Orleans. Flaccomio belonged to the secret society known as the Mafie, which is said to be composed of criminals from Sicily. It punishes by death any member who divulges its secrets or gives information to the police concerning the identity of any of its members who have violated the laws of the land. Flaccomio had informed upon a gang of Italian counterfeiters.

A wholesale system of freight robbery has just been discovered on the Mexican Central railroad, and it is believed that the total loss to the company will be in the neighborhood of $50,000. At Guanajuato there are three conductors and one brakeman in jail, and a former agent of the Mexican Central Railroad Company named Smith, at Jimuico, has also been arrested. All of them are Americans, and accused of defrauding the railroad company. Developments are already in progress showing that this extensive system of stealing has been carried on for the past two years, and by its exposure 20 or 30 more employes are likely to be arrested.

Standing Rock Agency, Dak., is in a turmoil. A despatch was received, Oct. 23, that 200 Crow Indians were travelling to wage war with the Sioux. They are expected to arrive at Cannon Ball River, 20 miles below the agency, and a fight is expected. The Crows took advantage of the Sioux while the leaders were conferring at Washington. One company of the Eighth Cavalry, with a large force of Indian police, has already been despatched to meet the attacking Crows. It was thought at first that the Crows were probably coming on a peace mission, but hitherto whenever a Crow has set his foot on Sioux ground a fight has resulted.

Julia Therkles, aged 36, and her daughter, aged 14, were burned to death in a dwelling-house at Lexington, Mo., Oct. 23.

The New York Daily Graphic has been disposed of at sheriff's sale to the Southern Trust Company. The price paid was $5000.

Justice Lamar, in sustaining the constitutionality of the Iowa liquor law, plants himself squarely on the States rights doctrine.

Dr. Robert Leonard of Mauch Chunk, Penn., associate judge of Carbon county, was killed by a train on the Lehigh Valley railroad Thursday night.

The entire number of building permits issued in the District of Columbia during the year was 1595, with a grand total estimated cost of $5,267,711.

The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Thursday elected these officers: Chief, P. M. Arthur; grand chaplain, G. R. Doherty of Massachusetts.

The whole number of special pension bills that came to the President since March 4, 1885, to the close of the session was 1821, of which 1567 became laws and 254 were disapproved.

Gaetno Russo and his wife, Para, in New York Friday were sentenced to 12 and 14 years' imprisonment respectively for manufacturing and passing counterfeit money. Both are notorious counterfeiters.

Proctor & Soulier's Academy of Music of Wilmington, Del., was burned Wednesday evening. Loss about $40,000; insurance, $10,000 to $15,000. Manager Soulier loses $6000 on scenery and fixtures.

Mr. George Holman, an old-time opera singer and father of the Holman family, died recently at London, Ont., from the effects of the shock occasioned by the death of his daughter. He was 74 years of age.

A fire at Bowersville, Ga., Oct. 20, destroyed Schaefer's warehouse and cotton stored therein, Mrs. Roberts' new hotel, Holbrook's residence, Fleming's store and residence and Reese's store. Loss $60,000.

The people of Tuscaloosa, a small town 56 miles southwest of Birmingham, Ala., are excited by the mysterious murder of four negroes within 10 days. No clew to the perpetrators of the crimes has been found.

Judge Barrett of the New York Supreme Court has rendered a decision to the effect that surety companies have not the authority to issue indemnity bonds to relieve a sheriff of responsibility on levies on executions.

A Washington official has expressed the conviction that the Fifty-first Congress will be convened in extra session on March 4 to consider the tariff and our relations with Canada, and that then there will follow a long session.

The first national convention of the British-American associations of the United States met at Chicago last week. The object is to form an international association. Delegations were present from New York, Connecticut, Rhode Island, New Hampshire, Pennsylvania, Illinois, Michigan, Iowa and California.

The former employes of the North Side Chicago Street Railway Company are making trouble by blockading the line and attacking the new men. There was a lively riot on Cliborn avenue, Sunday, Oct. 21, a car, which was stopped by the blockading of the street, being bombarded with missiles thrown from housetops and windows.

Mrs. P. J. Lynch jumped from a third-story window of the Hotel Bristol, Fifth avenue and Forty-second street, New York, Friday, and was killed. She was suffering from brain trouble, and took advantage of a momentary absence of her attendants to make the fatal leap. Mrs. Lynch was a daughter of John Tobin, formerly president of the New York Central.

Victor Hill, son of Squire Hill, drove one day last week to the house of his father-in-law, Zimri Moffitt, near Winchester, Ind., where his wife was staying, and shot Moffitt in the back, inflicting only a slight wound. He then shot at Mrs. Warren Harper, his sister-in-law, but the bullet glanced from her corset. He next shot his wife through the heart, killing her instantly, and then fled to the woods.

Assistant General Manager Gallup of the Lake Shore road died, Oct. 22, at Cleveland. Mr. Gallup was born in 1842. He began his railway career in April, 1869, as passenger agent of the Ohio & Mississippi at Cincinnati. In 1886 he was appointed assistant general manager of the Lake Shore, in which position he practically managed the entire system, having his home and headquarters at Cleveland.

"Spike" Murphy of Providence, who murdered Waterman Irons, an old merchant of that city, recently, has been found guilty of murder in the first degree. Mr. Irons was an old man, who was proprietor of a small store. One day two men entered his store, and beat and robbed the old man, who died a short time after from his wounds. "Spike" Murphy, as he is familiarly known, was arrested, but his pal escaped.

The national board of steam navigation met in annual session in New York last week. The president's report reached the conclusion, after exhaustive scientific treatment of the subject, that the only sure preventive of collision during fog is to go very slow or stop altogether. Whistles are practically useless, as the latest scientific investigations of the phenomena of sound show that under certain atmospheric conditions sound does not travel in straight lines.

General James Craig, who died in St. Joseph, Mo., Oct. 20, was one of the most prominent men in Missouri. He sat in Congress before the war, commanded the Union forces at St. Joseph during the rebellion, was circuit attorney for the Platte purchase, comprising all northwest Missouri; was first president of the Hannibal & St. Joseph railway, the first line built across the State; the first comptroller of St. Joseph and had occupied numerous other places of honor and trust.

The Universalist general convention at Chicago, adjourned Friday evening, after electing the following officers: President, Hon. Hosea W. Parker of New Hampshire; vice president, Rev. Dr. J. S. Gantwell of Chicago; secretary, Rev. Dr. G. L. Demarest of New Hampshire; treasurer, S. Taylor, Esq., of New York; trustee, Rev. Charles Conklin of Chicago; preacher of the occasional sermon next year, Rev. Dr. O. Cone, president of the Buchtell College, Akron, O. The convention will meet in Lynn, Mass., next year.

Forest fires are raging in Santa Cruz, Alameda and San Joaquin counties, Cal., and great damage has been done to the fruit ranches and wheat. In the Santa Cruz mountains some of the largest redwoods have been burned in the last few years. In San Joaquin the fire spreads so swiftly through the dry tules that stock frequently cannot escape and the flames leap across wide sloughs. Several hundred men are fighting the fire in the hills back of Haywards, across the bay from San Francisco.

It has been learned that the Babylonian expedition of the University of Pennsylvania, which left Philadelphia early last summer, has been shipwrecked in the Mediterranean sea. The expedition was to have reached Palestine about the beginning of October, and would have proceeded thence directly to the site of Babylon and Nineveh, where they would begin archæological excavations. The communication on reporting the mishap is from Professor Hilprecht, the Assyriologist of the party, and is dated Oct. 2. It announces that the steamer bearing the party was wrecked Saturday night, Sept. 29, on a rock off the island of Samos. After 36 hours of waiting a Turkish brig landed the entire party safe on the island, where they still were at the date of this report. Most of the baggage and scientific apparatus of the expedition was lost.

How It Is When You Wed a Chicago Girl.

[Chicago Herald.]

The other evening a young West Side couple made a friendly call on a lady and gentleman of their acquaintance, and, during the course of a pleasant chat, the hostess suddenly called her guests' attention to the fact that it was her [illegible] anniversary [illegible] just 1[illegible] [illegible] responded [illegible] hundred."

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